AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT

NEW ZEALAND $3.00*

FEBRUARY 1981 $2.50*

SURVEY-
EXCLUSIVE
Australian
women say
what they
want from
their men
in love
and sex

The
mighty
Dennis
Lillee
talks

Beer:
A zany, witty,
informative
toast to the
amber fluid

Japan:
Why
Nippon
is the
world's
most
successful
nation

Fabulous
Barbara
Bach in a
sizzling
pictorial

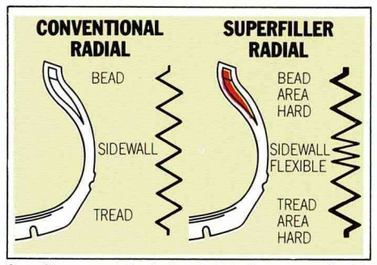
Split second test track swerve proves precise low-profile handling of Bridgestone RD-207 Steel with patented Superfiller.

Amazing Bridgestone material delivers low profile performance on standard-size wheels.

Now you don't have to go to the expense of wide wheels to get low-profile performance:*
Bridgestone's newly patented Superfiller tyre material has created the Bridgestone RD-207 Steel. A remarkable radial that puts more effective tread area on the road than conventional steel radials.
It's not just a better tyre. It's an advance in steel radial technology.

The Ideal Radial Theory.

Most experts agree on what the ideal radial should be.
It should have a hard bead to help control the tread.
It should have a flexible sidewall to absorb forces which would otherwise distort the tread.



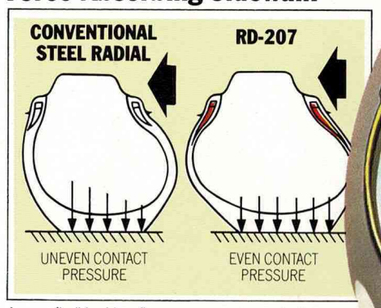
Superfiller creates a harder bead which allows a more flexible sidewall for more effective road contact.

It should have a hard tread to sit firmly and evenly on the road.
The discovery of Superfiller has made this hard-soft-hard theory practical.

Patented Superfiller.

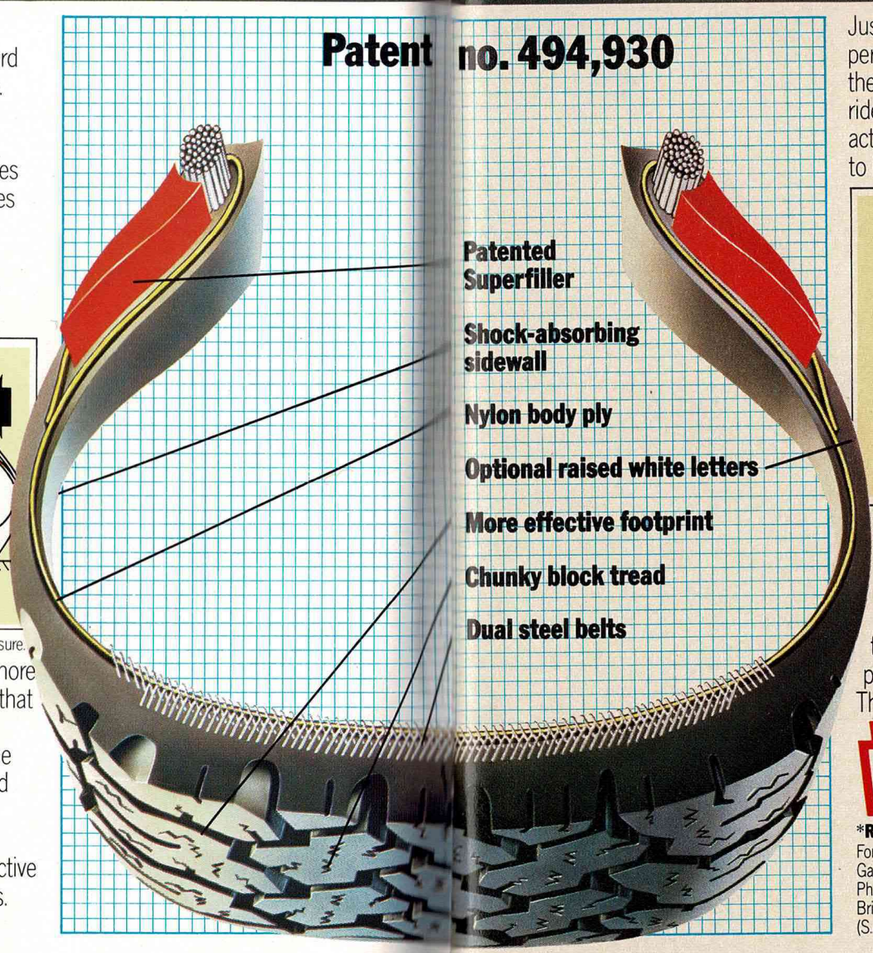
Superfiller is a revolutionary, super hard tyre material as firm as many plastics. Its patent marks it as a milestone in tyre development.
In the RD-207 Steel, Superfiller creates an incredibly rigid bead which improves the radial's shape and efficiency.
The result is increased tread control, exceptional handling and greater grip.

Force-Absorbing Sidewall.



A more flexible sidewall means more even contact pressure.

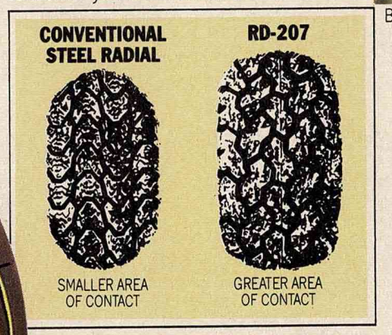
Because the bead of the RD-207 is more rigid, its sidewall is more flexible than that of a conventional radial.
This means it more readily absorbs the forces which normally distort the tread and lift it from the road, especially in heavy cornering.
It allows the tread to give a more effective traction area than conventional radials.



Just as importantly for those who drive performance cars with firm suspension, the flexible sidewall delivers a smoother ride. In fact on all cars, the RD-207 Steel acts like a second set of shock-absorbers to isolate you from vibration.

Block tread floods water away.

grooves that pumps water from areas of grip. The placement of the grooves is finely set to noticeably reduce road noise. Rolling resistance is also decreased with a resulting increase in fuel efficiency.



Hard Sticking Wet Grip.

The tread of the Bridgestone RD-207 is an advance in itself.
It is a product of track and computer testing which evaluated hundreds of possible tread patterns.
The result is a block tread with thirsty rain

Black Sidewall or Raised White Lettering.

If you want low profile performance without having to change your wheels, see your nearest Bridgestone dealer.*
He has a range of RD-207 Steel radials in sizes to fit most popular cars, in black sidewall or with raised white lettering.
If you don't know the location of your nearest dealer call your Bridgestone distributor on one of the numbers listed below.

The Bridgestone RD-207 Steel with Superfiller.
So Advanced, it's Patented.

BS BRIDGESTONE

***RD-207 fits standard-size wheels as fitted to most popular cars. Sizes for some cars may not be available.**

For your local dealer contact your nearest state distributor: N.S.W.: Marubeni-Bridgestone Tyres (N.S.W.) Pty. Ltd., Sunnyholt & Garling Roads, Marayong 2148. Phone: 671 1444. VIC: Kingstone Tire Agency Pty. Ltd., 420-430 King Street, Melbourne 3003. Phone: 328 1385. QLD: Bridgestone Tyres (Qld) Pty. Ltd., 111-117 Lutwyche Road, Windsor 4030. Phone: 57 7588. W.A.: Bridgestone Tyres (W.A.) Pty. Ltd., 1280 Albany Highway, Cannington 6107. Phone: 458 8016. S.A.: Marubeni-Bridgestone Tyres (S.A.) Pty Ltd., 495 Grand Junction Road, Wingfield 5013. Phone: 268 6155.

BS044/1

One of the world's great charges.

The Charge of The Light Brigade at Balaclava, 1854.

Nothing gives orange or tomato juice a charge like a high-spirited dash of Karloff Vodka.

So, show a little dash. Show a lot of class. And watch the company rally 'round when you offer Karloff and say...

"Ladies and gentlemen, charge your glasses!"

CD7654

PLAYBILL

What do Australian women think about . . . sex! We've got some answers and they're well worth reading. For starters, Australian women don't hate Australian men. In fact, our survey hardly provoked comment about the respective national characteristics of males at all. But Australian women do love foreplay, don't care whether a man is well-endowed or not, and do like, mostly, to be in love with their sexual partners. We really believe that our survey and the case studies we publish will make a positive contribution to relations between the sexes in this country. We don't mind giving ourselves a pat on the back over this survey . . . it's the sort of information that everyone wants, but never gets.

Barbara Bach; we've all heard about her . . . the girl who captivated ex-Beatle Ringo Starr — to such an extent that he lets her call him Richard. Well, Barbara reveals her delicious charms for all the world to see, which makes us think that Ringo must be a very generous and indulgent chappie. And note the obvious charms of our centrefold Laura Tomei too . . . Laura, from Melbourne, is one of life's more beautiful and creative eccentrics — she likes to make erotic dolls and not only because she earns plenty of dollars for her efforts. **Rico Mettbach** is the unfortunate photographer, poor chap!

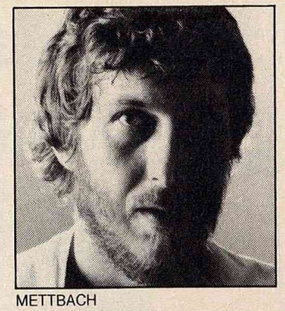
Japan has an economy untarnished by unemployment, unblemished by inflation. The country that was in ruins in 1945 now has the most efficient and most successful manufacturing base in the world. Japan's achievements are extraordinary and grow more fascinating with scrutiny. Japan is giving its trade rivals, including the United States, a bath of olympic pool dimensions. **Peter Ross Range's** superb piece on Japan tells exactly why. By contrast, Australia has problems, with jobs and prices, as leading Australian economist **Barry Hughes** points out before going on to detail how he thinks this country can beat unemployment. It seems we need a bit of Japanese technique . . . but who doesn't!

Two PLAYBOY staffers, **Russell Deiley** and **Neil Jameson,** decided to dissect the Australian beer syndrome/ethos/creed, maybe because they drink a bit of the stuff themselves from time to time to time. The result, superbly illustrated by **Steve McHugh,** is an amazingly informative, extremely funny exposition on everything you need to know about Oz beer, including the fact that, without it (the beer industry), our whole economy would go off the rails.

Humor, be it dry or dripping, is a major ingredient in Australian PLAYBOY. This month we have **James Robinson's** delightfully dry story There Are No Flies in China (illustrated by **Juraj Horniak**), a weird and wonderful tale about a strange lady and the strange effect she has on her lover. Then there's **Bryce Fraser's** Zipper story, with its very happy if tattered ending. And, of course, we must not forget **Alan Coren's** Horse Sense (graphic from **Ward O'Neill**), wry humor at its best.

For an example of classic short story writing, read **Heather Brown's** Jessie. We'll say no more, except to underline our opinion that this is one of the finest short stories submitted to the magazine. It's grim and stark and utterly natural. **Alan Ewart** was the illustrator.

Dennis Lillee is something of a classic himself: classic Australian, classic cricketer. We had **Neil Jameson** interview him at length. It will help you understand why Lillee is the greatest bowler, fast or slow, on this Earth. We take a look at windsurfing too this month — it's definitely the sport of the '80s — pictures by **Peter Crawford,** words by **Hugh Edwards.** And there's loads more . . . enough to take you well into the new year. All the best for 1981.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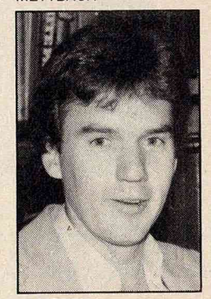
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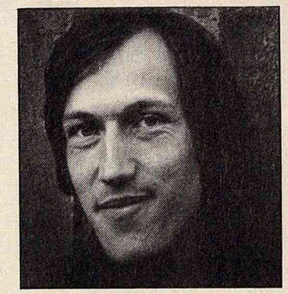
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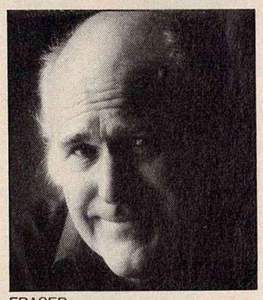
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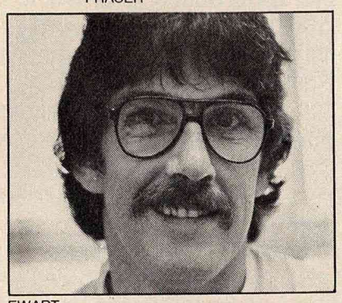
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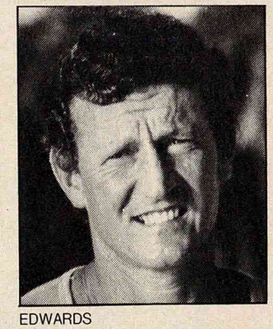
EDWARDS

Somewhere on this 3 hour cassette a brilliant goal was scored.

Find it in seconds with Sony 'Picture Search'.

Sony Betamax C7 solves one of home video's more frustrating problems with 'Picture Search'. Now it's simple to locate programme material in the playback mode. Picture Search plays in forward or reverse at 11 times normal speed with all the action on the screen. That means 3 hours of recorded programme can be reviewed in just 16 minutes. Now you can find that last minute goal without playing extra time. But then, Picture Search is just part of the magic Betamax C7.

A choice of viewing speeds.
From 3 x normal speed to single frame advance, or variable slow motion, that's the viewing versatility of Betamax C7. Sony's superior U-loading system ensures optimum quality in every mode.

14 day, 4 programme timer.
Pre-set recording times for up to four different programmes on the same or different channels up to two weeks in advance. Betamax C7 also features a cordless infra-red remote control unit which puts all major functions including 'Picture Search' in the palm of your hand.

Sony leads in home video.
1 million Betamax recorders and 20 million tapes have already been sold. With Sony Betamax C7, you enjoy all the benefits of Sony research and leadership.

Sony Betamax C7

SONY

There are two different Betamax units available, the C7E and the C7EC. For areas which require channels 3/4/5/5A, please specify C7EC. Your television should also have a UHF tuner.

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AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

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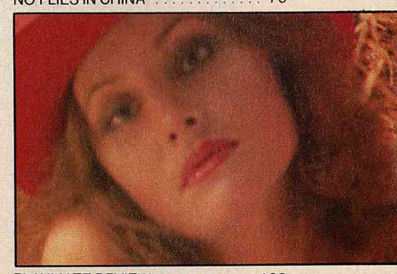

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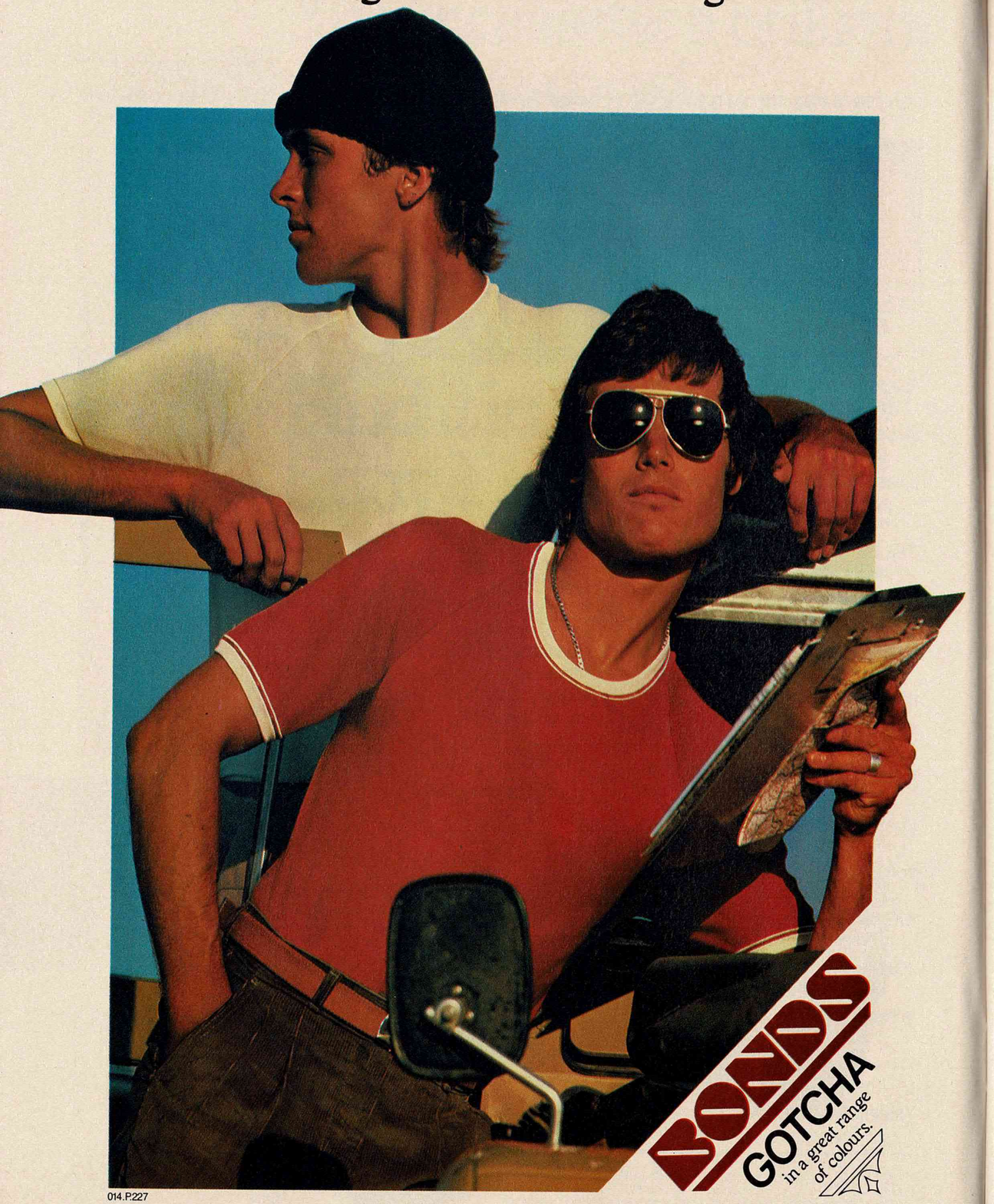
Gotcha T-shirts.
A legend in the making.



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DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO DEAR PLAYBOY, BOX 4088, GPO, SYDNEY 2001

STOP THE WORLD

Could Gordon Liddy be a fugitive from Westworld? Reading the Liddy interview in December PLAYBOY, the hair rose on the back of my neck and I broke out in goosebumps. Hell, if politicians program their servants to think and act like Liddy, stop the electoral-go-round. I want off.

Steven Neville
Homebush, NSW

LIDDY LESSON

Your Gordon Liddy interview (PLAYBOY, December) is easily the most amazing post-Watergate read of them all. I was stunned by Liddy's ability to "justify" the unjustifiable and the obvious depth of his intelligence. Liddy has dispelled the idea that all of Nixon's hired hands were bumbling fools. In his case he saw the "threat" to the Republic in a completely different light. Despite his obvious bias, I have to give grudging support to his concept of Russia's designs on the Persian Gulf. I just hope when the crunch finally comes, it's a much steadier hand than either Reagan's or Liddy's which is steering the ship. In the meantime, let's pray that Reagan brings no Liddys into his White House fold.

G. Raymond
Cooks Hill, NSW

CONSULT LIDDY

G. Gordon Liddy's reference to a CIA physician who was known as a "Specialist in the unorthodox application of chemical and medical knowledge" (PLAYBOY interview, December) brought to mind one of Australia's most bizarre mysteries — the Bogle-Chandler affair. In view of the police's inability to solve the mystery, or even come up with a poison which might have been used, it might be worthwhile consulting someone as qualified as Liddy's acquaintance to determine how he would have "terminated with extreme prejudice." However, following recent revelations of the security sensitive nature of the Bogle-Chandler investigation in the US, perhaps it can be assumed that this avenue has already been tested.

S. Baxter
Subiaco, WA

KIMONOVER

Guess who's turning Japanese after flashing his

baby blues on Playmate, Terri Welles (PLAYBOY, December) I was completely taken by Terri's wild, blonde looks against that superb Japanese setting. If Terri's ever in the neighborhood. I'll drop her a line and invite her to "kimonover".

David Paul,
Fairfield, NSW

NARROW VISION

Does Australian PLAYBOY have a mental Brock about motor racing? I concede that Peter Brock has a rare talent as a high speed touring car driver, but he doesn't have a monopoly on ability. Yet reading your magazine this past year, a reader unversed in the overall picture of motor racing in this country could be excused for thinking just that. During the past few months we readers have done a test drive with Brock at Sandown, we've been assailed with all the technical data of Brock's limited edition Commodore on the flip side of the Bo Derek poster and in December your motoring writer, Rob Luck, took us for a spin in the Brock special. I trust 1981 will be celebrated with a little more balance in your motor racing coverage.

Duncan Aird
Palm Beach, NSW

TO CHEAT OR NO

Neil Jameson's article about dirty tricks in sport (PLAYBOY, last December) was illustrative of the disturbing fact that cheating has become a way of life, not only in the sporting arena but in business, personal relationships and other areas too diverse to list. Our society has become so competitive that we are virtually *expected* to cheat because everyone else is doing it. Recently I caught my 10-year-old son cheating in a game of cards, and I admonished him for it. But later I said to my wife: "Maybe I did the wrong thing. Will teaching him not to cheat make him ill-prepared for the rat race?" We still haven't answered this question satisfactorily, and that disturbs us.

H.R.
Brisbane

COVER UP

I wonder if you'd mind settling a little argument between my wife and me over the positioning of the bunny on the cover of your December mag? My wife says the bunny is acting as a censor. My bet is that your editor couldn't possibly slot a jack rabbit anywhere else.

J.B.
Cook, ACT

The bunny is never a censor. He just doesn't think like that . . . Ed.

HO HUM

Thomas Keneally's short story, The Henderson Affair, (PLAYBOY, December), was one of the most boring pieces of fiction (or "faction", as you cutely labelled it) that I've ever read. Keneally may be a "name" author and, to be fair, I've enjoyed his novels, but I believe it was a mistake to publish his self-indulgent WWII whimsy when there are so many other budding literary talents in this country attempting to make a reputation for themselves through the medium of the short story.

R.L.
Melbourne

PURE SEX

Sex. That's what I'd like to see more of in Australian PLAYBOY. Not of the smutty variety which certain competitors seem to go for, but serious, well-researched examinations of sexual mores like those regularly published by your American parent magazine. Apart from that, I think your publication is first-class.

Shane Ketch
Woollahra, NSW

Your wish is our command, Shane. Turn to our sex survey on page 88 of this issue.

SAME TO YOU, JULIE

I am just about to fly home to the Gold Coast after a successful PLAYBOY promotion in Melbourne (See *Playboy After Hours).* Air travel always provokes thought, and after browsing through *Dear Playboy,* in the latest edition, I thought that I, as the April Playmate last

year, would join your many readers and jot down my thoughts of PLAYBOY.

Thank you for opening my eyes to the "life of a centrefold". I suppose my life hasn't changed at all. Of course I had an extra $5000 to spend (which upped my living standard a little). I believe I developed a new awareness of my own body and I think best of all I realised how proud Peter, my boyfriend, is of me.

Thank you for giving me the chance to travel Australia and meet other centrefolds who are (surprise of surprises) down to earth ladies just like me. They have wit and charm and I am proud to have worked with them.

Last of all, PLAYBOY, thank you for giving Australian men and women the chance at last to have their own magazine, where they can admire and be proud of one of our most beautiful natural resources, Australian womanhood. God bless.

Julie Price
Gold Coast, Queensland

LOVELY LINDA

Cor, why did it take Linda Kerridge 19 months to lose her inhibitions and her clothes? Ever since she appeared coquettish but clad on Australian PLAYBOY's May, 1979 cover, I've been fantasising about how the lady would look in the buff. Now, after your last December issue, I and the rest of the world know. Linda, you've got everything — and I mean everything — to be proud about. Please, Mr Editor, could we have one more B and T shot of Linda?

B. Keller
Cammeray, NSW

Sorry, Mr Keller, but we have shown all Linda has to show for the moment — Ed.

JUST LIKE NED

It might be the old Ned Kelly syndrome, but when reading Cat Burglar (PLAYBOY, December) I found myself completely on the side of John Rider and thought it a great pity that he wound up in the slammer. Then again, if he'd never been caught perhaps we would not have been able to read the "inside job" of his exploits. Gripping stuff; more please.

W.R. Booth
Southport, Queensland

SPLIT IMAGE

The November 1980 cover with those gorgeous twins sold me on PLAYBOY. And the filling between the covers fulfilled the promise. I've been a bit kinky for twins from the time I put away my Lego set, and those pictures of the scenery on Magnetic Island brought some of my noblest fantasies true. I could really make it with those girls. My only

concern was for the twin your photographer caught halfway up a palm tree. Please assure me that she didn't do herself permanent damage. In the meantime, is there any chance of your magazine giving us another double feature? A brace of look-alike blondes would do wonders for my libido.

J.B.D.
Ryde, NSW.

The twin descended from the tree with all the important parts intact. Lovely twins also enthrall us, so keep an eye out for our next double feature.

LIONISATION

In recent months you have lionised three of Australia's neglected champions, and more power to Ken Warby, Iain Murray and Alan Jones. But please don't stop there. As a sports freak, I can think of several more to whom your fine magazine could pay tribute. For starters you could send your writers on the trail of Heather McKay, Graeme Crosby and Grant Kenny. But for the greatest sports story of them all, let's relive the story of the Dungog Kid, Doug Walters, 18 years on and still going strong.

M. Lynn
Clovelly, NSW

DOUBLE ENVY

Robert Butcher had to be the most envied man of the month for scoring the photographic assignment for the twins on Pleasure Island pictorial (PLAYBOY, November). It would have been a great concept with only one beautiful lady. But twins — twice the value. Look out, Rob and fellow PLAYBOY photographers, my job application is in the mail.

Nick Yates
Frankston, Victoria.

Just in case the post office loses your letter, Nick, here's another eyeful of delightful double-vision. — Ed.

COME IN SUCKER

I can vouch for the dangers of tooling round with vacuum cleaners (Playboy After Hours, November). But unlike the three cases cited by doctors in the *British Medical Journal*, I was a genuinely innocent victim of circumstances.

My one and, I guarantee, last experience occurred a couple of years ago. I was lying back enjoying a post-coital cigarette when my paramour promised me the sexual thrill of my life. After arousing my interest, she slipped off and under the bed and re-emerged with a vacuum cleaner. Confident she knew what she was doing, I allowed her to feed a very sensitive part of me into the metallic tube of the cleaner and switch on.

I have never known such agony and so little ecstasy. If I'd been able, I'd have walked out of the lady's life the moment she heeded my cries for mercy and switched off. As it was, it took me three hours to recover.

G.G.
Surry Hills, NSW

ANZAC'S LAMENT

Do you know how it feels to be dining at your favorite restaurant and find a cockroach in your soup? Well, that's how I felt after reading Barrie Watts' Run It Up The Flagpole And See Who Salutes (PLAYBOY, December). After months of mentally saluting and heel-clicking to the beat of every nationalistic jingle, I was disillusioned to learn that home and heart now comes in a cellophane wrapper.

Lee Benjamin
Swansea, NSW

LEAVE RAY BE

"Let's stop the hero worship of Raymond Denning," pleads J. Richards (Dear Playboy, November). I'd like to know what makes him think he can presume to guide other people in their attitudes toward Denning.

I have known Ray since 1969. I and a lot of other prisoners know that he was wrongly convicted of bashing a warder. We know he was sent to Grafton Jail for the "crime" and put through the kind of hell that people on the outside could not possibly comprehend.

Most forced to undergo the kind of treatment Denning has been made to suffer would be intent only on revenge. But Ray is not like that — all he wants is to live in peace. So let him be.

S.J.W.
East Maitland Jail, NSW

PLAYBOY welcomes all correspondence. However, we can only publish letters which contain the full name and address of the writer, plus a phone number where possible.

Your set for life. The new Nicklaus VIP mk II.

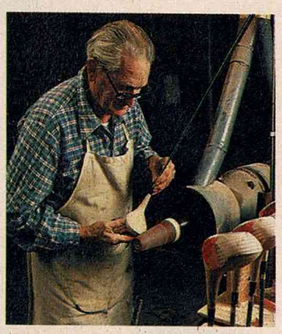
Jack's knowledge of the game is built on over 20 years experience on the world's pro circuits. Years of trying every design innovation.

As Jack himself says: "A set of clubs is an investment. Gimmicks and fads do absolutely nothing for your game. You want clubs you can live with until they become part of you. I designed the original Nicklaus VIP for Slazenger, based on what I know works, but there's no use resting on our laurels. We've refined and improved them to bring you a better set of clubs. The Nicklaus VIP MK II's have a good feel and a sense of rightness, and Slazenger's standard of construction equals any in the world. They use rock-hard maple for the woods, so you should never split a club-head. The woods and irons are fitted with the USA Union Propel II steel shaft and I believe they're the best in the world. The iron head is an Australian, hand-forged, traditional, compact, stainless steel blade – and again the craftsmanship is superb. We've chosen the ultimate grip, the famous "Tacki-Mak" – there's no equal.

The woods are milled from maple, laminated under great heat and pressure to phenomenal hardness.

VIP irons are hand-forged to our highest standards.

It has a permanent, natural tackiness and traction that will not deteriorate from atmospheric conditions. A grip with non-absorbent properties, making it more playable in all weather conditions and one that can be cleaned during play. Slazenger custom-build your Nicklaus VIP



MK II's and each is numbered, so if you ever have to replace a damaged or lost club, you simply quote your number. A set of matched clubs is a fine investment, and with the new Nicklaus VIP MK II's, I honestly believe you're set for life."

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VIP mk II
SLAZENGER
THE WINNING FEELING

JWT894.P097

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

GAY GAMES

An on-the-spot hormone check of the competitors would've produced some fascinating results at the Gay Olympics held at the University of Western Australia in early summer. Events included the gents hand bag throw and the gents 100 metre dash (run in high heels). Prizes were awarded to the most eye-catching cheer squads. Lots of lace, leg and make-up complemented the scenery but the lovely pastorale was disturbed a little by the impatient chap with the megaphone who boomed out across the campus: "Come on, come on. We're trying to get this race started. I really wish some of you poofters would cruise on down to the starting line."

BOX AND LICE

A good-natured titter ran through Perth's lounge rooms as the pretty young Channel 7 reporter wrapped up the news item on hermit crabs, the gift for the man who has everything.

"Yes," she burbled, "you could make a big hit if you give your man friend a little crab. And here's the little pink box he comes in."

HOGICIDE

Homicide detectives in Chicago are investigating the bizarre death of a night-watchman, apparently killed by pigs awaiting slaughter in a pen in a local abattoir. The dead man, Robert Robinson, was found mauled to death in a yard containing 100 pigs. Although his clothes were found hanging neatly on a nearby fence, the police said they had not ruled out the possibility of foul play. In the meantime, Hollywood rumors indicate that Steven Spielberg, the director of *Jaws,* is considering translating the gruesome tale to the screen in a multimillion dollar epic entitled *Pork!*

CROSS-POLLINATION

Since the dawning of the sexual revolution in the '60s we've had a one-way trade, into Australia, of sex therapy books from the United States, the UK and Asia. Finally, however, our own sex therapists are beginning to cut some ice in the libertarian publishing houses of America. Pinnacle Books, of New York, has bought the American rights to *Sexual Joy in Marriage,* the do-it-yourself manual written by the Perth husband and wife team of Dr Michael and Dorothy Clarke. Pinnacle plans an initial print run of 250,000 for *Sexual Joy In Marriage* (PLAYBOY Books, January 1980), which is now into its second Oz printing.

COMING DOWN

Specialist US lingerie makers have come up with a nifty little gift pack for the girl who needs everything — musical vibrating knickers with a built-in tweeter in the crotch. Our knick-knackery scout in New York reports that the lady simply plugs the panties into her stereo to feel the hills really come alive with the sound of music. Our scout's test marketress tried several discs and got equally arousing results with her favorite jazz sextet, a Bach organ recital and Tom Waits.

BRIDAL GUISE

If civil marriage celebrants have robbed the old knot-tying game of a bit of its grandeur and ceremony, a bunch of Perth "traditionalists" are staging a spectacular rear-guard action. The group of guys and assorted partners "get married" about once every three months. Grooms wear full morning dress and brides dust off mum's regalia or raid the second-hand stores for virginal finery. Their last mass wedding startled the good people of Perth as eight bedecked bridal cars cruised by in convoy with the occupants shod and spurred in their matrimonial livery. The players mingle among the "real McCoys" at King's Park and Queen's Garden photographic sessions and amuse onlookers by staging and betting on a brides' 50-metres dash. Thigh-high hoisted bridal gowns raise a few eyebrows but the highlight of the afternoon is the garter awarding ceremony in which each groom up-ends his bride and plunges his hand up into the finery and suspender snaps to surface with the coveted elastic.

SNAKES ALIVE

Those Nipponese masters of innovation have revived an old recipe for what could be the final solution on aphrodisiacs. The locals call the love potion *shochu* and its preparation is simpler than making fried rice. Just take a bottle of your favorite tipple and, in an extension of classic Freudian symbolism, stick one live, poisonous snake inside it.

Japanese students of love believe the reptile gives off potent juices in the drowning and pickling. Our Tokyo correspondent, however, warns that there are two vital rules to observe in *shochu* quaffing. You first must make sure your chosen reptile is small enough to fit

comfortably inside the beverage container. Trying to squeeze a live brown snake into a bottle of OP rum would take all night.

Secondly, be absolutely certain that the reptile drowns before you begin sipping. PLAYBOY'S man in Tokyo reports that a 70 year old recently tried the ancient recipe with loveless consequences. With septuagenarian impatience, the aging sexpot took a swig of laced sake before the pissed serpent had hissed its last. The snake bit the old guy on the lip and the arrival of the Tokyo Fire Department with the phial of anti-venene put the dampers on the night's passion.

LOVENOTE: As Australian snakes are a protected species, our listless Lotharios will have to investigate the possibility of importing the doctored brew.

SEX TRACKS

Now we've heard everything about sexual equality . . . A want ad in the *North Glendora* (California) *Shopper:* "Attractive single woman, 21 to 30 years old, must be able to do light house cleaning and barn chores. Must have own tractor. Please send picture of tractor."

EROTIC SHADOWS

The honeymoon couple in the great Australian outdoors are probably still wondering what all the cheering outside their two person tent was about on the night they consummated their marriage. They pitched their tent in the daylight . . . all orange and trim and terrific. soon after nightfall they crawled in on their hands and knees. The groom lit the gas lamp and turned to his eager bride.

The 40 or so campers standing around outside could see his excitement grow visibly by watching the slightly larger than life shadows play on the orange tent wall. It appeared to the assembled audience that the groom was rather proud of his appendage and his bride appreciated nature's gifts. Certainly the performance, after the final act, deserved a round of applause.

PLAYBOY'S DAY AT THE RACES

It couldn't have been a better sight for Oz motor racing fans. PLAYBOY'S dazzling November Playmate Karen West on the rostrum at Calder Raceway with World Champion race driver Alan Jones, home to win the Australian Grand Prix.

Karen and Alan were joined by former multiple world champion Jackie Stewart when Karen presented Alan with a $1000 cheque from PLAYBOY for taking fastest practice time for the GP. After a kiss on the cheek that quite put him off his stride, Alan donated the cheque to the Melbourne Children's Hospital, saying that children were Australia's future and needed the best help we could give them. Alan, we thank you.

PLAYBOY was at the Grand Prix as part of a tour organised by Expo Adventures in Melbourne. The company put together a package of tours of various prices to bring fans from all over the country to the big race. It's just one of Expo's year-round sporting tours. They send groups to Bathurst for the Hardie Ferodo 1000 each year in October.

Our trip got off to an unnerving start when the Ansett flight scheduled to take us from Sydney to Melbourne was struck by lightning on its way from Canberra. Sensibly, Ansett took the plane away for a close inspection before we could start our journey, ensuring a perfect flight. The pilot earned a cheer when he shouted everyone a drink! In Melbourne we were taken to our hotel — our room was big enough to throw a reasonable party — before we headed off for a late night disco. On Saturday, we trucked out to the track, wandered around the pits where all the cars were prepared, photographed drivers at close hand and watched the practice sessions. Then on Sunday it was up early for a chicken and champagne breakfast at the track before the races began.

Suddenly it was all over. Jones had won. And it was only an hour or so later that the rigors of an hour driving at an average (not maximum) speed of 160 km/h in 40 degree heat began to tell on his face.

Then it was back on the bus and head for home. And just to prove that lightning might strike twice, our Ansett plane taxied on to the runway and stopped. The pilot had sensibly decided to wait until a thunderstorm which was lighting up Melbourne's sky moved on.

For PLAYBOY, it was a great weekend to see a great driver in a great race and, especially, to again talk with a great lady. You can see Karen again, too — she's featured in our Playmate Review beginning on page 100 of this issue. Enjoy!

BUNNY SWAPS

PLAYBOY is big news in Papua New Guinea where the newspaper, *Niugini Nius,* devoted half a feature page to a story about one reporter's search for a copy. The article, entitled In Search of The Elusive Playboy, begins with: "We sent Joe Koroma out to find a copy of THAT magazine . . . but he came back empty-handed." The news agencies Koroma checked with had sold out — one of two orders of 200 copies each and another of 300 copies. "Unfortunately, I could not find anybody who bought a copy of the magazine," the reporter lamented. The reason for this became apparent later in the story: "From both what I have seen and know," said Koroma, "the average Papua New Guinean who buys one of these magazines will shortly end up not having a copy — because his friends and workmates will soon take a page or more to pin up in their own homes."

LEISURE AND PLEASURE

Apart from the official $8000 million tied up in contracts for the North West Shelf gas projects, bundles more will be made by people supplying creature comfort to the workers. In a place where there are about 400 men to every female, some very serious planning is going into a comfortable fleet of caravans, complete with spa baths and hot running women. One raw North West town already has a fully equipped casino which is using interstate girls as croupiers.

PIECE RATE

Those who want to know the price of everything will be interested to see that the New Zealand Medical Care Society's fees schedule for surgeons lists the cost of the removal of a penis at $187, as opposed to $493 charge for a tongue to be cut out. Removal of a finger, thumb or toe is even less — $113.

PULSAR
drive the new direction

The new, fully-imported Datsun 5-door hatchback.
Pulsar is the forerunner of a new breed of car developed for total energy efficiency. It delivers astounding performance, handling and economy through Datsun's sophisticated integration of engine, gearbox, drive and suspension.

Datsun Direct Drive Technology.
Pulsar's exciting new design incorporates front wheel drive, negative-scrub radius front suspension and rack and pinion steering, for unrivalled road-holding and directional stability.
It eliminates the conventional drive shaft. So the output of Pulsar's 1.4 litre transverse-mounted OHV engine is used to maximum advantage.
A close-ratio 5-speed manual gearbox completes this unique design ensuring the correct match of engine output to the driver's requirements.

And you drive in luxury.
Pulsar features AM/FM stereo radio/cassette, lush carpet to match the body-contoured cloth trim seats. Full instrumentation, quartz halogen headlights, remote-release hatchback and fuel flap. The list goes on and on, to include everything you'd expect, and then more.
Like power-assisted disc brakes up front and drum brakes at the rear. They're arranged in a diagonal-split dual circuit with a tandem master cylinder. That's two separate systems for increased safety. Negative-scrub radius front suspension helps ensure straight line stopping even with a blowout–an unlikely event, given Pulsar's 165/70 SR 13 steel belted radials.
Easy service access is built in, so Pulsar also saves on maintenance costs. But the best surprise comes last: Ask your Datsun dealer about the price and you'll see what we mean.

Datsun Pulsar the new direction.

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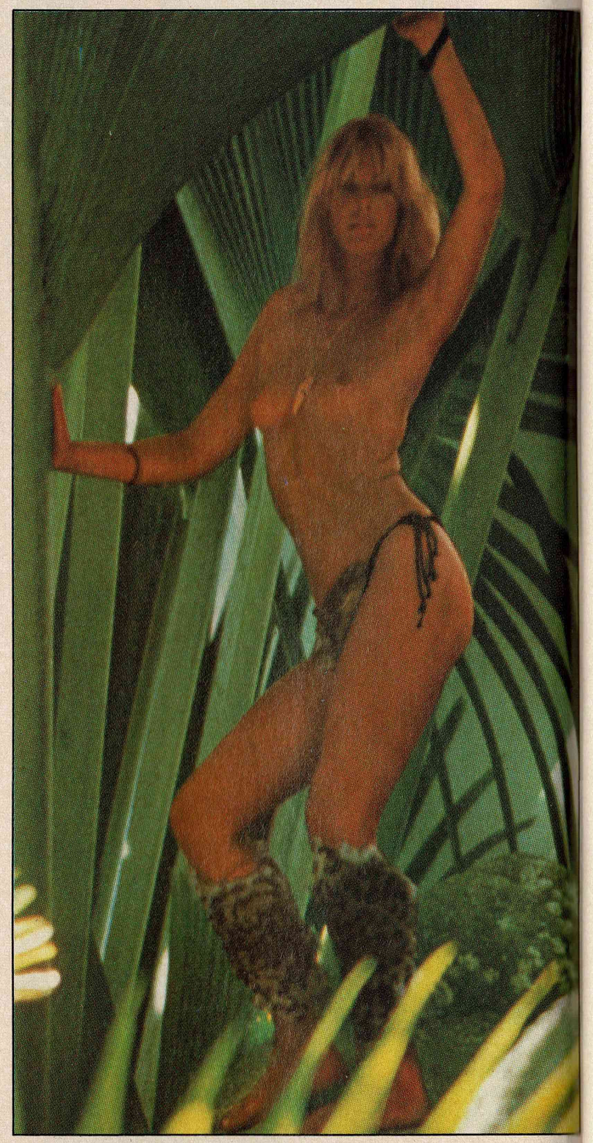
DAT 798

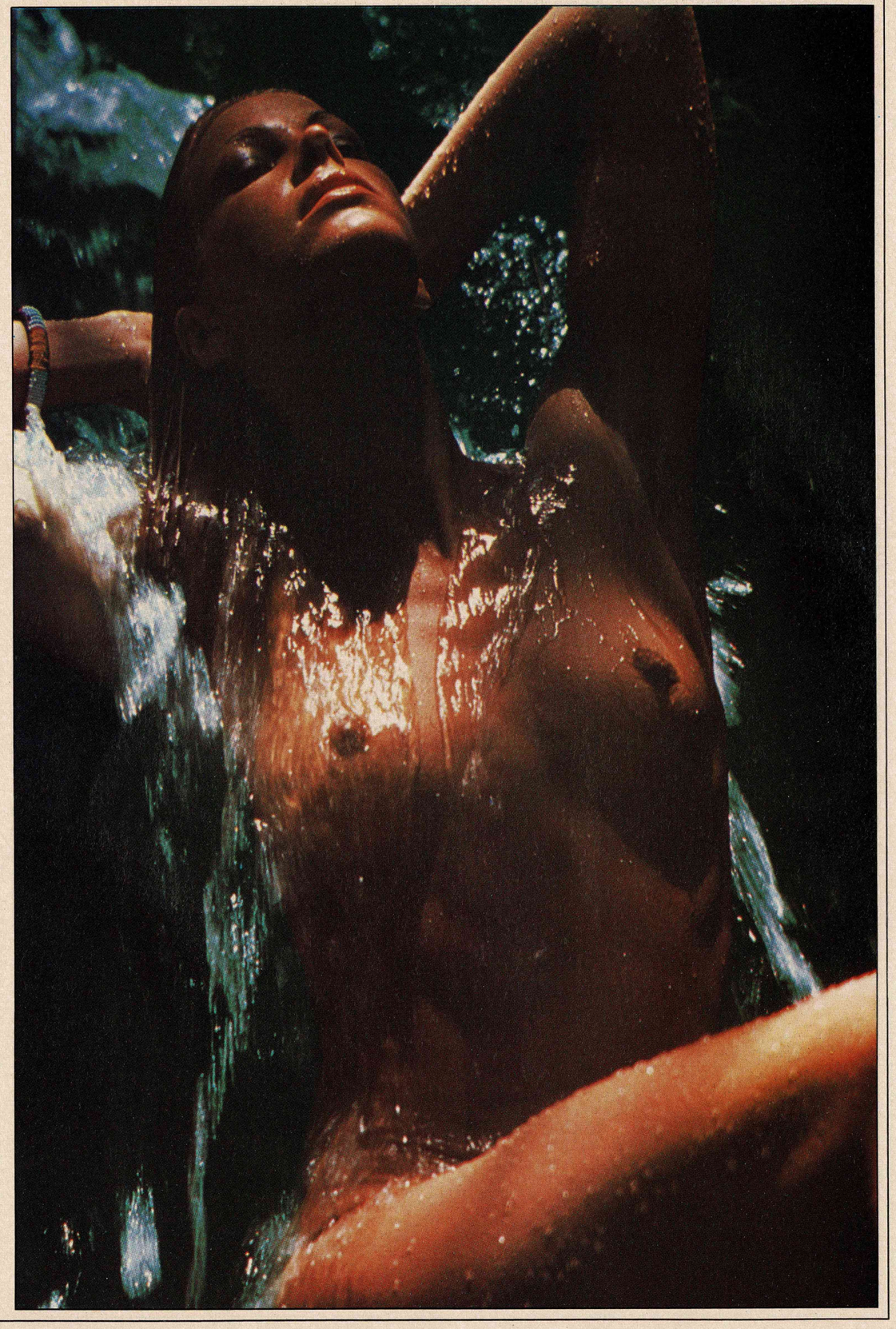
VIVIENE

The star of Paris is in fact Italian. Born in Como, Viviene was plucked from behind a shop counter by a visiting burlesque dancer who saw the young woman's, ah, potential. She rapidly became the toast of the French music hall.

KARIN

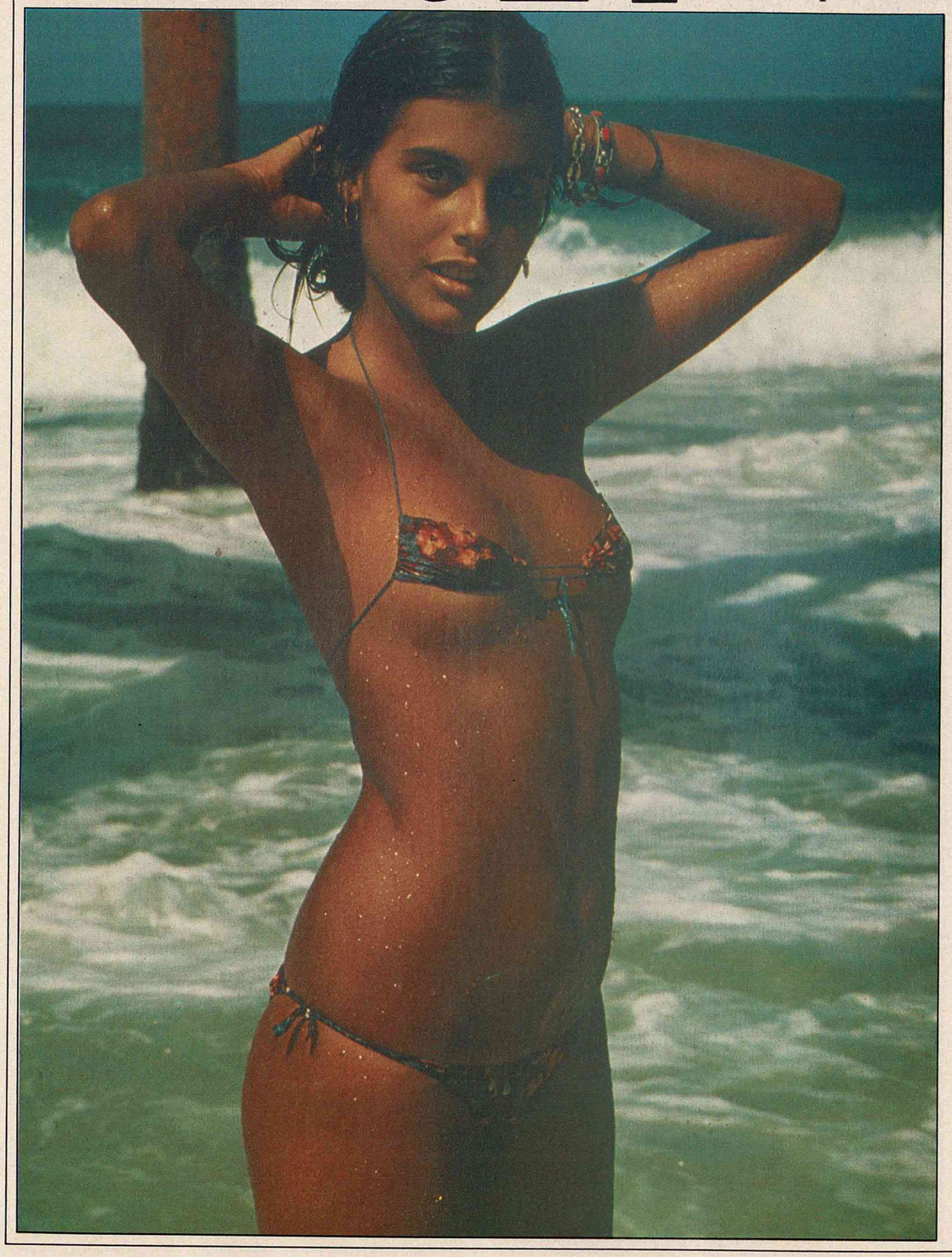


Karin Feddersen is a cat. House or lap variety? Maybe. Wild? For sure! She often shows her claws, and when she feels like it, a bit more than that. Clever, beautiful, charming, Karin is one of Germany's most sought after models.



SHUZY

The bikini wasn't invented in South America, but Shuzy's doing her bit to promote it.



LILIAN

Brazil is where all the people who go nuts about Lilian come from. Need we say more?

VICKI

Ask any Australian what he associates with the word "Kansas", and you usually hear Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz, corn, or the Kansas City Bombers. From now on, they'll all breathe the same answer: Vicki Lasseter, who hails from the Sunflower State.

Quality ★ ★ ★ ★

Price ★

Those who believe that a one star price will invariably dictate a similar result have obviously still to experience the union of Traminer and Rhine Riesling. McWILLIAM'S

THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

Ever since I moved into my new flat, I have been experiencing what I consider unusual record wear. The two might sound unconnected, but those are the facts. I've cleaned every part of the system, and I don't think it was damaged in transit. Can you help at all? — R. D., Victoria.

One of the most overlooked components of a stereo system is the surface it's sitting on. The problem in your case may be that the surface isn't level. Or that the floor your component cabinet is sitting on isn't level. Check out both with a level obtained at any hardware store. For proper operation, any component with moving parts should be trued up, including audio and video-tape machines. Naturally, your turntable falls into that category.

My flatmate and I have a very satisfying sex life. However, there is one aspect that you may be able to help me out with. She prefers the traditional missionary position, while I find the rear-entry position the most satisfying. It seems to me that, when I enter her from the rear, I feel as if I am going into her more deeply. On the other hand, she tells me that being face to face provides greater intimacy, ie, kissing and hugging. My question: are there any positions or variations that will satisfy both of our needs? — B. L., NSW.

A change in attitude might help. A well-respected sex manual says: "In erotic friendships, sex is an expression of a union, a celebration of a meeting which has already taken place . . . In making love, the trick is to begin at the end — starting when compassion is already well established." In other words, if your girlfriend is depending on mere position to establish the intimacy, you're in trouble. Next time you are in bed with her, you might examine the full imagery of each position. If you can tell her in more detail what it feels like when you enter from the rear — the heart-stopping view and the genital sensation — the sharing of that knowledge will make the pleasure as intimate as a hug.

At a comparatively late stage, I have realised (or perhaps finally admitted) that I have a real sexual problem. I have never been able to achieve a full erection in the presence of a lady unless there is a great deal of tender and patient rubbing. If this stops, I quickly lose the erection. This occurred during my first attempt at intercourse, and in two or three later attempts I again failed to achieve a proper erection. Since the lady at that time was also a virgin, I just chalked it up to inexperience. It has been two years since that time, and it was only recently that I dared again to attempt intercourse which once more turned into a non-event. As I am now 25, could it be that I should have made my sexual debut a lot earlier, or am I too anxious? I have no problem in reaching a great high while masturbating so what could be the problem? — T.M., WA.

Whatever the reasons may have been that have caused you to take a while to get started, you should not let them weigh you down forever. Some people find it harder than others to make sexual contact (perhaps they're just more choosy), and the fact that you have been able to make some sort of start should be enough to convince you that more will happen in the future. Look forward to the great sexual encounters that are ahead, rather than dwelling on those that didn't happen in the past. And when one does occur, try not to regard it as an obstacle to be overcome but rather as a pleasure to be enjoyed and savored.

When I was a 15-year-old boy in war-torn London, I

lost my virginity to a friend of my sister's while listening to an impassioned speech by Winston Churchill on the wireless. Churchill's fighting words spurred me on tremendously and at the end of his speech, I enjoyed an explosive orgasm. Sadly, in spite of having an otherwise exciting love life, I never experienced such a sexual cataclysm again — until 35 years later, in Sydney, where I now reside with my wife. The missus and I had retired early one Sunday night recently, and we started making love as the telly movie began. It was a film called *Young Winston,* and it featured voice-overs of many of Churchill's most famous speeches. Yep, you guessed it — as Churchill (or a very good impersonator) was speaking, I was having my second most memorable orgasm ever. I would like you to comment on this phenomenon, and I'd also like to know if records or tapes of Churchill's speeches are available in Australia. — G.I., NSW.

Well, we're at somewhat of a loss here. Admittedly, Churchill did *say on his 80th birthday: "The nation had the lion's heart; I had the courage to give the roar." However, we don't think he exactly had in mind the matter that you've raised. Palings Records, a store in George Street, Sydney, has two albums featuring Winston's greatest hits —* Voice of Winston Churchill *and* Churchill In His Own Voice. *We were a little afraid of the effect that an entire 40 minutes of Churchill might have on you, but didn't the great man himself once say: "We have nothing to fear but fear itself?"*

I have begun to have serious doubts about my virility after hearing a workmate's claim that he *regularly* makes love to his wife eight times in one session. My own record is a mere five, although I've occasionally managed to go four times during the course of the whole night. Is there something wrong with me? — M.B., Queensland.

We suspect your mate's claim is fictitious, and if it isn't, he should try for a place in the Guinness Book of Records *and donate his body to medical research. You have no reason to worry about your libido if you can make it five times, none at all. But you've got all of us at* PLAYBOY very *worried . . .*

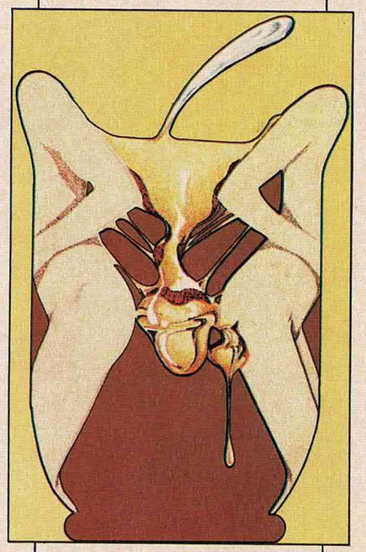
Do you think there is any benefit to those books and courses that are sometimes advertised as giving greater success in picking up a woman? I have a bit of trouble in that regard, and would like to do something about it but don't really know where to start. The courses I'm thinking about have been advertised in American magazines, and I'm not even sure if there is an Australian counterpart. But I am curious to know whether these are just another rip-off or whether there is really something in them. — F.T., Tasmania.

The worth of any advice you may get on how to improve your luck with women will depend on who is giving it, but it's not something that can be

taught, like motor repair or water skiing. Those courses you speak of usually give a set of stock opening phrases for different situations and variations on the "do you come here often" line. What they don't *do is give much help in being able to play a new social situation by ear or to establish a relaxed and natural rapport without being seen to be trying. If a woman is going to enter into a new scene with a complete stranger, it will be because she's already just as interested as you are. Coming on with a glib, rehearsed phrase is likely to be more of a hindrance than a help.*

I have a bit of a problem in my relationship with my wife's sister. It's something that's come up just recently when we moved back to this State after a few years away. Before that, we'd had what seemed to be a fairly good marriage, but now it's a real shambles, and I don't know what to do. My wife's sister is quite a bit older (she's 35, we're both 26) and lives alone, just around the corner from us. She seems to have some sort of control over my wife and, I suppose, over me. She keeps making decisions for us, and neither of us is able to stand up to her. A couple of months ago, I got involved with her sexually and, although I realised that it could lead to trouble, I have not been able to stop it. I don't know whether my wife knows about it yet but she is bound to find out, especially as I can no longer make it with her sexually. I can't even fake it, as she just doesn't turn me on at all now. On the other hand, I don't want anything lasting with her sister; I don't even like her that much. I just want to get my marriage back to what it was in the past. Do you have any ideas about what I should do?
— C.P., Victoria.

Your wife's sister sounds like someone to be avoided, so why don't you try? You say that she has some sort of control over you and your wife, but unless that means she's ordering you around at gunpoint, there really is no reason why you can't break that control. The fact that you recognise that you don't particularly like her is a good start to being able to break off the sexual side of your relationship. After all, how satisfying can it be making love to a woman you'd rather not be with? Your wife probably knows something about the situation already, but she may not be able to face up to her big sister. So it's up to you to make the break. Tell her you just don't want her around any more and steer well clear of her place. It is impossible to predict the fate of your marriage, but the longer you put off taking action, the less chance there will be of anything at all being salvaged.



My wife and I have been looking for ways of making our foreplay more interesting, but we recently had a persistent problem. Instead of just kissing each other all over, we had the bright idea of smearing honey on our bodies and then licking it off each other. We weren't worried about having to wash out the sheets and, although we knew we would stick to things, we thought that any discomfort would be wiped out by the pleasure of it all. But as it turned out, the honey hardened like glue, and we stuck to each other, the blankets and everything else so badly it was hard to even think about sex, let alone do anything. We still think it is a good idea in principle, but can see now that it needs some fine tuning. Any ideas?
— Q.H., Queensland.

If you're determined to stick with the honey, you could perhaps minimise the uncomfortable side effects by confining your culinary foreplay to the bath, with or without water. For variety, you could try substituting strawberry jam or mayonnaise for the honey. If the bath cramps your style, another solution might be to cover each other in some powdered, instead of sticky, substance less likely to cause problems in the bedroom. Cinnamon, icing sugar or Parmesan cheese come to mind. Bon appétit!

My girlfriend and I have a pretty good sex life, but we don't seem to sleep (literally) very well together. I sleep like a log under about any conditions, but she is fairly restless and sometimes can't sleep at all — even after a satisfying session of lovemaking. She says not to worry about it as it's just the way she is, but I keep wondering if there might be something wrong with our relationship that's causing her to react that way to my presence. We're considering moving in together, but she says that, if we do, she'll need a spare room for those times when she can only get to sleep if she has a bed all to herself. I'm not sure how I like that idea. What do you think!
— K.L., Tasmania.

The fact that your girlfriend can't always sleep well in the same bed as you doesn't necessarily mean that there is a problem with your relationship. Different people have different sleep rhythms, different rates at which they are able to fall into sleep, different periods between waking and even different susceptibility to disturbance by noise and vibration. The fact that your girlfriend is willing to move in with you suggests that she doesn't expect your two different sleep patterns to be a real problem — though it could become one if you lose too much sleep worrying about it.

A couple of years ago, I woke up with a sore head and a sore bottom. I could feel a slight roughness on my posterior, and when I craned my neck around to check it out, I saw a vivid flash of color. I rushed to the mirror to get to the bottom of the problem (excuse the pun) and, to my horror, saw a dreadful tattoo of a galah spanning one buttock. What had happened was that my mate and I had drunkenly lurched into a tattoo parlor the night before; while I got the parrot, he'd had his belly button turned into the iris of a bloodshot eye. Although I was angry with myself for getting tattooed, at least my galah wasn't that visible. But lately I've been going with a girl who loves nude bathing. I can't bring myself to bare my bottom on the nude beach she goes to — besides which I don't think she wants me to come with her because she'd be even more embarrassed. Can you give me any advice on a removal method I recently heard about which doesn't involve skin grafting?
— T.V., Victoria.

A number of removal methods, some do-it-yourself, have been vaunted as alternatives to the traditional skin grafting. But we cannot endorse any of them because there have been varying reports on their relative effectiveness, and at least one is said to be dangerous. See your doctor about the best method.

The Playboy Adviser *will answer all reasonable questions about your lifestyle, pub arguments, hangups or fantasies. Send them to* Playboy Adviser *Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001.*

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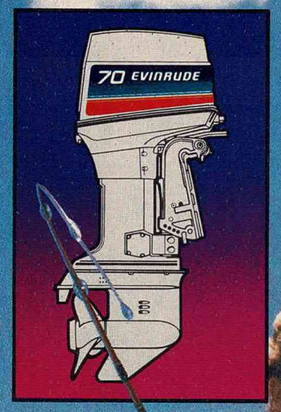

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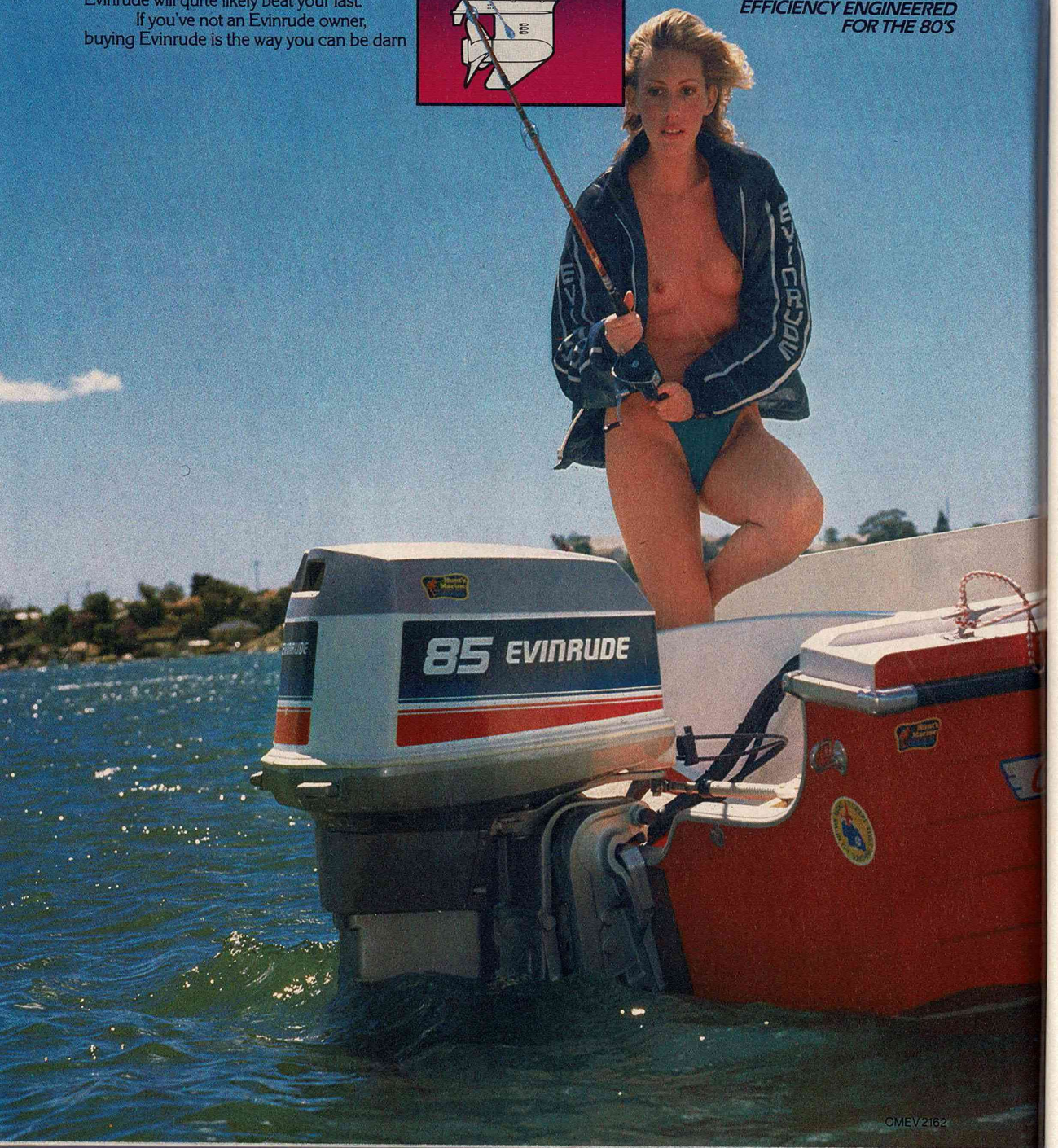


THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

THE THOUGHTS OF MAL

In his article about the schooldays of our worthy federal politicos (PLAYBOY, November) Tony Maguire mentioned how Malcolm Fraser had been a close second for a literary prize in 1943 with a composition titled "The Sparrow." Perhaps you'd be interested in publishing an excerpt from the composition, which I came across in a relative's copy of *The Tudorian* (the magazine of Tudor House, Moss Vale).

Darkness shrouded the room and the subdued sounds of voices came to an end. The people standing around the bed turned slowly and walked out into the night, leaving behind one who would never speak again, in our world.

Then a strange spirit came to the bedside of the dead youth, picked up the body and flew out into the night. For many hours the spirit flew over great forests, glistening waters and blazing deserts — it was a land no mortal eye had ever seen.

A devastating storm arose, and still the spirit struggled on, but at last he could endure no more. He spoke a few magic words and let the body fall earthwards, but a great change was wrought in it as it fell. A mighty thunderclap so shook the skies that amidst the turmoil the body gave forth one spark of life, and a little sparrow came into being. The bird flew up and up above the storm and headed towards the mortal world . . .

I, for one, was surprised by the literary talents of the 13-year-old Malcolm Fraser, a man whom I'd always imagined to have about as much imagination as a Xerox computer.

J.T., Melbourne

CURLY GATES

I was amused to read M.B.'s views on November centrefold Karen West's delight in naughtiness — particularly her joy in not wearing pants under her summer dresses.

This naughty but nice habit is nothing new. In fact I remember reading about Victor Emmanuel, an 18th century Sardinian king who, on a social visit to France, was delighted to discover that women did not wear underpants. He came upon this information after seeing a lady-in-waiting go for a tumble and remarked to the French empress: "I am delighted to see, madame, that your ladies do not wear drawers, and that the gates of paradise, therefore, are always open."

R.S.
Melbourne

FIERY PROSE

I have read many articles on that scourge of the Australian summer, the bush fire, but none so moving as the one penned by Kit Denton (PLAYBOY, December). It was a superb piece of realism. More journalism of this brand and more Australians might begin to realise that we all have a responsibility to try and prevent these terrible fires.

If more of us were more careful with cigarette ends, with matches and picnic fires, I am certain there would be fewer fires. As for the arsonists, they deserve the severest punishment that can be meted out by the courts. I for one will have no hesitation in "dobbing in" a bushfire bug, no matter whose son, brother or husband he is.

C. Russell,
Hornsby, NSW

OLD VALUES

It's probably got something to do with the way I was brought up, but I've never been good at saying goodbye to hookers. My folks were very loyal to the open-car-doors and respect-all-women tradition and gave their five kids a similar education. All of us were expected to bring our girlfriends home to meet mum and dad and observe all the formal procedures of formal courtship 1950s-style. For me, it all came to nothing because I married my very first girlfriend and experienced eight miserable years of marriage before I had the nerve to finally get out. Fortunately, the relationship produced no kids and after a suitable period I upped roots and headed for Brisbane. It was a wise move because I met many females, spent some wild nights in and out of bed and formed a few lasting friendships. But for pure sexual thrills, nothing could beat a weekend spent in Sydney with some male friends from our social club. I enjoyed a superb Saturday evening-Sunday morning session with the most beautiful prostitute imaginable. But the whole affair was spoiled somewhat when my mates gave me a bit of stick for kissing her goodbye on the footpath outside our hotel in full view of the Sunday morning traffic and churchgoers. I've had a few hookers for company since then but still can't shake off the formalities of my youth. My best friend jokingly said that I'd better be careful not to fall in love with one but I took him seriously and called a halt to my bordello prowl. Celibacy doesn't suit me and I'm not going back to the marital stakes. At 51 years of age it seems odd that a guy would prefer to pay for it, but it's true. Sadly, the hardest part is saying goodbye.

Name withheld by request
Mount Gravatt, Queensland

COME TO THE PARTY

For the amusement of your readers, I'm passing on this note which I found slipped under the front door of my flat.

"We, the residents of this building, feel that, for the sake of our privacy and our sleep, the time has come to inform you of something of which you may not be aware.

"At night, your music goes on long enough and loud enough to keep everyone in the building awake. In addition to the music, we are kept awake by the sound of multiple orgasms. If the music is just to cover up the sexual moanings and panting, it is not working. They are both coming through loud and clear."

I don't mind turning down the music, but I don't want to turn off my girlfriend. What to do?

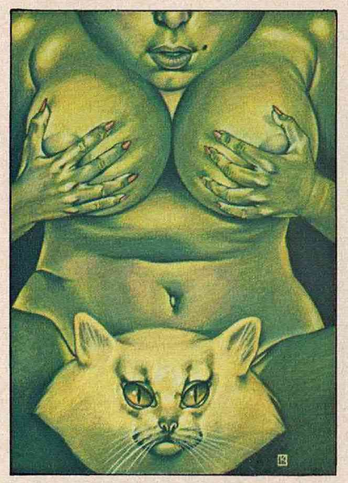
J.S.,
Payneham, Sth Australia

Do as any good host would. Invite the neighbors — Ed.

ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL

Here's one for those who like their absurdity painful

and messy. We all know about plans to extend compulsory breath tests from Victoria and those nasty Japanese breath test machines in cars, but the US has come up with a new and very expensive idea. The US Government is said to be planning to spend nearly half a million dollars to develop a drunkproof car. A "drunkmobile" is already being tested, and it works like this: the driver weaves his way out of the pub after a suitable number of middies and slouches behind the wheel. He switches on and takes a simple test which consists of reading a dial attached to the steering



column. With deft turns of the wheel he has to control a needle on the dial for four or five seconds in order to pass. If he fails, he may go on his weaving way but his parking and brake lights will flash, and his car horn will blast every second. This barrage of light and sound is, of course, designed to discourage him, but if it doesn't it sure as hell will attract every cop for miles around.

The topper for this is that no one in the US is sure if the system is really drunkproof.

Another delightful car is said to be in the offing in Germany. This one will dob the driver in every time he breaks a road rule. A computer picks up if you make a turn without properly indicating, if you exceed the speed limit etc. etc. About the only thing it can't yet do is spot when you are illegally parked. When it detects your misdemeanor, it transmits the information plus the car's registration direct to the police who promptly issue a summons. Roll on the police state.

D.J.B.
Cremorne, NSW.

NURSERY CRIMES

Glancing through an old book of nursery rhymes recently, I was struck by the suggestive nature of many of the verses, such as "I like little pussy, her coat is so warm/And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm . . ." Or how about "Cock a doodle doo!/My dame has lost her shoe /My master's lost his *fiddling stick*/And knows not what to do." . . . not to mention: "Little boy blue, come blow your horn . . . "

All this leads me to ask whether the Festival of Light or those of similar disposition have called for the banning or censoring of nursery rhyme books.

L.C. Perth

Not yet. — Ed.

MOST UNFORTUNATE

How many readers have seen the comedy sketch where the newsreader has no script to read?

Well, your article about Chris Bearde and his days on the *Captain Fortune Show* many years ago sparked off memories.

One day, as I recall, neither Captain Fortune nor the script turned up at the studio, although a group of children eager to be in a TV show did. Bearde was left with the job of providing 15 minutes or so of diverting children's TV without any material. He went through his pockets, and came up with a photo of his newly-born child, about whom he proceeded to tell the kids.

Maybe that's why Bearde is so good at producing scripts now — he knows what it's like to be caught without one.

D.O.
Wongarbon, NSW

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

CATCH AS CAN

MELBOURNE — Alan Jones was scarcely out of second gear in his Porsche on the Hume Highway drive from his Yea farm to Calder Raceway when the needle touched 100km/h. Two Victorian police constables gave pursuit in a patrol car. Waved over to the side of the road, Jones pulled up and the police approached on foot. "You must think you are the world champion," said the wit of a copper as he took station abreast of the driver's window of the Porsche. The lawmen settled for two on-the-spot autographs and World Champion Jones drove on to Calder to win the Australian Grand Prix in a breeze.

FLOATING SEX

ROTTERDAM. — Europe's largest seaport has put to sea some rather exotic cargo — two "sex boats" which are designed to keep prostitutes off the streets. The city fathers granted licences for the boats after complaints about whores in residential neighborhoods. The city council eventually plans to have 12 floating whorehouses moored at three points along the Rhine harbor.

COOL CUTIES

LONDON — Once as close as a Russian bear hug, Mandy Rice-Davies and Christine Keeler, the good-time girls whose tricks brought down the Macmillan Government, are playing no-speaks these days. The chill began during the media splurge that accompanied the launching of Mandy's autobiography. The ice really began to build up when the pair refused to appear together on an English television talk show. Said Mandy, who turned the Profumo sex scandal into a glittering chain of restaurants, night clubs and classy homes: "It's quite true I wouldn't appear along with Christine. I'm saddened by the way life has turned out for her and I didn't want to be portrayed as the survivor." Replied Christine, who lives in a rundown Chelsea pad with her son: "Mandy is pretending to be someone she isn't. I feel cool toward her."

DIP STICKING

SAN FRANCISCO — Lesbians living in the militant homosexual Bay area of Frisco have taken matters into their own hands and are using a unique method of artificial insemination to try and achieve pregnancy. Their accomplices are gay guys in the neighborhood who give monthly semen instalments along with a document signing away all rights to fatherhood. Within two hours of ejaculation, the semen is delivered to the ladies in sterile jars. The ladies transfer the seed to modified medical syringes, glass eye droppers or turkey basters to implant it in their bodies. If any of the ladies has yet achieved motherhood, she hasn't announced it.

COPPERTONE

SYDNEY — The grafitti on the cell walls of one Sydney police station slammer suggests that either the coppers have been nabbing some rum crims or that the worm is turning. A sample: "Bring back flogging for all crims;" "Allow police verbal . . . the only way to convict you bastards" and, predictably, if the boys in blue are wielding the crayon, "Give the police more powers."

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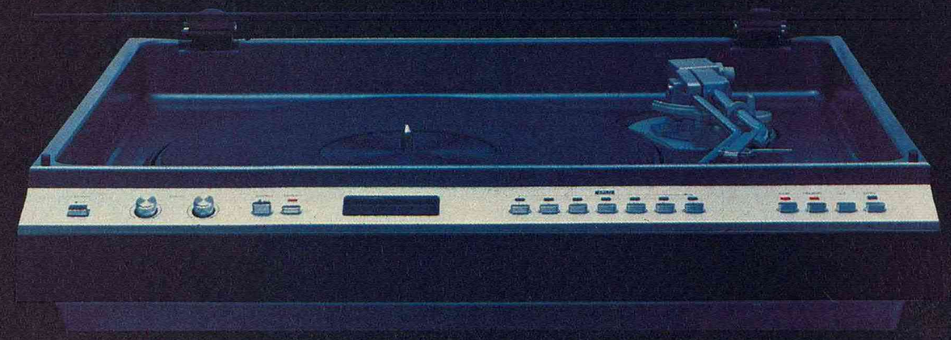

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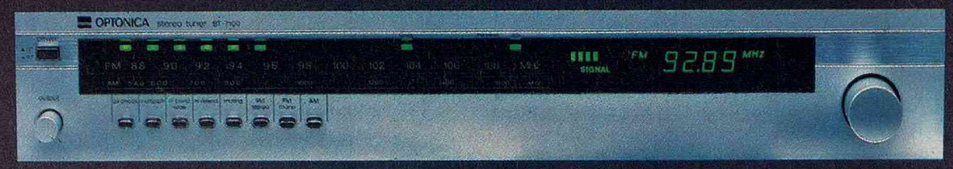

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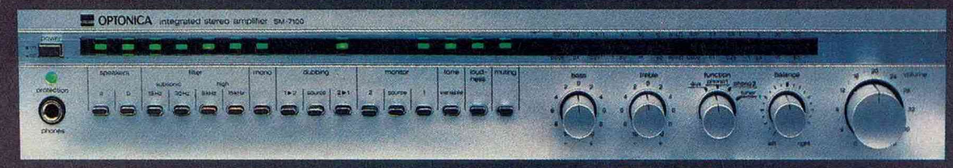

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Playboy Interview

DENNIS LILLEE

a revealing talk with the bowler who has held the cricket limelight for a decade

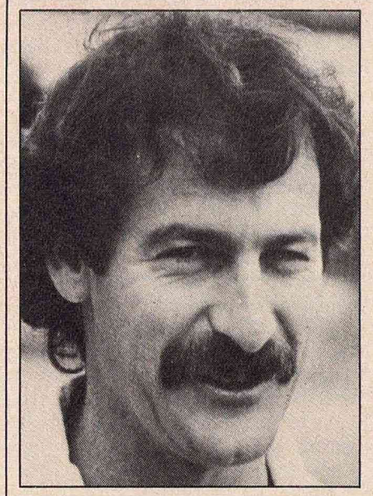
THE LEGACY of possessing one of Australia's best known faces is something Dennis Keith Lillee bears with the resignation of a man who appreciates the vacuum between fame and privacy. Ten years of having that famous face beamed into living rooms has made even the disinterested familiar with its every expression, and promoted public intrusion as an inescapable facet of the Lillee lifestyle. In a country where cricket's summer mania continues to rule the public imagination, it would be naïve to expect anything less for a man who is indisputably the greatest fast bowler of the modern era.

As Lillee advances across the hotel lobby, the athletic build appears strangely different in jeans and sports shirt; but there is no mistaking the face. This time the look is that of intense concentration: the one he reserves for polishing the ball while he silently contemplates the next delivery. On introductions, the face breaks into Lillee the Friendly and the quick smile floods above and below the famous black moustache. This is also Lillee the Responsive and the Sincere. Those who know him best say it is his most natural demeanor.

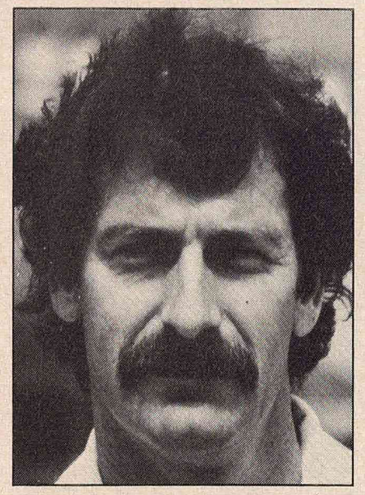
Sporting careers can be hatched and humbled in the space of an afternoon. Legends usually take a little longer. Lillee compressed the making of his into the 10 years that have followed his Test debut in the season of 1970-71. For much of the decade Dennis Lillee took up elite membership in one of the world's most exclusive clubs — Ian Chappell's succession of supremely successful Test sides. The bonds of loyalty, larrikinism and sheer talent set the Chappell crew apart from Test combinations of the past. It was their difference and success which set events in sequence for the launching of World Series Cricket and the resultant truce. It's probable that, without Lillee, the '70s would not have seen the WSC phenomenon. It was the steam-rolling success and sheer promotability of the Australian side, and in particular Dennis Lillee, which started the movement for better conditions and remuneration. Sydney promoter John Cornell had watched the Lillee competitiveness turn placid cricket crowds into chanting football-type mobs and he immediately recognised that marketability.

Lillee's unique brand of competitiveness stems from a super-aggressive hatred of defeat. This is the ingredient of champions but Lillee's habit of carrying it too far often upset the game's custodians and contrasted sharply with the amiable disposition of the off-field character. Each time Lillee overstepped the behavior mark with one of his overt displays of his aggression, he paid with interest in the public vilification dished out by the popular press. Controlling the fire or divorcing it from his psyching-up technique posed almost as steep a problem as winning the battle against a recurring back injury; but Lillee emerged as the winner on both fronts. His bowling figures show the amazing strike rate of about one wicket per 10 overs — a statistic regarded by some as the real test of a bowler. He is probably responsible for breaking more opening partnerships than any other Australian bowler and last season, when he became the fifth Australian to capture 200 Test wickets, it was worth noting that the 44 he snared during his WSC Super Test stint were not included in the total. At the beginning of this season his Test total stood at 213 wickets and the appearance of India and New Zealand this summer offered Lillee the chance to pass Richie Benaud's record of 248.

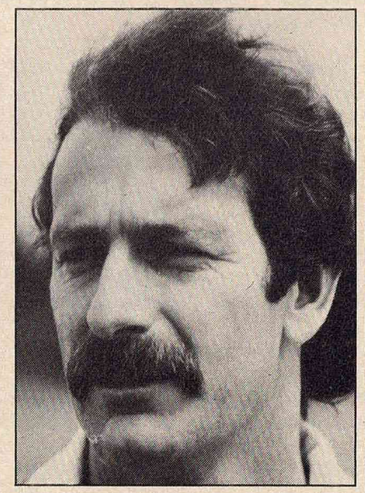
Lillee has had more memorable matches than most scrap books can account for. His 6-26 and 5-139 carved victory from the seemingly impossible in Australia's 45-run win against England in the 1977 Centenary Test at



"There'll be more benefits. There's no doubt about that. What we'll see in the future is more player involvement, through a player association. It won't be a militant thing."



"After all, who knows more about the game? Is it the guy sitting upstairs with his gin and tonic who's played the game but has been out of action for 10 to 20 or even more years?"



"I owe cricket almost everything but I owe my wife more. It would have been very hard to do the things I wanted to do unless someone like Helen was totally behind me."

the MCG. When rain had apparently settled the outcome of the Lords' Centenary Test last August, it was Lillee who blasted out the first four English batsmen to revive some hope of a result. Eight years earlier, across town at the Oval, he had featured in one of Australia's most memorable Test victories by taking 10 wickets. Feats like these mark Lillee as one of the game's true champions.

At 31, he says that he starts each match with the knowledge that it could be his last. It's not a concession to the inevitability of retirement but an acceptance that his career will last as long as his fitness or his enjoyment of the game. It was during Lillee's deadliest spell of the Lords' Centenary Test last year that commentator and former Test captain Bobby Simpson concluded by saying: "I just don't know what Australia will do when we no longer have Dennis Lillee."

It was in pursuit of the legend that PLAYBOY sent its sports writer ***Neil Jameson*** *to learn that the private Lillee is a very different animal from the public one. Says Jameson: "The sort of exposure that Dennis Lillee has experienced in the past 10 years has made him aware of the power of publicity and especially its effect on his family. He puts his family above everything — and it's mainly for his family's sake that he is working to make up for some of the less than complimentary publicity that he's attracted.*

"The attention to detail, faultless courtesy and calculated consideration he applied during the interview gave some insight to the sort of single-mindedness needed to perform at Lillee's level."

PLAYBOY: Have you ever considered leaving Western Australia?

LILLEE: I've been asked to move east a million times and I know I could make a lot of money over here, but I have to ask myself what I want from life. I'm very happy with my lot. All my links are in Perth: my parents, my wife's family, the kids have got their friends, and it's hard to break those ties.

PLAYBOY: That obviously means a lot to you.

LILLEE: Yes. It means a lot more than cricket to me.

PLAYBOY: The past 10 years, which just about covers your Test career, have been the most eventful in the history of the game. You've been right in the eye of the hurricane from the outset. Do you have any regrets?

LILLEE: Not really.

PLAYBOY: What about friendships?

LILLEE: I've been asked that before. There was a time during the World Series Cricket thing when guys I knew very well and had played cricket with didn't want to have anything to do with me. Now, if they were friends, what I did by deciding to go with a breakaway group would have made no difference. If they didn't accept me for that, then there is no way they were friends, and I don't want to accept them now. Some of these guys have since come up and said, "Hello, Den" and I say "Hello", but that's as far as it goes. On the other hand, there are the people who were consistent all the way through. They're the ones I count as my real friends.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised by the strength of the reaction from the Establishment corps?

LILLEE: No. I think I expected that they'd be very upset by it all. The only thing that really disappointed me about the reaction was that people in Establishment cricket were told not to associate with us at all.

PLAYBOY: That came from the top?

LILLEE: Yes. Well, it was passed down the line. I'm talking about members of the Australian Cricket Board; it's come from their lips. That sort of thing I didn't expect.

"You know how you get that feeling like you're walking on air or your whole body feels light? That's how I felt when I saw that crowd."

PLAYBOY: Was there any stage when you really got depressed by the faction fighting?

LILLEE: There were a couple of low points, but I didn't get really depressed. I felt so strongly about what we were doing by making the situation better for all cricketers. Whether it took three, five or even 10 years, the stand we were taking was going to be of huge benefit. I was disappointed during the first couple of games when we played in front of a couple of hundred people. But then I thought that anything new takes a lot to get going. If a new idea is given no publicity, it is unlikely that the public will accept it. If it is given adverse publicity it has little chance of getting off the ground. Now, we were getting adverse publicity but we were still getting a few people along. And we were rating well on TV. I thought that, if it was introduced through TV, the crowds would come along. And that was how it worked out.

PLAYBOY: Because of your personal involvement, did you gain a great deal of satisfaction to see the crowds finally support World Series Cricket.

LILLEE: At the beginning of the second year of World Series Cricket, we played that night game in Sydney in front of about 50,000 people. You know how you get that feeling like you're walking on air or your whole body feels light? That's how I felt when I saw that crowd.

PLAYBOY: There was that much at stake that night?

LILLEE: Yeah. I remember the time well. John Cornell came into the room and said: "Look at it, mate. We've made it." Then I knew it had been worthwhile. I had never seen World Series as an on-going thing. I wanted it to be successful so that there would be a compromise as soon as possible but only if the players benefited. When we got 50,000 to that night game in Sydney I said: "There it is, that's the turning point. Now they'll have to start negotiating." It was great because that meant that we would all get back together quicker.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean you really saw the whole exercise as one which would lead to a compromise?

LILLEE: Yes, that's right.

PLAYBOY: Did you achieve all your objectives?

LILLEE: No. There'll be more benefits. There's no doubt about that. What we'll see in the future is more player involvement, through a proposed players' association. It won't be a militant thing — just lobbying and suggestions. After all, who knows more about the game? Is it the guy sitting upstairs with his gin and tonic who's played the game but has been out of action for 10 to 20 or even more years? Or is the guy who's been playing for five, six or eight years and is out there still doing it? The player is the one involved in physically promoting the game as well as training, playing and touring. That's why players should be more involved.

PLAYBOY: So you envisage something like a professional players' association with an elected executive which, through the normal processes of democracy, would administer to and look after its members' interests?

LILLEE: Purely that. I can't see it being a militant thing and nobody will want that to happen. But the players do have some suggestions to offer for the benefit of the game. So, why not pick their brains.?

PLAYBOY: In retrospect, how do you view the overall press attitude to World Series Cricket?

LILLEE: Initially, the attitude was unbelievingly against us. I can remember a game in Perth where Barry Richards got a hundred odd and

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Vivian Richards about 200. It was some of the best hitting I've ever seen. In the *West Australian,* the report covered about five or six paragraphs. I thought: Here we've seen some of the best batting of all time and it's got nothing in the way of a write-up. Okay, they put it in the paper. But they might as well not have because that was the biggest bagging we could have got. It was about the same sort of coverage they'd give to under-16s.

PLAYBOY: Was it worse in England?

LILLEE: Look, it was bad enough in Western Australia. The press there were very biased. We've got only one morning and one afternoon paper in Perth and they just went one way. They were all for the Establishment. That was their prerogative. Fine. But I've since spoken to the blokes involved and said: "I didn't expect you to lean our way, but I did expect you to be fair, by reporting both sides of the argument." They didn't even ask for our opinion about various incidents. Yet, years ago, the first thing they'd do if there was a comment needed, would be to ring up Marshy (Rod Marsh) or myself or the other top players. Then, all of a sudden, they didn't want our side of it. I thought that was very hard to take and very, very unfair. I've aired my opinions to some of those press guys and hope we've cleared the air a bit. One of them wanted to know why I wouldn't talk to him. My reaction to that was: "You didn't want to talk to me for two years; why should I fall all over you." When you talk about sore points, that press attitude was a real sore point with me.

PLAYBOY: What about players?

LILLEE: I didn't find any problems from the players. We watched all the Establishment Tests because we were vitally interested.

PLAYBOY: Is it gratifying to see the hatchet buried?

LILLEE: Everything takes time. But when you consider just how big the split was, it's great to see that everybody's trying. From what I've seen, the attitude has been excellent. It's been a smooth changeover and I've been very impressed. I expected a few personal dissatisfactions and a bit of bitching but there was none.

PLAYBOY: Cricket has a unique relationship with the press. There is no other sport in which former players and personalities play such important, emotional and controversial roles in the coverage of the game. This is particularly so of the English press which on many occasions has not treated you very kindly. What do you expect from them now?

LILLEE: To my face they'll be terrific. But they'll be looking for something from me; some more of that larrikin bullshit probably. It sells newspapers but it shits me. There was an incident in 1979 with Mike Brearley where he tried to run me out and missed the stumps and I pointed to where he should have hit. The English press played it up. All of a sudden he was holier-than-thou. You can't do that to Michael Brearley. He's the captain of England. How stupid. It was all in fun. It could have happened in a Sheffield Shield game or it might have been another England player. But no, it was the England captain. I wasn't trying to take the mickey. I didn't think of it as a personal insult to Brearley, but that's how my act was taken.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised when you read the reactions?

LILLEE: I couldn't believe it. The thing that bugs me about it is that nothing is said about the sort of things Derek Randall was doing to our guys.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't that say something

". . . this idea of the fast bowler being a bit of a fire breathing demon. That's something I feel you must have to be successful."

of the difference in attitude between Australian and English cricketers?

LILLEE: Yes, this is where you get an Englishman doing it and it's okay. There's a double standard in there somewhere. We as Aussie cricketers accept it as part of the game as long as it doesn't get out of hand. That's where the umpires come in.

PLAYBOY: You've lived and played in England. Why is it that sections of the press and officialdom hold some players and facets of the game in such reverence?

LILLEE: I've got no idea. I love cricket as much as the next bloke, but it probably stems from the fact that it's their game. They founded it. They don't want it tampered with. They want everyone to realise that it's their game and that it's an MCC thing, the best game in the world, the old school tie . . . and that sort of thing.

PLAYBOY: It goes beyond sport?

LILLEE: Oh, yes. It's almost a religion. They're fanatics. I admire them for it but I couldn't do it myself. I admire how they become so totally involved in a game. Some of them spend their whole year fitting their work schedule around cricket. And that's just the administrators and officials, let alone loads of fanatical spectators.

PLAYBOY: A lot of the English press references to players like yourself, Ian Chappell and Jeff Thomson have been less than complimentary yet they must know that it is the personality players who are making their jobs easier. How do you react to that?

LILLEE: I know it's their jobs so I don't get too worried. It only upsets me when it worries my family. What's happened is that 15 years ago, when televised cricket was still in its infancy and most of the coverage consisted of long shots, you never saw player reactions. Now the press boys are sitting up in their box with a TV monitor. If you do something on the field, they've got your action totally, your lip movement, your anger or whatever. You can't tell me that 30, 50 or even 80 years ago players didn't do the same.

PLAYBOY: Would there be many former players who would agree with that?

LILLEE: Yes. Sometimes people have a go at me about something I've said to a batsman, but I was doing that when I was 16. I've used it as a spur to keep me going, to help me want to win. I've used it for myself. If it ever worked against me, I would stop it. But, according to some people, if I do it once or twice during a season. I'm supposed to do it all the time. I wear it for ever.

PLAYBOY: Is it because of the tension of Test cricket?

LILLEE: No. I think it really comes down to the English press. In terms of attitude we play our cricket differently. In Shield games and club matches a bit of sledging does go on.

PLAYBOY: Has this always been the case?

LILLEE: Yeah. I can remember one of my first ever club matches. There was a guy called Jim Hubble, for whom I have the greatest respect. I think he'd just toured South Africa the year before and he was a real quick left-arm bowler. I was about 16, a bit raw and batting about number nine. I hit a couple through the covers for four and after the second one he just came down the pitch and gave me hell. He called me everything under the Sun. He was obviously trying to frighten me, and he succeeded. The next ball was a bouncer and it clipped me on the lobe of the ear. On the following ball, I was very pleased to be out. I've since learned that he was working up venom to let me know that he wasn't happy, so I'd be wondering what type of delivery he was going to bowl next. It's all a part of this idea of the fast bowler being a bit of a fire breathing demon. That's something I feel you must have to be successful. I looked at

Jim Hubble and said: "This guy's a successful bowler and that's one of the reasons." I've never forgotten that.

PLAYBOY: But doesn't the worst of it come from behind the wicket?

LILLEE: No. That's a bit of a myth. I've known it occasionally to happen from the slips where there's been a conflict between a batsman and a close-in fieldsman but mainly it's been a bowler-batsman thing. And then it's only an occasional thing. One game might be full of it, then for the next three games there mightn't be a word.

PLAYBOY: Does sledging continue off the field?

LILLEE: No. I'm one of the first guys in the room afterwards to have a drink with the opposition and I'm in the dressing room when it's their turn to come in and I'll have a drink with them. I suppose over the years I may have made some enemies through my attitude on the field but those who really know me know that my aggressive, win-at-all-costs attitude is how I build myself up to be competitive. That's why I'm in the team and that's why I enjoy cricket.

PLAYBOY: There has been press speculation about wholesale refusals by certain teams to drink with the opposition. Is this true?

LILLEE: I think it's happened. But it's not common. In my experience, it's never happened from the Australian side. This is the good thing about it. I know I'm very biased, but Australians are very easy going. We play it hard, sure, but we're quite happy to forget anything that happened on the field and get down to the common business of one human relating to another. He's the opening batsman from England and I'm Australia's opening bowler. But as far as I'm concerned what happened out there is forgotten. That's for the press to write about and they can carry it on for as long as they like. But it's finished as far as I'm concerned. We talk it out over a beer.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that there's something in the English system which works to cull out those players who don't toe the line in terms of accepted behavior?

LILLEE: Well, look at John Snow. He was a brilliant bowler but he was always at loggerheads with officials. He was really an Australian in his attitude. There is no room for those sort of blokes in an English side. That's just not cricket as far as they're concerned. And I think that is probably to the detriment of their competitiveness. I suppose their attitude is that they can go anywhere and there'll be no incident, but I think a slight incident can spark a team. Incidents are rare, really. But there's no doubt Snowy was given a hard time. And so was Trueman. If Fred had been given his head, he would have been a much better player.

PLAYBOY: When you were a kid did you find cricket dull?

LILLEE: No. I've spoken to a lot of people who do think it a dull game. I like their honesty. I think if I hadn't played the game I would think it downright dull. But being involved, I know that it can be one of the most exciting games in the world. Take the Centenary Test in Melbourne in 1977. At one moment it looked all over for us. You turn around and it's all over for England. That's the sort of thing that keeps me going. By the same token, I've stopped off at random and watched a game in a park and found it dull. I've not known the score or the situation, therefore I've found it dull. The important thing about cricket is: you've got to be involved, be it player or spectator.

PLAYBOY: One of the benefits of World

"When we were really struggling you could rely on Ian to get that vital 60, 70 or even 100 that we needed. That's leading by example."

Series Cricket was that it did attempt to educate the public on the finer points of the game. Do you find that a big plus?

LILLEE: It's brought a whole lot of new spectators to the game. WSC had that educational aspect in mind where they talked about the game, strategy and field placings, and also demonstrated with clear illustrations till people said "Look, I can understand that." Then they threw in a lot of one-day games which are much easier to understand than a five-day match. All of a sudden, there were more people involved. That's got to mean more people through the gate, more money, better standards and more cash to go back down through the ranks.

PLAYBOY: Almost your entire Test career was spent under the captaincy of Ian Chappell. How do you see that era now that he has retired?

LILLEE: I could talk about him for three hours. I just think so much of the guy. He's the best captain I've played under. I rate John Inverarity very highly, too. They were both different types of captains but both very effective. I don't know what it is about Ian that made him such a good captain because he never seemed to be skippering a side, he never seemed to be making moves and things; it just all seemed to flow. Perhaps that's why he was so good.

PLAYBOY: By instinct?

LILLEE: Yes, I'm sure it's by natural instinct. He's a born leader and he doesn't plan things, whereas John Inverarity would plan things.

PLAYBOY: While on the field were you very aware of Chappell's leadership personality?

LILLEE: I always had complete confidence because I knew he had the team and every player's interest at heart. On the 1972 England tour, which was his first as captain, we'd been over there a couple of weeks and he said: "Look, Den. Let's go down the spag joint and have a meal." He just asked me about any problems, whether I was happy with my form and all those other things which are important to a cricketer. Then we just had a few drinks and a social chat. I hadn't had a real talk to him before. He did that with a whole lot of the newer guys at different times and I think it made so much difference to that side. The public never saw Ian Chappell getting involved with the players in that way. A lot of people see him as an arrogant smart alec, but he's not. If that is the impression, the public have caused a lot of it because it put so much pressure on him. He doesn't want to know a guy who comes up and starts giving him an earbashing in a bar. So he tells him to buzz off — in stronger language than that, and that's where he gets a name. For me he's a very personable person.

PLAYBOY: The way you've described him, he is essentially a captain who was responsible to his players.

LILLEE: Exactly. Through thick and thin. If you knew there was a problem, you also knew that Ian would stick with you, right to the end.

PLAYBOY: Was that one of the main reasons for his success?

LILLEE: Yes. But it worked to his detriment too. One of the major aspects of his leadership was the way he led by example. When we were really struggling you could rely on Ian to get that vital 60, 70 or even 100 runs that we needed. That's leading by example. I can recall half a dozen instances when we were clearly struggling and Ian got his act together and got us through. But if there was nothing in the game, his performances often matched the occasion.

PLAYBOY: What is cricket life like without Ian Chappell?

LILLEE: When he made his retirement announcement, I couldn't believe it. It's been 10 years for me and I've

hardly known Test cricket without Ian Chappell. There's going to be a void because all the guys were rapt in him. It's going to be a hard gap to fill but, in any sport, the public forgets quickly. I'll never forget the guy. We had some great times. With Greg Chappell we've got more than a good man for the job. He's incredibly well qualified. We'll progress without Ian. Everyone leads in a different way. It's just a matter of getting the best from a side. But Ian must be rated as one of the best ever captains and he will be missed for that reason. He's got to be one of the best players of all time and probably one of the best guys of all time. But there comes a time and it might come soon for me. My next game might be my last. It might be there for Marshy and it might be there for Greg and all the other brigade. All of us will have to go eventually. There is no use hanging on. When I know it's the end for me, that's it. Ian knew that and he just cut it off. People criticised us and said we were mercenaries playing only for the money; but if that was so, Ian would be earning enough in the next few years to keep him in the game. But he's honest enough to say that he's not enjoying it any more, so he got out. I respect that. If form or injury doesn't beat me to it, as soon as I stop enjoying the game I will give it up.

PLAYBOY: You and Jeff Thomson are two very different sorts of people. How did Ian Chappell adapt you to Australia's bowling needs?

LILLEE: He let us have our heads. We had team meetings and talked plans but he never came up and said "Do this, do that" or "I'll bowl you for six overs and I want every ball just outside the off stump". He had enough confidence in us to let us go and he knew we'd be working for the best. If after four of five overs things weren't going so well, he'd come up and make a suggestion.

PLAYBOY: The Lillee-Thomson combination worked well for Australia. How close were you as friends?

LILLEE: We've always been great mates. I've never thought of Jeff as anything but, and I'm sure he thinks of me the same. People have said that we've been jealous of each other at times, but that's not true. There was a friendly competitive spirit. If one guy was firing, the other would want to get in on the action. On the other hand, if he wasn't firing it made you work that much harder for the side. If he'd been bowling really well and not getting wickets then I had a chance to get wickets, and vice versa. So we probably worked for each other. I've got the greatest respect for Thommo and I'm sure some of the things they've written in the press have upset him too. We're a team and that's how it's always been.

PLAYBOY: Having two bowlers of such high calibre was a heaven-sent opportunity for Australia. Did you ever see it in that light?

LILLEE: Well, look at Graham MacKenzie. He did it all on his own and went on for about 11 years. How much better would he have been if he had someone as good at the other end. It makes your mind boggle.

PLAYBOY: What sort of career problems did your back injury pose?

LILLEE: I was only 23 when it first happened. I'd tasted top cricket and I liked it. I was too young to take two years off and rest. It gave me a whole new outlook on life and I thought a lot more about security. On the other hand I became a bit more adventurous because it made me go after my opportunities. It was about that stage that I went into my own contract cleaning business. I was prepared to

"How I'll go under those conditions remains to be seen, but the next lot of players are going to have to be a lot fitter to cope."

better myself, but I didn't want to go east because I didn't want to break from the lifestyle I enjoyed in Perth.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you are a better cricketer as a result of your back injury?

LILLEE: I realised that I enjoyed cricket so much that once I got back in I wanted to stay there. I've always had a desire to perform to the best of my ability and to do that I knew I had to train hard and keep fit. I'd always put the work in and I wanted to play for as long as I still enjoyed the game.

PLAYBOY: What sort of professional help did you get with your back?

LILLEE: Dr Frank Pyke, who is an incredibly qualified man in many forms of physical education, was the guy who helped me most. He'd been a teacher at my high school and had played for the same cricket club as me, and also for the football club associated with the cricket club. I trusted him. He set a program which was tough but would get me through. He monitored everything I did. I'd never had that sort of scientific help before. Till then my training had been of my own design. He had me doing special exercises which were designed to strengthen my back and prevent it happening again. Dr Rudi Webster first found the fractures when I was in the West Indies and they were confirmed in Perth by Bill Gilmour who is an orthopaedic surgeon.

PLAYBOY: Are you still involved with Gilmour?

LILLEE: Yes. Actually he's helping me write a book. He's put a lot of work in on the subject of family fitness which is something I'm very involved in. When I first broke down in 1972, nobody knew what the problem was. The first impression was that I had inflamed joints in my back. When I was on that tour of England, the specialists there couldn't detect the cause of the problem so they said I should keep bowling until I couldn't stand the pain. It was excruciating. After a couple of weeks they knocked me right out and manipulated my back. I was then told to rest. Two or three weeks later I bowled in a game and it was as if I'd never had the injury. Unfortunately, it didn't stay that way.

PLAYBOY: Did your injury cause you to change your bowling action?

LILLEE: Yes. I had to a get a lot more front-on to cut down the twist and the follow through to eliminate the stress on my spine. I had less flexibility as a result of the injury so in the end it wasn't so much a conscious thing but more of a necessity.

PLAYBOY: At that stage did you envisage that you'd still be playing Test cricket in 1980?

LILLEE: No way. When I got back into first class cricket I was just hoping to get through the 1974-75 season.

PLAYBOY: Is cricket a much more demanding sport now than it was 10 or 15 years ago?

LILLEE: Well, you only have to take a look at this year's program. You've got about 80 playing days which means you finish one game, jump on a plane and, in some cases, you're playing in another State the next day. How I'll go under those conditions remains to be seen, but the next lot of players are going to have to be a lot fitter to cope with the constant travel and play.

PLAYBOY: You mean they will have to be full-time professionals?

LILLEE: Well, the current crop of Test players have to be full-timers. The itinerary won't permit them to hold down normal jobs. The more Shield games a player can get in, the better, not only from his own form point of view but for sponsorship reasons and the very survival of Shield play.

PLAYBOY: Were you concerned that the advent of WSC made great inroads on the Sheffield Shield ranks?

LILLEE: A lot of us felt that. From the

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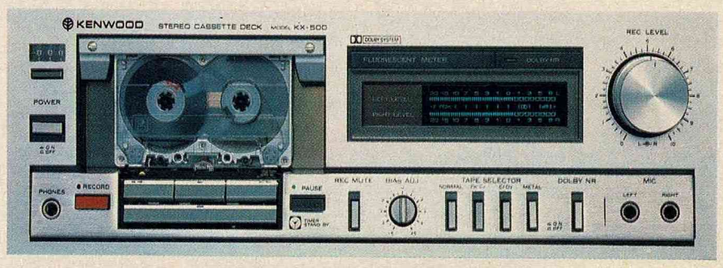

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WSC players' point of view it was also difficult not playing Shield because if you were out of form you couldn't take that minor step down into the Shield ranks and play your way back. With the Supertests the pressure was on all the time and, if you were down, the opposition soon found you out and it was incredibly hard to get your form back. Bruce Laird was a case in point. He had a bad spell for a few games but he had nowhere to regain form and it was a real worry for him. It is to his credit and the support he received from blokes like Ian Chappell that he has done so well. He'd virtually stepped from Shield level to Supertest and there's no doubt it was a class above normal Test standard. The competition was so fierce that, when he eventually got into the Test side, he appreciated the difference and did very well.

PLAYBOY: What have you done with the aluminium bat project?

LILLEE: We're keeping the project going because we believe that the benefits of the aluminium bat are immense. We're looking at it as a long term thing. We feel there's a place for the aluminium bat in cricket. An Australia-wide distribution company, Domini, is taking it to the people mainly through the schools.

PLAYBOY: Was it true the tests showed that the aluminium bat does damage a cricket ball?

LILLEE: No way. We did a lot of tests ourselves. There's no doubt that those other tests were set up to squash the bat's chances probably because there are so many vested interests and sponsorships in the established bat companies. All of a sudden there was a new product which could go very well. I'm sure they were worried. It threatened to stop a lot of willow makers from making a quid and posed a genuine threat to the industry. But progress is progress and if a product is good and cheaper to purchase it must have a good show of cornering the market.

PLAYBOY: Did establishment opposition to the bat annoy you?

LILLEE: What annoyed me was that there was no ruling against the bat, plus the fact that I knew the bat didn't mark the ball. Those stories about the bat marking the ball were all bull. The mark that was on the ball in the match in question was an old mark, off the pitch or something. It was clear they were out to stop the thing.

PLAYBOY: Do you think then that they were ready for you?

LILLEE: Yes. I'm sure they suspected that I might produce it in a Test. Contrary to what appeared in the papers, it wasn't contrived as a publicity stunt — I want to make that quite clear. I tried to point that out at the time but the press wrote it as they liked. I wanted to introduce the bat to the public but the whole thing was not planned as it turned out. It happened because of Brearley's opposition to the bat. There was no way I could have planned that.

PLAYBOY: In other words, if you had just walked out and used the bat without any opposition there would have been a minimum amount of fuss?

LILLEE: Some people would have noticed and some would have recognised that the bat was a good product. I didn't want any incident; that was initiated by Brearley's opposition. I feel the press should have blamed him, not me.

PLAYBOY: Has the MCC altered the rules of the game to effectively block the introduction of the bat?

LILLEE: Yes. I think you are now not allowed to use anything other than a wooden bat. I think they changed the rule by saying you must only take two minutes to get to the crease and you must be carrying a willow bat. So that's how they did it. But that ruling doesn't necessarily apply to under-16 associations, schools, social and workshop teams. In fact, we've already heard that a number of associations have changed their constitutions to accommodate the aluminium bat. The Board of Control are quite happy about that. They just don't want the aluminium bat in senior club or first class cricket. That suits us because we never really wanted it at that level. Our market was the kids and social teams.

"It's a very plastic world. I've realised that the touring world is something very removed from what I really am."

PLAYBOY: On the question of touring, what forms the basis of a happy tour party?

LILLEE: We've had a bunch of blokes who have been going away together now for a long time. The sides I've gone away with have just got on so well. I can honestly say that on all those tours there's not been one guy who hasn't fitted in.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel like it was an exclusive club?

LILLEE: Yes, the comradeship is very close and you therefore tend to stick together. You usually hang around in groups of three of four but there are rarely any cliques

PLAYBOY: I imagine it is a very macho existence?

LILLEE: Yes, I suppose. You don't have the responsibilities of your home life and you miss that. Therefore, it is a man's world. In a way it is very relaxing not to be tied down to a schedule but at the end of a tour I'm really happy to get out of that situation and get back to what I call sanity — home, Helen and the kids.

PLAYBOY: Touring in a sporting party is supposed to be a closed shop situation. In other words, once the tour is over, nobody discusses the outside social aspects. In your knowledge, have there been any leaks? Have incidents come out?

LILLEE: Obviously at times our guys have ruined something, or smashed a door. Got carried away after a few drinks and got a bit rowdy. Touring promotes that because you do lose a bit of sanity. Anything can upset you: loss of form, injury, homesickness or worries at home. All of a sudden you go over the top. It's a very plastic environment. I've realised that the touring world is something very removed from what I really am and what I really want. I like a drink or a meal with the boys but if I want to relax by myself I make sure I do it.

PLAYBOY: Which was your happiest tour?

LILLEE: England 1972. Because it marked the re-emergence of Australia as a cricket power. We lost the first Test at Old Trafford on a seamers' paradise. We had no idea how to bowl on that sort of track. We won either the second or third to even it up. That was Bob Massie's Test at Lords. That was the turning point for Australian cricket. Can you imagine how the older brigade, who had been getting beaten for the past five or six years, felt? For them it was complete rejuvenation. From there we had that disastrous game at Headingley on a most-times unplayable pitch, which gave us no hope. I must admit we had our chances but they knew if they kept their heads against our inexperience, with the help of the pitch they'd win. They were a lot more professional than us. The next one at Trent Bridge was a draw, so that left us going into the last with no hope of winning the Ashes but a chance of drawing the series. We knew if we won that match, the series would really feel ours. It was a hard game but we won it. There were some incredible scenes from our guys; you might remember Marshy and Paul Sheahan running off the field waving their bats in the air after they'd scored the

winning runs. That's how much it meant to us. We knew then we were on the way up. We had a few drinks that night. After that we did well in the remaining games and the tour finished on a good note.

PLAYBOY: Possibly the unhappiest one for the players was the 1977 tour of England when the news of the World Series split was leaked.

LILLEE: Yes. I was glad I wasn't on that tour. I could have gone over there but, as my doctor said: "You might last one game, you might last the tour, but certainly in the near future the back is going to fail again unless you give it some rest."

PLAYBOY: Whether wrongly or not, a lot of people believe you made yourself unavailable for that tour to save yourself for WSC.

LILLEE: Well, I've never really thought of it like that. If anyone has got any doubts I'll be quite happy to show them the X-rays.

PLAYBOY: It's been implied by some sections of the press that you've been partly responsible for inciting bad crowd behavior. How do you feel about that?

LILLEE: That's absolute rubbish. I've not noticed a big difference in the standard of spectator behavior since I've been involved in the game. The other thing is, if crowds are a bit more violent, isn't it possibly because the world is a more violent place. People express themselves a lot more these days. They're prepared to say and do as they think.

PLAYBOY: Could the fact that there are more people watching cricket have something to do with it?

LILLEE: Yes. It also stems back to winning and losing. Aussies really like to let everybody know if we're winning. They really rub it in and celebrate the success. With that and people being more outgoing you are bound to get them expressing a point of view. Take a look at the '50s and see how people were dressed. They were all in suits, ties and hats. Very conservative. Now, life is more casual.

PLAYBOY: What about the chanting and football-like barracking which has come into the game?

LILLEE: It creates superb atmosphere and you can feel them wanting you to do well. If you go to the West Indies you feel a bit alienated because all the support is for the locals.

PLAYBOY: You witnessed the Georgetown riot in Guyana on the WSC West Indies tour. How frightening was it?

LILLEE: We were locked in the dressing room which was under siege and if it had gone on much longer someone may have been killed. They were mad, they were really hostile. But they had been conned. It had rained for days before the Test and the ground was virtually under water for two days. On the morning we were supposed to play, the ground was still too soggy, but the umpires had said the night before that there was no chance of there being any play before 5pm which meant that we'd lose a day's play. But there were so many pre-sold tickets that the organisers tried to force the players into playing next day by telling the evening press that play would start at 10am. That was the worst thing they could have done. The gates were opened at six in the morning. There were about 7000 who'd slept outside. They were full of booze. From outside the boundary the ground looked okay but all the run-ups were very soggy and it was too dangerous to play. Somebody was going to get injured. Like the umpires said, there was no way play could start till late in the afternoon. So, all day long we had the umpires trotting out to take a look. Then we made another mistake. The organisers got us to go out and take a look. That made the public blame us for not starting play. The promoters had conned us. The whole idea of the riot was that the public wanted to get us. They felt gypped. They were trying to knock the dressing room door down. Rocks were coming though the window. It took the riot squad more than half an hour to get there and it took another hour to clear them from the ground. We all had helmets on and some of us were holding bats. I'm sure that, if they'd got into the dressing room, they would really have gone berserk. Amazingly, the test went on the next day almost like nothing had happened.

"I believe that, without the cricket exposure, if I walked down the street nobody would see me as a sex symbol."

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about South Africa and the situation which has kept some of the world's best cricketers off the international scene?

LILLEE: It was very disappointing that a South African side, which was probably the best in the world, was told that it couldn't play any more. There is no doubt they would have contributed to some fierce competition which would have made the international scene much more interesting. Even now they'd have an excellent side.

PLAYBOY: Has the boycott of South Africa been worth it?

LILLEE: Well, you've got to feel for the South African players; they don't care about politics. All they want to do is play top cricket.

PLAYBOY: You say that politics and sport shouldn't be confused but, if you were put in the situation, would you have gone to the Moscow Olympics?

LILLEE: Yes. Although I don't believe in what Russia is doing, I also don't believe in mixing sport with politics. After all, those athletes put four years' work into just one event. I believe if Australia was really serious about its stand, we'd have cut trade as well. That might have cut our throats but surely if you don't believe in what a country is doing, you don't keep trading with them, instead of using athletes as scapegoats.

PLAYBOY: You've toured a lot and lived outside Australia to see how the other half lives. Has the experience made you materialistic?

LILLEE: I suppose so, because for a long time I never really had much. I drove two FE Holdens for 10 years. I always thought that I'd like a nice car and now I've got a 1971 Jaguar. Clothes don't worry me. I can wear the same sort of clothes for years as long as I find them comfortable. I like jeans and comfortable shoes.

PLAYBOY: How much has cricket contributed to your well-being?

LILLEE: I owe cricket almost everything but I owe my wife more. It would have been very hard to do the things I wanted to do unless someone like Helen was totally behind me. It has taken the pressure off me and I must thank her for what I've achieved. She has always been aware that what I have done has always been for us.

PLAYBOY: The public recognition aspect must have caused problems?

LILLEE: You just can't go anywhere without someone saying something or coming up for an autograph. It's frustrating when you're out with your wife and family. I put up with it but some fellows tell them to buzz off. I'm grateful for the publicity because it has given me a lot. But it has also taken a lot away.

PLAYBOY: You've been promoted as a sex symbol but you've never really been sold on the idea. Why not?

LILLEE: It comes back to this plastic or artificial syndrome. I don't want to play something which is not really me. I believe that, without the cricket exposure, if I walked down the street nobody would see me as a sex symbol. I don't want to become involved in that world. I suppose if it was very tastefully done, and it was well worth doing from the money point of view to help the family get something that we really needed, then I might consider it. But that doesn't mean I'd do it.

PLAYBOY: What about attempts to associate you with the ocker image?

LILLEE: I'm probably a natural for the casual dress image and that style of thing which might tend to associate me with ockerism. But I still spend a lot of my life in good suits.

PLAYBOY: Some sections of the media have tied you to worse aspects of ockerism — drunken and loutish crowd behavior.

LILLEE: That is very foreign to my behavior. At times on the field I might express myself a bit more than I should but that's part of my attitude to the game and would happen if there was a crowd or not.

PLAYBOY: In the public arena you're seen as an extrovert.

LILLEE: Yes, but I'm not. I wouldn't say I'm an introvert, but I used to be. I think I've gained a bit of confidence in the last four of five years but I still think I'm basically the same guy.

PLAYBOY: Then there is your famous "G'day" greeting when you met the Queen. Does that embarrass you now?

LILLEE: No. That was me and I don't regret it. As I said, I was fairly introverted in those days and was pretty nervous about meeting the Queen. I'm sure she understood and I doubt if she gave it a second thought.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to see your children involved in sport?

LILLEE: I'll never try to influence them in anything they do. I'll encourage and if they want help they'll get it. If they don't want to play sport, well and good. If they want to play piano, be lecturers or drop out and be beach bums, that's their choice, and I'll respect it.

PLAYBOY: One aspect of WSC was the move to promote the game in the US. Do you still see that as a possibility?

LILLEE: It doesn't worry me that a lot of other countries aren't involved. But I think it would be just great to have a product like the one-day game take off in America. If it did, we could launch it anywhere. It would have to be handled well with only the best players competing. No old timers or has-beens. It is such a vast issue. To really introduce a sport you have to get into the schools and colleges. Soccer has done that in the States but it would be very hard for cricket.

PLAYBOY: What would you have done if you hadn't played cricket?

LILLEE: I'd probably still be a bank teller in a bank somewhere.

PLAYBOY: A good teller?

LILLEE: Yes, I think so. But then again, I'd have hoped to move into accountancy in the bank. I don't know if I would have been happy. Cricket has changed my outlook on life. I've met so many people and looked at so many opportunities.

PLAYBOY: Public acclaim has forced you to solve unique problems. How has this affected you?

LILLEE: It hardens you. It gives you a bit of animal cunning and the ability to think a lot more for yourself. Call it experience. I think I've learnt a lot more since I left school than I could ever learn at school.

PLAYBOY: Are there things you haven't done which you'd like to do?

LILLEE: I hope to do something for my parents. Maybe set them up in a squash or sports complex. They've been great to me in terms of sacrifice. It wouldn't be a repayment or anything; just a desire to see them happy. In the last 10 or 12 years with the busy schedule I've had I haven't been able to spend as much time with them and other relations and friends as I would have liked. I would also like to get away from the rat race and maybe live on a farm or in the country for a few years. Be a hobby farmer I suppose. It would change the pace of my life but I'd have to weigh it against all the things we'd give up.

"I might try a little bit of commentary or writing, but not for long. I don't think I'd like to stick around when I'm finished."

PLAYBOY: You've mentioned your debt to the game. Will you try and fulfil that by coaching or moving into the administrative ranks when your playing days are over?

LILLEE: I don't know. Perhaps I might try a little bit of commentary or writing, but not for long. I don't think I'd like to stick around when I'm finished. If they asked me down to have a look at a young bowler I wouldn't mind that, but I wouldn't want to be involved in anything other than at a very casual level. I wouldn't want to feel that I'm still trying to be part of something with which I could never really be so involved again.

PLAYBOY: Which batsmen gave you the most problems?

LILLEE: In terms of being hard to get out — definitely John Edrich of England. He had an incredible knowledge of where his stumps were. He'd let balls go that looked like bowling him. He'd flick out a pad and you thought he might be given out leg before wicket, but once again his uncanny judgement was spot on. He'd guide them down through the gully, running it just short or just wide of the fieldsman. His defence was immaculate, but his main theme was survival. And that always makes a guy hard to remove. When I got him out I regarded it as a real bonus.

PLAYBOY: Who were the most likely to take you apart?

LILLEE: There's a few. In no particular order — Viv Richards, both Greg and Ian Chappell, Majid Khan, Barry Richards — although I didn't see enough of him. I haven't played against Sunil Gavaskar since 1970 and he is obviously a great player now. There's Doug Walters. If he gets going, you just can't stem the tide. You can throw in Clive Lloyd and Roy Fredericks on their days. Of the English players, I can't name one who could really tear a bowler apart.

PLAYBOY: When the rain cost so much time in the Lords' Centenary Test, did you still think you had a chance of victory?

LILLEE: After the delay, I felt it was a draw for certain, but when we knocked England over for 205 I saw a chance.

PLAYBOY: When it seemed inevitable that the match would end in a draw were you upset that the umpires had not resumed play when it appeared the ground was in a good enough condition?

LILLEE: A lot of people were upset but when it really comes down to it you've just got to leave those decisions to the umpires, otherwise you get into all sorts of trouble. The real shock was the attack by some MCC members on the umpires. That's got to be one of the worst displays of hooliganism by the members of any cricket club anywhere. The irony is that those guys have probably condemned others at some stage for something not nearly as bad as attacking an umpire.

PLAYBOY: You played that match with an elbow injury to your bowling arm. How is it now?

LILLEE: I felt it first on the tour of Pakistan last year and X-rays in April showed some sort of foreign body in the elbow joint. Probably a flaked off piece of bone. It hasn't moved since and only causes real problems when I try for more speed. I could not have an operation then because it would mean I would be out until at least mid-season which would make it very hard to force my way back into the Shield or Test side. It will just have to wait till the end of the season.

THE BEER FACTS

it is commonly held that we australians rode to our prosperity on the sheep's back. that is one of the great myths of our history for in reality, australia rowed to nationhood on an ocean of beer . . .

YOU CAN'T run your car on it, you can't mine it, but beer is as vital to Australia as oil or uranium. And, in resource terms, it has the bonus of tasting better than oil or yellowcake. Beer is part of the Australian ethos. We pay tax on it, we drink it, we argue about it, we cement and sever lifelong friendships in its froth, and our national health bill soars because of it — beautiful, beastly beer.

Beer is omnipresent in Australia — a critical factor in the physical and economic life-blood of the nation. No matter whether you are a toper or a teetotaller, whether you are three or 93. No matter what your station in society or whether you live in the city or the bush, beer touches your life. We are all under the influence. If beer prohibition was introduced tomorrow, every Australian adult would have to come up with another $72 in tax every year to replace the $1.01 billion the Federal Government will skim off the brewers this year in excise. The wowsers might wish to dance in the streets at the prospect of a nation without beer, but they'll find they have to elbow aside the swollen ranks of the unemployed first.

More than 320,000 Australian jobs are directly dependent upon the manufacture and sale of beer in the industrial chain that extends from the raising of hops and sugar cane to the over-the-bar sale of your favorite brew. This workforce doesn't include those men and women who make the glasses, cans, bottles, kegs or the cartons in which the beer is packaged. And where would prohibition leave many of those employed in health services and hospitals, social welfare, the penal and the judicial system, insurance, the transport and freight industries, car and truck manufacture, the public service and advertising? In other words, an immediate beer ban would more than double the current level of unemployment within this country. State treasuries, too, would be financially embarrassed should the beer run dry. Every State treasurer takes an average eight percent off the top of all retail beer sales. In NSW alone, this means that Neville Wran will reap a beer tax of about $50 million this year to help balance his budget.

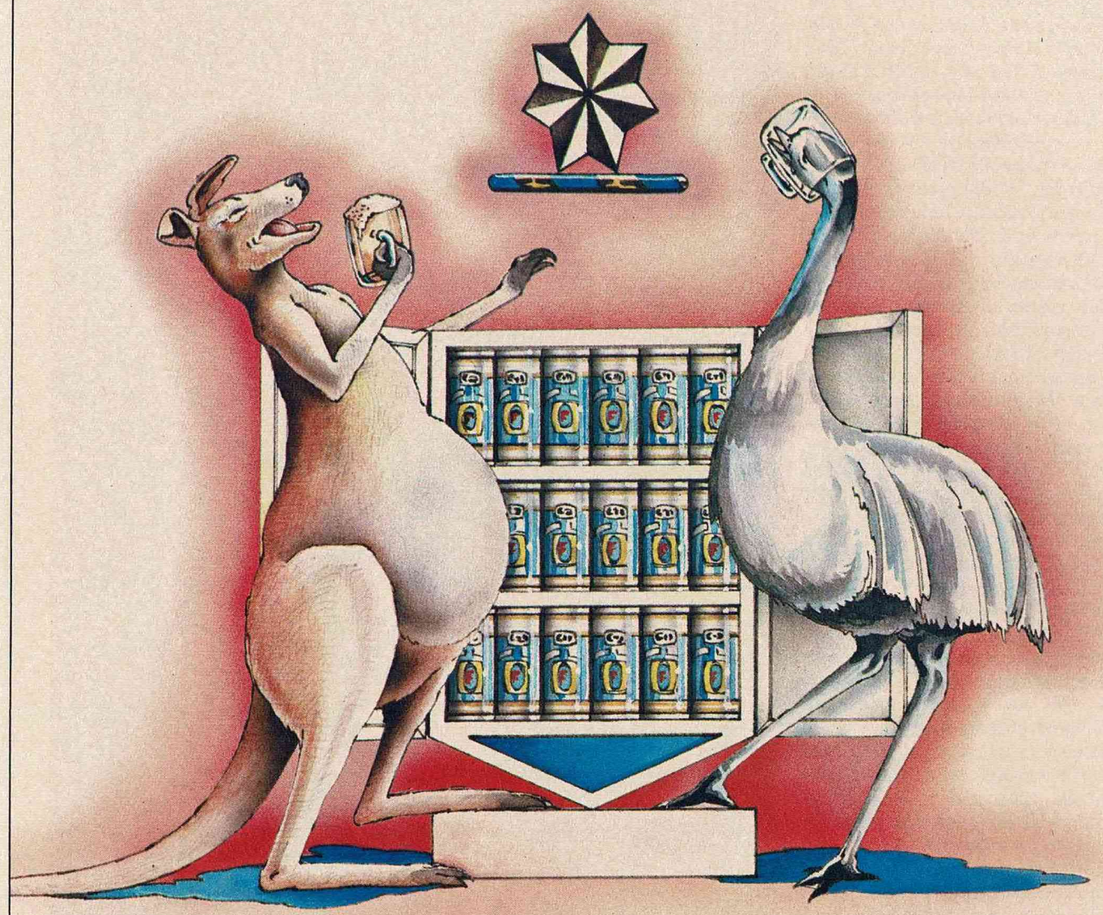
The Australian brewing industry, which traces its origins back to John Boston, a free and ambitious settler who arrived in the colony of NSW within six years of our founding father, Captain Arthur Phillip, is a mega-business. Even after settling with the Federal comptroller of excise, the six major brewers turned over more than $2.08 billion last year.

Total production from Australian breweries is running at more than 2 billion litres of beer annually. As most of this beer is consumed within Australia, the brewers are turning out enough of the amber fluid for every man, woman and child to swill down 136 litres of the stuff a year. This figure might rate us in the top three beer-drinking nations of the world, but it is a fanciful statistic. Not each of us drinks, and not all fancy beer.

Other statisticians report that 4.4 million of us drink the great bulk of the annual brew. Translate those figures, and you'll find that the dedicated beer drinker is swilling 460

article by Russell Deiley and Neil Jameson

Illustration by Steve McHugh



litres a year, or the equivalent of three 450ml glasses (schooners) every day of the year. Bottoms up.

If you reckon any man or woman who gargles more than five 18-gallon kegs of beer a year is in danger of drowning, concerned citizens have long been voicing similar sentiments. We know you've heard it all before — those terrible effects of heavy drinking — but doctors are forever telling us how we're undermining our health with the immoderate intake of damned near everything from chocolates to chop suey. Still, let's get it off our chests before we turn to the froth, bubble and business of beer.

> There are more old drunkards than old doctors. — Benjamin Franklin

Inquiries into alcohol abuse are not a new phenomenon. From the earliest days of settlement, various governors and men of cloth were worried about our forebears' intemperance.

Twenty years after the rum rebellion which brought the hapless Governor Bligh unstuck once again, and in the first golden age of Australian beer, it was said: "One half of all those who die in the colony . . . perish, either directly or indirectly, through drunkenness."

Despite that kind of warning, the NSW legislature found it necessary in 1854 to hold an inquiry into the "increasing evidence of intemperance" in Sydney. Those were rip-roaring days — more than 10 percent of the population of 65,000 came before the courts on charges of drunkenness. Mind you, things could have been even merrier: police claimed that much of the beer brewed in the colony in those days was either watered down or adulterated with a weird assortment of additives.

A lot of oldtimers today are convinced that some publicans are still watering beer, but government and medical authorities have no doubts that beer is potent enough to cause alarming health and social problems among Australians.

The most recent Senate Standing Committee report on alcohol abuse cites such random statistics as:

— More than 250,000 Australians can be classified as alcoholics;

— One in every five hospital beds is occupied by a person suffering from the adverse effects of alcohol;

— Two in every five divorces result from alcohol induced problems;

— The annual national bill from industrial accidents and absenteeism directly related to grog is more than $500 million;

— Alcohol was a major factor in causing the deaths of more than 30,000 Australians during the past 10 year period;

— The Commonwealth Department of Health has estimated that alcohol is a major cause of 50 percent of road fatalities;

— A 1974 assessment by Dr M. Chegwidden, of the NSW Health Commission, ranked alcohol as the third biggest health problem behind heart disease and cancer. Chegwidden predicted that 1984 would see booze on top of the list.

Of course, the entire blame for this litany of doom cannot be sheeted home to beer, as distinct from other forms of liquor. But since we absorb twice as much absolute alcohol via beer (through sheer volume) than through wine and spirits together, then the amber stuff stands convicted of causing a proportionate share of our ills and our social maladjustment.

Yet, in spite of a succession of inquiries irrefutably linking beer to medical and emotional problems, the beer drinker still believes that the predominantly wine and spirit drinker is at greater risk.

If you are suffering from any of the following complaints — acute liver disease, nervous disorders, hypertension, ulcers, epilepsy and chronic bronchitis — the chances are that you are on a beery road to an early grave.

The belief by the beer connoisseur that he alone among all drinkers is immune to alcohol-induced disease is just a myth which has sustained the beer brigade for generations.

We might be the champion pie eaters in the world, but many of the myths surrounding the traditional Aussie beverage vaporise under the pressure of fact.

Our beer is not the strongest in the world. The beers of at least 15 other countries, including the UK, average a higher alcohol content by weight than our product. Of course, no matter how strong or weak any beer, drink enough of it and your legs will turn to rubber. Which brings us around to another of the suspect codes of Australian beer drinking.

Any masochist who believes that gagging over a bottle of olive oil before a boozing bout is going to keep him upright and sober while his mates fall about is going to derive precious little benefit for all his agony. There is no sure-fire detoxicant. A protein-rich meal will delay the absorption of alcohol into the bloodstream just as effectively as a draught of oil or milk.

To justify our appetite for beer, drinkers have perhaps distorted its nutritional qualities. There isn't a steak in every glass, nor even a hamburger. But, in moderation, a beer will do you a lot more good than harm — most of what goes into beer is quite wholesome. As the wine of fermented barley, beer is basically brewed the same way today as it was a 1000 years ago despite the advances in modern technology and chemistry, says Cyril Pearl in his book *Beer, Glorious Beer.*

> A woman drove me to drink and I never had the courtesy to thank her. — W.C. Fields

Although there are dramatic differences in climate, it took our brewers 90 years to break with the English traditional ale in favor of the cool, lighter German lagers. Since the lager boom began in Melbourne in the late 1880s, the brew has become the national beverage under a multitude of labels. As the techniques for producing lager improved, the taste of the Australian beer drinker could be identified according to his locality and brewery. For example, there is a definite association between the British mining and industrial settlement of our older coalfields and the workers' preference for the "older-style" dark beer. These traditions are still very much a part of the drinking habits of today's blue-singlet workers. The difference between the so-called "old" and "new" beer is in the brewing — the old brew is a top-fermentation beer and the new is bottom-fermentation. Ironically, the old process is actually shorter, making it a "younger" beer than new.

Despite the rationalisation of the industry and the vast marketing reach of the big brewers, the majority of today's drinkers still maintain the blind loyalties to their roots. Almost 100 years of market domination suggests that nothing will break lager's throttle hold on the nation's thirst, but the big difference today is that tastes have been regionalised rather than localised. In days gone by, the drinker with a thirst for travel had a vastly wider range of product. The halcyon days of beer drinking in Australia were sparked by the discovery of gold when breweries and pubs mushroomed in the path of the hordes of fossickers.

Victoria, with a population of less than 800,000, supported a peak of 126 breweries in 1871. By 1937, the entire country could boast only 37. Today, six major breweries produce all but a tiny percentage of the total beer output. The seventh, and the last remaining independent brewer, is Cooper and Sons Ltd, of Adelaide, purveyors of an exclusive brand of packaged beer. Still largely controlled by descendants of the founder, Cooper has avoided takeover by limiting its product line to a moderate range of specialised beers. Diet Beer is its bread and butter line, and Sparkling Ale attracts a trendy following right around Australia. According to beer connoisseur Cyril Pearl, the brewery's naturally-conditioned top-fermentation beer is unique in Australia. The other boutique breweries have long since been swallowed up by the big companies. And, by any standards, they are big.

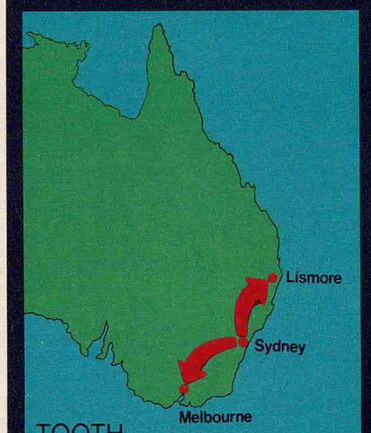
The premier league of Australian brewing is found in the heavily populated eastern seaboard States where the majority of the nation's beer is produced and consumed. Apart from a brief and unsuccessful market foray by the British-based Courage group, the eastern market has been dominated since World War Two by the quadrella of the Melbourne-based Carlton and United, the warring NSW twins Tooth and Co and Tooheys Limited, and the Queenslander Castlemaine Perkins. After well and truly winning the Melbourne street fight early this century, CUB made a run at the Queensland market, first in 1927 with the acquisition of Northern Australian Breweries in Cairns. Dominant in the far north, CUB became locked with Castlemaine Perkins in the battle for Brisbane and the south, but was finally outflanked by last year's alliance which linked the Castlemaine-Tooheys empires. Engineered and orchestrated by the UK-based giant Allied Breweries — which now holds an influential 14.9 percent interest in the Castlemaine-Tooheys combine — the merger was a brilliant masterstroke which will have long-reaching effects upon the future composition of the whole Australian brewing industry. The move not only spiked CUB's guns in Queensland as well as any designs it might have had on the NSW market, but has ousted Tooth from the number two national spot. Once the flagship of the NSW brewing fleet, Tooth and Co broadened its base with the takeover of Courage's Victorian interests in 1978. That manoeuvre made little impression on CUB's hold in that State but provided a convenient bridgehead for the Tooth product in southern NSW.

Being tight-lipped to the point of paranoia on their market share of the eastern States, the big three are reluctant to disclose production, let alone sales figures. But independent analysts estimate that Castlemaine-Tooheys is now the market leader with about 35 percent of the action, as opposed to CUB's 34 percent and Tooth's 31 percent. Other figures put CUB (which with Swan controls the Top End through Northern Territory Brewery, in addition to a flourishing

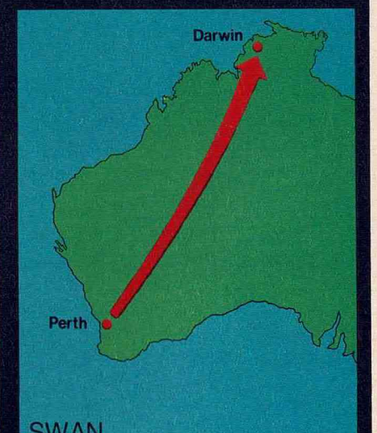
AND THEN THERE WERE THREE?

CASTLEMAINE-TOOHEYS

CARLTON AND UNITED



TOOTH



SWAN

One hundred years ago when beer was beer, some 200 independent breweries operated in Australia. Today, when beer is a technological miracle, just seven brewing companies remain and five of these — Castlemaine-Tooheys, Carlton and United, Tooth, Swan and SA Brewing — will make the great bulk of the two billion litres of beer we'll swallow this year. And if industry analysts are correct, the big five will become three in a few years.

The great brewery contraction began with the introduction of a three-pence-a-gallon tax on beer in 1890, a tax which forced scores of brewers to turn off the tap. Most of those who survived the initial tax raids have since gone to the wall or been absorbed by the bigger barons. The most recent and significant merger came last year with the alliance of Castlemaine and Tooheys. It is a merger which established the Queensland/NSW monolith as the national market leader and primes Castlemaine-Tooheys for what some see as an inevitable takeover of SA Brewing. This will give Castlemaine-Tooheys a third front in Adelaide from which to attack its rivals, CUB and Tooth. With its virtual monopoly in Victoria, CUB will withstand the attack, but analysts are not so sure about the Sydney-based giant Tooth which, in the past few years, has been more susceptible to the cost pressures in a shrinking market than its rivals. Industry watchers forecast it won't be long before the raiders barrel in on the keeper of KB Gold.

Then there will be three — Castlemaine-Tooheys, CUB and Swan — to carve up the major market, leaving the crumbs to the Adelaide producer, Cooper, and Tasmania to Cascade.

export market through its popular Foster's lager) in the sales lead.

Both major NSW sectors in Tooth and Tooheys have copped heavy industrial flak in their drive toward modernisation and lower production costs. These trends will have sharp short-term effects on their sales. In contrast to Tooth, Tooheys has an important buffer to strike action in Castlemaine, which appears to have reached a truce with unionists after the 12-week shutdown in 1978 — a dispute which carved five percent off the Brisbane brewer's market. That was an unexpected bonus for CUB.

> Beer makes you feel as you ought to feel without beer. — Henry Lawson

Where once product identity was enough to ensure at least a healthy share of the market, cost pressures have now taken over. Of the big three, Tooth's production line is the most antiquated. And it is paying for it. The company's production costs are soaring in the face of a diminishing market in which more and more young Australians are turning to wine.

In a market survey compiled by Sydney stockbrokers William Tilley, Hudson, Evans and Co, it was said: "Compounding the market decline of beer in the totality of litres of alcohol consumed, beer consumption by litre per alcohol basis plunged from a commanding 3.4:1 leadership over wine in 1969-70 to a modest 1.6:1 in 1978-79." The brewers' response to declining profitability has been to shave costs by streamlining production techniques. Modernisation is expensive, and two to take the punt were the West Australian monopolist Swan, and Tooheys.

A similar option was open to Tooth. But the company balked at the estimated cost of $200 million for a new plant and has settled for closure of one plant and a $60 million facelift of its second Sydney brewery. In the opinion of some market experts, the company's decision is no more than a stop-gap measure which will provide only temporary relief from the siege being mounted by its rivals. The South Australian market, till now protected by distance and disinterest, is starting to look ripe for a territorial advance by CUB and Castlemaine-Tooheys — or, possibly, even the sleeping giant of the far west, Swan. In the divide-and-conquer world of Australian brewing, South Australia might well be seen as a Poland. Tooth, understandably looking for some sort of "peace in our time", claims that a run on Adelaide, and, in particular, the influential SA Brewing Holdings Limited, is an unlikely scenario. "It's a lovely dream," explained one Tooth executive, "but I don't think it's on. For starters, initial transport costs would be prohibitive."

However, Bill Cooper, managing director of Cooper and Sons, pays more credence to the theory that the seven Australian breweries will soon be three. Contraction, Cooper says, seems inevitable. "I know we do not necessarily follow the US in everything, but this has been the pattern over there," he says. "There were once 218 breweries in the US, there are now 50, and they reckon it will be down to five in 10 years. We have gone from nine to seven in two years and it is predicted we will end up with three major mainland brewers."

In the meantime, the battle for survival is no more evident than in the marketing and advertising forum where the big companies are spending millions to fly their various house flags on television and on other promotional vehicles. Now, it's a different battle for hearts and minds than the one of just a few years ago when the beer barons were interested only in our thirsts. The brewers have finally caught up with public demand to make the pub both more accessible and a leisure centre for family entertainment. As the new-style ad says: "You get more than just good beer at a Tooth hotel." It has meant the end of the local bloodhouse, but we won't be crying into our beers over the demise of another bastion of ockerism.

Running parallel with the big breweries' new-found sense of social conscience is their promotional emphasis on low alcohol beers. Backed by a market drive wooing the white-collar middle class, and women, it is promoted to stand for responsibility, moderation and good fellowship. After two years, low alcohol beer has snared 10 percent of the national market, a result that has surprised some traditionalists in the industry who were convinced the Aussie drinker would never desert the real McCoy. Faring best in the lightweight division are CUB and Tooth. The latter is claiming an eight percent stake of a 12½ percent light alcohol share of the total NSW beer market.

Light alcohol provides a hefty lever in the brewers' constant lobby in Canberra for excise relief. When you consider that the excise on beer more than doubled from 1965 to the last hike to 52c a litre in the 1978 budget, it is little wonder that Australian beer is the most heavily taxed in the world. The Government takes 39c for every bottle of beer you buy, 18.5c for every can and 15c for every 285ml glass you drink at the bar. It is obvious that the National Country Party pressure to keep wine excise free is succeeding at the expense of the brewer and, ultimately, the beer drinker. Come next Budget, the brewing industry will be arguing very strongly for either a tax on local wine or a compensatory reduction in the excise on low alcohol beer. And in their submission to the Treasury, they will have impressive independent backing from the Senate Standing Committee on Alcohol Abuse which has already recommended to the Government that a low alcohol beer tax should be calculated at 30 percent less than that on normal strength beer.

But the Sydney publisher Mike Danzey, founder of the drinkers' lobby, the Brother Hood of Beer, (BHB), thinks the brewers protest too much. He says the large brewers have been aided and abetted by Federal tax hikes which have forced a long succession of their rivals to merge with or sell out to their big brothers. Danzey points out that Tooth and the NSW connection in the Castlemaine alliance, Tooheys, are both heavily involved in grapes — Tooth through its Penfolds subsidiary and the other brewer through Allied Vintners whose labels include Seaview, Coonawarra, Wynn and Wynvale. He alleges that both brewers-cum-vintners would benefit in a similar way through the imposition of any wine excise which he claims will send many of the small wine growers to the wall.

In the meantime, with a bet each way in the liquor race, both brewers are making a tidy profit from the tax-free wine industry.

Tooth's wine emphasis is publicly evident in its huge sponsorship of the St George Rugby League team, one of Sydney's glamor sides whose red and white strip is emblazoned with the name Penfolds. Tooth concentrates its sporting promotion on individual teams, notably VFL heavyweight North Melbourne, and the Philips Soccer League XI, Newcastle KB United. Tooth inherited the 'Roos from Courage and uses the side to fly its LA brand pennant in forays south of the border.

The brewers think of sporting promotion as a "recycling process" whereby they stimulate sales through a popular organisation, improve its support and, consequently, generate dual interest in both the sport and the product. But in spite of their marketing competitiveness, these brewers studiously avoid confrontation on the sporting field. Tooth's involvement is mainly with clubs, Castlemaine-Tooheys is linked with summer sports such as surfing and cricket, and CUB's input is focused on overall promotion of sport.

As a senior marketing executive says: "Nobody wants his product to be seen to be coming in second." Brewers are coy about disclosing just how much they are investing in winning at anything from sailing to Sheffield Shield cricket to guinea pig racing, but sporting and community sponsorship make up a significant portion of their advertising budgets — which, in the case of one brewer, will top $4.5 million this year.

> Life ain't all beer and skittles, and more's the pity. — GB du Maurier

Beer, then, as we've said, is part of the Australian life-blood. Our armies have fought on it, churches have grown rich on it and Australians have even revolted in its cause.

History does not recall what part beer played in the Castle Hill uprising, but it was certainly the fuse of what Cyril Pearl describes as the most successful rebellion Australia has seen — the Darwin revolt against the shortage of inflated priced beer in the northern outpost immediately after World War One.

It began with a boycott of the pubs and, on December 19, 1918, a 1000-man march on Government House. The administrator, Dr J.A. Gilruth, was given an ultimatum: let the beer flow freely and cheaply or leave the territory on the next steamer. Gilruth hedged, and the rebels took matters into their own hands. Gilruth was felled, a secretary who went to his aid was debagged and, when the administator eventually retreated into Government House, the mob burnt him in effigy.

Gilruth remained a virtual prisoner inside Government House until his safe passage south could be arranged and the beer boycott continued for more than three months. Canberra despatched another official to Darwin but, says Pearl: "He, too, was not acceptable to the beer-starved citizens of Darwin. In October, 1919, he was told to remove himself, together with his secretary and the Judge of the NT Supreme Court, Mr Justice Bevan. The trouble, of course, was attributed not to beer but to Bolsheviks."

But beer won. The rebels of Darwin, or any other Australians, would not have settled for less.

SPREADING GOOD CHEER

More than a decade after Bazza McKenzie, Australia's greatest ambassador of beer, pedalled the merits of Foster's lager to the unsuspecting Poms, Australian beer has been making export headway. Foster's, CUB's near-legendary elixir, leads the Aussie export push by the length of the Flemington straight ahead of a bunched field showing Swan and Tooth KB as improvers. Foster's masters at CUB have relieved our Bazza of the responsibility of marketing the brew abroad, and the company's professionalism has paid off with the recent winning of an Australian Government award for export achievement. Carlton's products are sold in 40 countries and make up a mammoth share of Australia's total 1979-80 export sales of more than $10 million. According to figures for the first few months of the current financial year, Australian exports will do at least as well in 1980-81.

On last year's figures, canned beer accounted for the largest share of our exported brew, and recent trends suggest that the canned product is set to go further ahead of its glass cousin this year.

In the US, where Foster's has to compete against freight differentials, it is running neck-and-neck for second and closing rapidly on the top spot for imported beers. American tastes have changed dramatically over the past 10 years, and Foster's is cashing in. CUB, God bless 'er, has done the spade work to convince the Americans that Aussie beer is distinctive, different and well worth trying. And, struth, it's not even ocker any more. In a recent taste test of imported beers by US magazine *Oui*, Foster's was one of the few beers to score a maximum rating.

Although several countries contribute to Australia's total overseas sales, CUB's US trail-blazing role has opened up the lucrative North American market. Australian beers are in growing demand throughout the world. CUB led the drive for overseas markets, but, just as has happened on the domestic market, the other brewers are already gearing up to a cash in on the export overflow.

The table below compares the six major brewers, showing basic financial information for the latest financial year (revenue, tax, net profit and total assets), as well as two measures of profitability: the amount of net profit which is contained in each dollar of sales (profit margin); and the return on the total assets employed in the business. This last item is a tool for comparing the profit performance of the companies.

Carlton & United is the largest brewer in terms of sales. CUB is followed by Castlemaine-Tooheys and Tooth, but Castlemaine-Tooheys is the largest profit earner, beating CUB by more than $4 million, and earning more than twice the profit of Tooth. In terms of profitability on sales, Swan Brewery, which has a virtual monopoly in the west, far outpaces the rest, earning more than twice the profit per sales dollar of the next best, Castlemaine-Tooheys.

But when we get down to the nitty gritty — the profit-earning ability of the companies in terms of their total assets — then it is the small SA Brewing which leads the field, earning 12½ percent on its assets. Next is Castlemaine-Tooheys with 9.3 percent. Tooth, which has the largest asset base of any brewer, can manage a return of only 3.6 percent, but a lot of Tooth's assets are represented by property.

By comparison, Castlemaine-Tooheys looks to be the brewer to watch, particularly since the figures in our table are only estimates of what the former Tooheys Ltd and Castlemaine Perkins Ltd would earn on a combined basis for a full financial year.

— Table and explanation compiled by Alan Jury

HOW THE BREWERS COMPARED IN 1980

	CUB	CASCADE	CASTLEMAINE-TOOHEYS (Based on an estimated full year's contribution from Tooheys.)	SA BREWING	SWAN BREWERY	TOOTH
	$000	$000	$000	$000	$000	$000
Revenue	667,937	72,729	580,000	113,164	108,665	517,569
Tax	20,922	1,695	26,334	1	716	3,983
Profit	26,292	1,755	30,472	3,797	12,192	13,234
Total Assets	301,724	50,637	326,104	30,400	149,090	367,472
Profit per sales dollar	3.9c	2.4c	5.3c	3.4c	11.2c	2.6c
Return on Assets (%)	8.7	3.5	9.3	12.5	8.2	3.6

once thought too european, too sophisticated for "charlie's angels", this native new yorker went primitive to co-starr with ringo in "caveman"

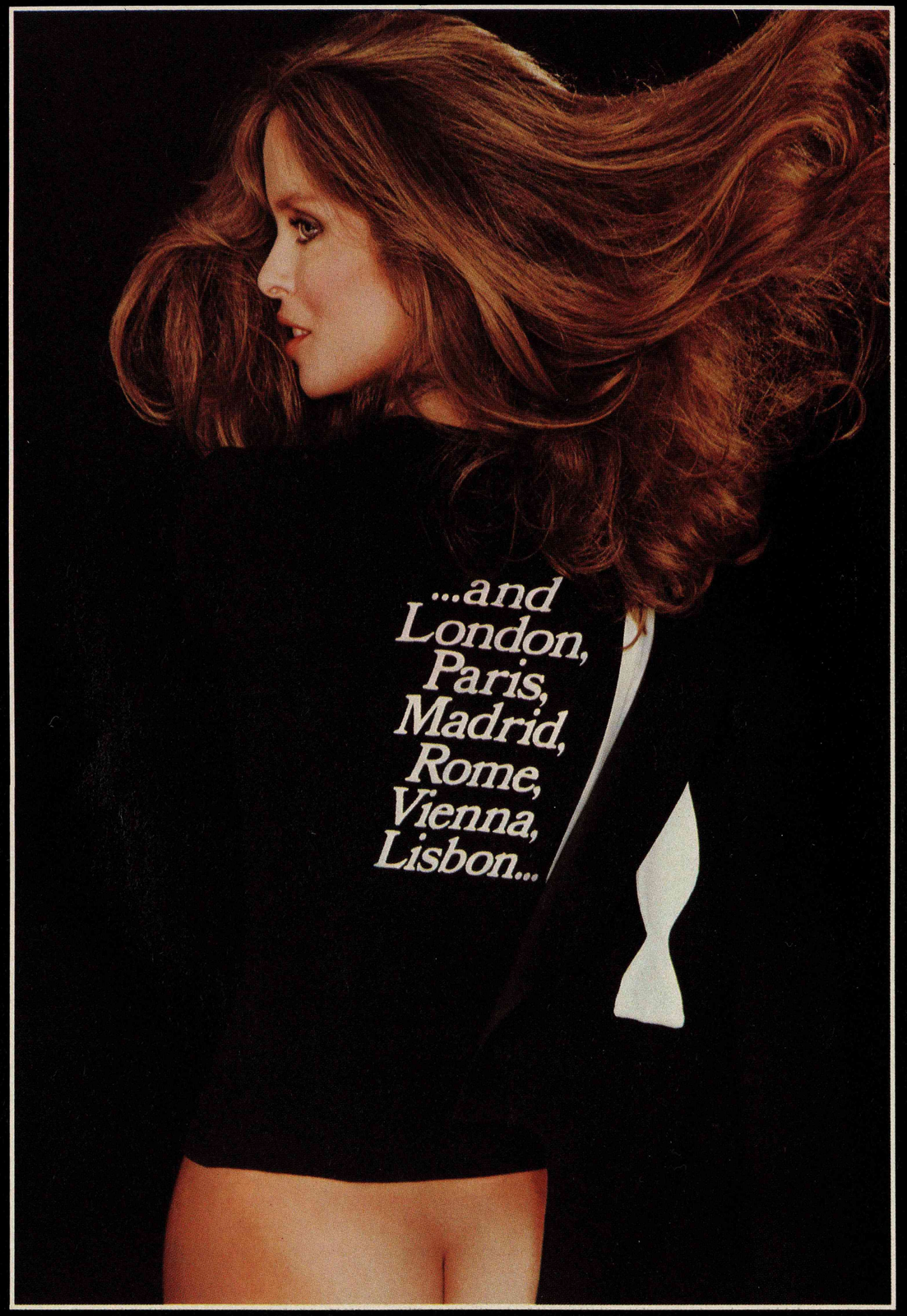
BARBARA BACH

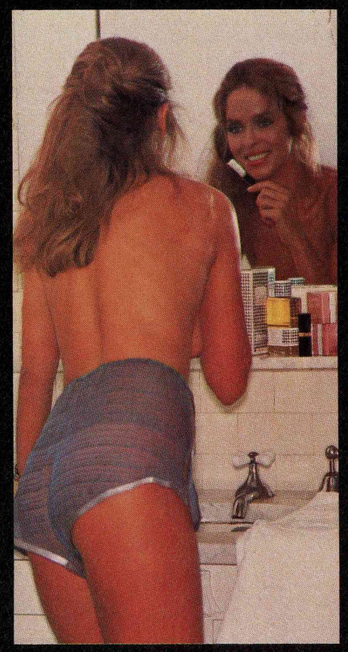
pictorial essay **By BRUCE WILLIAMSON**

WHEN *Caveman* comes to the large screen sometime this year, art will not be imitating life. In the movie, "a knock-out prehistoric comedy," if we're to believe what publicists write, gorgeous Barbara Bach fails to get her man. He's a small, smart caveman named Atouk, played by former Beatle Ringo Starr. He understands things, Barbara explains: "Like the wheel, food, even relationships . . . love, and walking upright. Atouk only has eyes for Lana, the part that I play. But I'm the bitch. At the end the girl from the cave next door wins out. I get thrown into the dinosaur dung."

It's a total spoof. *Atouk nya zug-zug Lana*, in the *Caveman* vocabulary (from a glossary of just 15 words), means that Atouk ultimately doesn't get it on with Lana. Offscreen, as the entire civilised world must know by now, Barbara and Ringo have written their own happy ending, which may well have culminated in a marriage ceremony at

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TOM STAEBLER





Abdicating her throne as a B-movie queen to wed Ringo, Barbara enjoys a shopping spree after a film job in Sri Lanka. Unwound and waterproofed, she checks out who's who in Warhol's *Interview*. As if she didn't know . . .

about the time you read this article.

I'd never have believed it when I went to interview Barbara last spring at the *Caveman* location in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico. Ringo was temporarily down and out with food poisoning, being nursed back to health by his then-current girlfriend, a personable photographer named Nancy. Barbara was working her shapely tail off on-camera every day, under a blazing sun, and was expecting a visit from cinematographer Roberto Quezada, whom she had met when he worked on one of her earlier pictures, a thriller titled *The Unseen*.

To see Barbara through a close-up lens must invite substantial risk of love at first sight. To see her in person, even at arm's length, guarantees, at a minimum, instant infatuation. Hazel-eyed and tawny, she's a wonder to behold, easy-going, with sheer beauty as the only indication she's a movie star. Every man, woman and child connected with *Caveman* was part of an unofficial Bach fan club.

"She's a real pro, she's been very helpful to me," was the testimony of big John Matuszak of the Oakland Raiders (a Californian gridiron

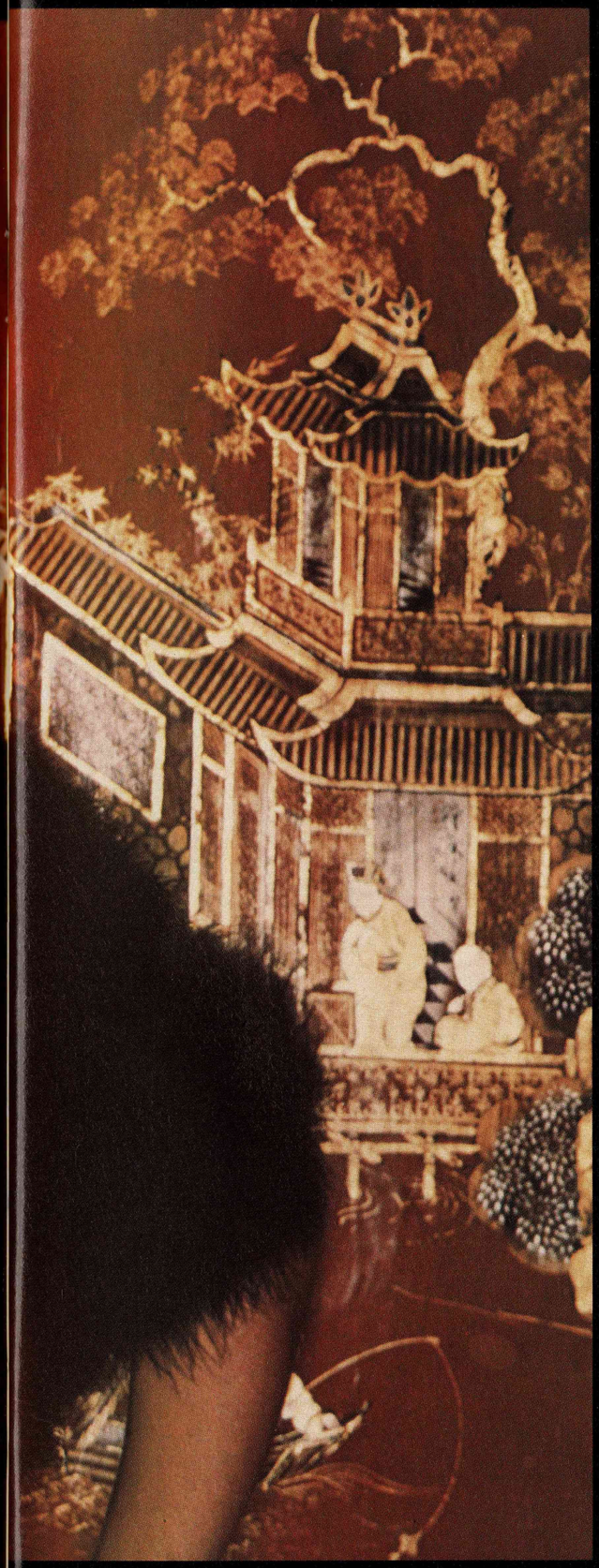
"The shower scenes were fun . . . a bit campy," says Barbara, whose *Caveman* role satisfies her yen to be a funny girl rather than a *femme fatale*. Barbara likes having the last laugh.

team), who moonlights as Barbara's Neanderthal steady in the film.

"We just call her *Senorita* Casabas," cracked comedian Avery Schreiber, paying mock tribute to the scanty cavewoman costume in which Barbara's breasts were squeezed together like twin melons.

The first day of shooting in Puerto Vallarta was a fishing sequence, to be filmed on a shallow river filled with spectacular rock formations, downstream from a hilltop restaurant called Chico's Paradise. Barbara, wearing a floppy straw hat and a faded Army shirt to keep the sun off, sat on a stack of film boxes under a makeshift umbrella while director Carl Gottlieb rehearsed the action. All the male cave people were using their womenfolk as fishing rods, gripping their ankles and forcing them underwater, headfirst, until the ladies came up gasping for breath, with or without realistic rubber fish. They were saving Barbara for the actual takes. "*God*," she said drily, half to herself, while her stand-in went down for the fifth time, "men were *always* terrible."

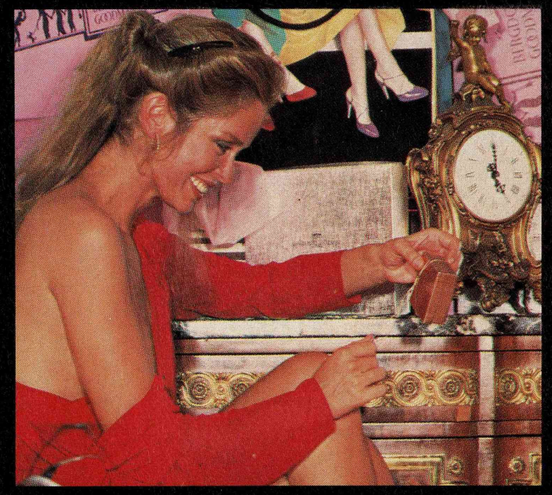
Despite that touch of cynicism, Barbara was up for the

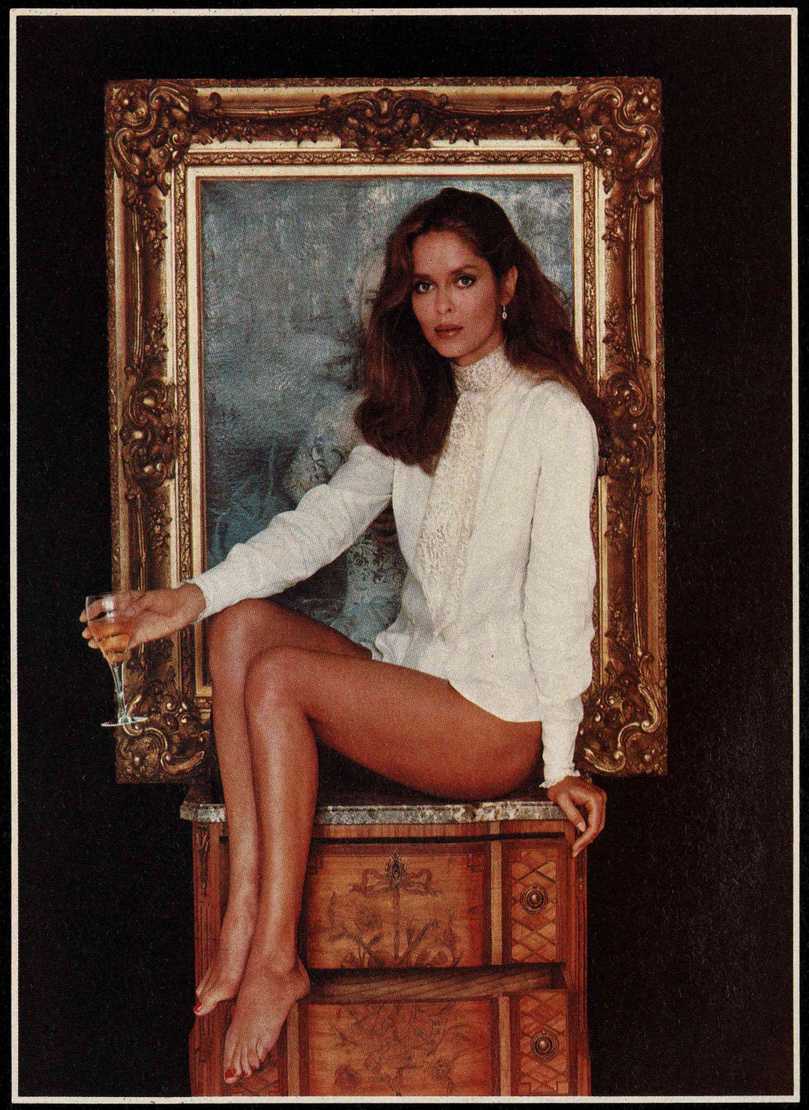


game. When her turn came, with the cameras rolling, she was plunged into the river by Matuszak for take after take. Later, for a sequence in which Lana flounders helplessly until Atouk jumps in to save her, she watched a stunt woman slide off a rock and slip into a steep, rushing rapids. Afterward, Barbara, a dogged perfectionist, repeated the action so sportingly that her double might as well have taken the afternoon off.

Gottlieb — who rewrote *Jaws* and co-authored *The Jerk* prior to his *Caveman* assignment — explained the Ringo-Barbara screen relationship to me in words that subsequently sounded prophetic: "Lana is meant to be the first sex object, Atouk is the first man to evolve with any sense and Matuszak as Tonda is primal man — you can't get much more primal than John. As a cast, our principals look wonderful. The first time we saw them all together, our hearts leapt. When you need a suave, small, funny, awkward, unprepossessing leading man, there aren't a whole lot of those to choose from — Dustin

Although she vamped *détente* with James Bond in *The Spy Who Loved Me,* Bach the beautiful was bypassed by TV tycoons as one of *Charlie's Angels* — and there has been the devil to pay ever since. In black fur or vintage frou-frou, choosing a bon-bon or musing, Barbara is clearly the girl to change a Beatle into Prince Charming.



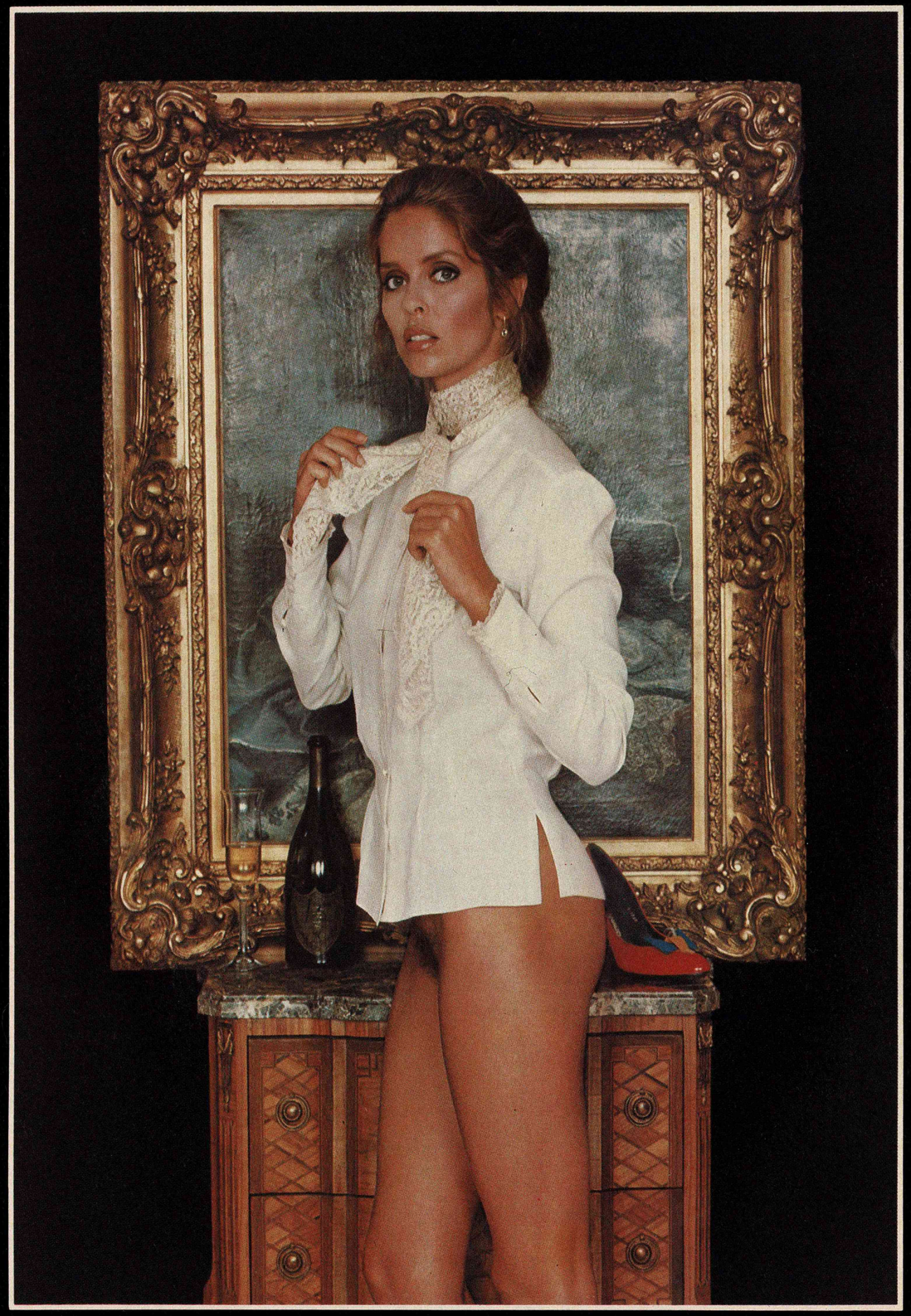


Hoffman, Dudley Moore, Robin Williams. And who else is there who's also a star? There's Ringo."

Barbara nodded. "He's so interesting, a very nice guy. I think Richard's going to be marvellous in this picture."

Later that night, during dinner with Quezada, Barbara rambled from subject to subject with nary a mention of Richard Starkey, a.k.a. Ringo Starr. As an actress, she was determined to play more comedy and had already shot *Mad Magazine Presents Up the Academy.* "A horrible film, after all the hard work we put into it. I'm just *standing* there; I could have been a stuffed doll." Before that, except for *The Spy Who Loved Me* and *Force 10 from Navarone,* her career had been mostly a series of grade-B potboilers made in sundry faraway places, epics with such titles as *The Island of the Fish Men* and *The Humanoid.*

One of Barbara's major professional disappointments, *(continued page 149)*



HAIR STYLING BY MAURY HOPSON/MAKE-UP BY VINCENT NASSO

who are these people — and why do they always catch us sleeping? Peter Ross Range examines why the west is being creamed by the samurai spirit

HOW JAPAN WON THE TECHNOLOGY WAR

I THOUGHT I had finally found a poor person in Japan. A beggar working the streets of the Ginza during Tokyo's evening rush hour was so artfully done up in rags that I couldn't resist dropping a copper into her peasant-style bonnet. I didn't know then (but I do now) why she looked at me so strangely. One doesn't give copper in Japan, even if it is worth five cents. The woman, I found out later, is a regular and successful fixture in the lucrative Ginza, one of the world's fanciest shopping districts — Tokyo's Double Bay. She is said to do quite well at her theatrical little trade. No wonder she looked askance at my copper. In the Ginza, you pay $2 for a cup of coffee. My paltry gift simply confirmed for her what the Japanese have believed all along — that Westerners are inscrutable barbarians who cannot be understood in civilised terms.

I thought I had found another poor person when I saw old ladies in peasant get-up shining shoes in tiny makeshift cardboard stalls outside Yurakcho Station in Tokyo. Until I had my shoes shined and paid $1.25.

Nobody is poor in Japan. And almost nobody is rich, either. At least it is difficult to tell if they are rich. The industrial mogul and his chauffeur dress almost exactly alike — in the ubiquitous dark business suit. The difference between a ride in the chauffeured Nissan (Datsun) President and the Nissan Bluebird taxi is merely one of detail — nothing like the difference between, say, a Kingswood taxi and a Ford LTD, or a Volkswagen Golf and a Mercedes.

Japan is the most pervasively prosperous country on Earth. Everybody has a nice stereo, everybody has a telephone and everybody has a color TV set which not only flashes balls, strikes and outs during every pitch of every baseball game, but which also computes the *speed* of each pitch, in kilometres, by the time the ball hits the catcher's mitt, and the batter's current average after every time at bat. Japan is the country with more than 99 percent literacy and three national newspapers selling over six million copies daily. It is the country with the highest life expectancy (78 for women, 73 for men) of any nation in the world except Iceland.

Japan is the country where the trains run so perfectly on time that if you board the 12:10 for Kyoto at 12:10 and 30 seconds, you are already getting on to another train using that same platform to head for someplace else. It is the country where the taxi drivers still open and shut the door for you without getting out of their seats (it is done mechanically via a lever attached to the steering column). It is the country in which every new car has a warning beeper that goes off when the speedometer hits 110km/h — 10km/h above the speed limit. When it reaches 120km/h, the beeper becomes a steady buzz. It is the country where a private garbage collection company installed a PA system on its trucks that plays soft music while making its early-morning rounds to mask the clash and clatter of the job at hand. It is the country where the callow youth of the land like to carry transistorised tape recorders on to the subway to catch the latest sounds, Western-style, except that they wear earplugs so no one can share their ecstasy.

Japan is, of course, the country of the transistorised, motorised, diode-driven, miniaturised everything. No matter how much Japanese stuff you think you've seen in local electronics shops, there is nothing to prepare you for the cornucopia of electronic goods in Tokyo. It is a gadget freak's wet dream; you can only hope you left your credit cards at home the day you first see it. The Japanese penchant for turning electricity into consumer comforts has also made it the land of the sliding door. They used to have *shoji*, the rice-paper covered light pine doors that slide, and they still do, in small restaurants, in private homes and in the windows of the Hilton Hotel. Now they probably also have

Illustration by Kinuko Y. Craft

more automatic glass doors per capita than anywhere in the world. In Japan, even the barber's chair is electric.

Japan is so comfortable with all its sound-around electronic gadgetry that there is even a disco/pub in the youthful entertainment district of Roppongi where you can play disc jockey yourself. A good 100 albums are stacked up for you to choose from; the stereo rig is as large and as sophisticated as anything this side of Arthur's. Roppongi is the hard-core disco and Western-style night-club quarter where the international model set hangs out, and where the rich Japanese kids in loose white trousers and silk scarves do tame Travolta imitations late into the night.

Japan is the country where they have also solved the Great Umbrella Question, *viz,* how not to have it stolen without carrying it wet and dripping into your office or the restaurant. Since everyone carries the same black folding umbrella, there is, outside every hotel, restaurant and Japanese office building an umbrella rack. It is rectangular or circular, with 50 to 100 lockable umbrella slots. Slide in the umbrella, close the lock, pull out the key and put it in your pocket. The locks and keys are almost superfluous, since there is virtually no theft in Japan, but the number on the key helps you find your own umbrella rather than someone else's. No charge for the rack.

Besides being the world's cleanest country — you could eat breakfast off the street, except that there is probably a law against it — Japan seems to be the world's safest. The crime figures of the country are something of a joke and have been in steady decline *while the country grew* for the past three decades. Contrary to every trend in every other country in the world, the crime rate of Tokyo has actually dropped in almost direct proportion to the city's growth (which now stands at about 14 million, just behind Mexico City as the largest in the world). Its space-cramped shops often extend their displays out on to the footpaths, leaving expensive clothes and accessories unattended outdoors all day.

Sometimes even the money is left outdoors. I saw a fish shop in a very busy commercial neighborhood that sold the lottery simply by leaving a bundle of tickets on a shelf by the sidewalk with a plate for the money, honor-system style. The plate had about $15 in it when I walked by.

A free-floating freedom from low-grade anxiety comes over you after a few days in Tokyo; it gradually sinks in that you really aren't in any kind of danger. Leave your pocketbook or camera anywhere and nothing will happen. You don't realise the degree to which we Westerners are always on guard against some violence to our property or our persons until you spend a little time in a place where there is almost nothing to guard against. One of the oddest sensations I ever had was arriving at Sydney airport after 10 days in Japan and having the sense of general danger — Can I leave my typewriter here for a minute? Will someone take it? — sweep over me as soon as I saw white people again. There we were, the crazy heterogeneity of Western man, guys in rags, guys in pinstripes, guys with mischief in their eyes.

They have no mischief in their eyes in Japan. In fact, at first glance, they don't have much of anything in their eyes. "The thing I missed most when I came here," said one Japanese who returned six years ago after spending most of her youth in Australia, "was that nobody would look me in the eye. Japanese don't show anything with their eyes or with gestures."

The thing that I missed was eye contact of any kind. A foreigner in Japan was very foreign. They seem to look through you, right past you. Part of this is merely the national style, for they don't go around the streets making eyes at each other either. But another part of it is Japan's utter inner-directedness, its unconcern with the un-Japanese, its unstated disdain for people and things foreign. They don't particularly see their concrete-and-steel, air-conditioned, transistorised lifestyle today as Western; it's pure Japanese, modern Japanese. And although the fundamental framework was unabashedly copied from the West during the era from 1868 to 1912 known as the Meiji Restoration (reign of the Meiji emperors), one look at Japan today and you know it is Japan's own modern way, not a bunch of imported stuff from the West. After all, the taxi doors open like magic. They thought of that by themselves. Nobody else has had the good sense to copy it.

•

Sunday afternoon in Harajuku, a chic section of Tokyo. The feckless youth of the Japanese race are on parade. The boys wear baggy jeans with tight narrow belts, sleeveless black T-shirts, black leather boots, menacing black-plastic wrap-around sunglasses, and, strangest of all, their hair is puffed up and waved back, James Dean style.

Some of the girls have dyed their hair red, dress as bobby-soxers and practise the Charleston in front of their Sony tape recorders, set up on these Sunday afternoons in the middle of the street, since traffic is blocked off for pedestrians. One of the boys does imitation Elvis hip grinds while pretending to strum a guitar. Every Japanese within miles who owns a telephoto lens is having a field day.

All of the above is what Japan is not. It is the tiny groundswell — make that wavelet — of an attempt at headlong Westernisation by leaping straight from pure Japaneseness into solid decadence without passing through any of the other stages it normally takes before a civilisation goes to hell. There is, essentially, no iceberg beneath this tip. What you see is all you get.

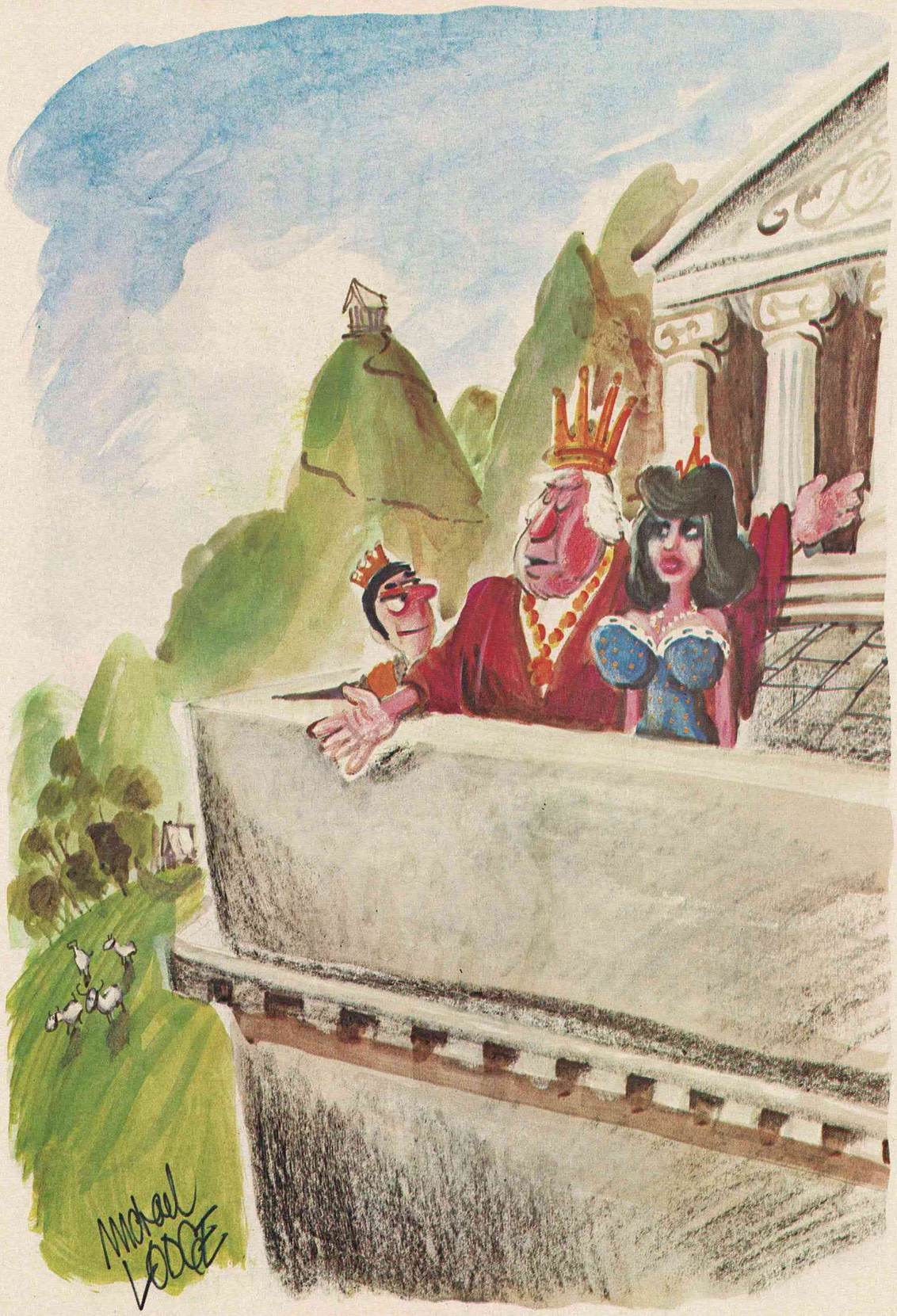
"You see a lot of Western exterior around here," drawls one long-time Tokyo resident in the 20th floor bar of the Foreign Correspondents Club. "But that's all it is: exterior. Beneath all that abandoned facade is a very feudal society."

Scratch any Japanese on his transistor's earplug and you find a feudal serf below, they say. The Japanese have a habit of doing things by leaps and bounds, which often results in leap-frogging intermediate stages of the evolutionary process. Consider, for instance, how Japan became what for want of a better term is commonly known as "a modern industrial nation".

Just 115 years ago, Japan was, indeed, not only feudal on the inside but insistently feudal on the outside, too. Overlords, *daimios,* vassals, an indentured peasantry, the island nation divided into some 247 fiefs, all that stuff you read about in James Clavell's *Shōgun.* The samurai code held sway, the nation was ruled by the guy with the biggest sword — a military dictator called the *shōgun* — and the country was effectively closed to foreigners. Had been for more than 250 years, since Iseyu Tokugawa cut down his enemies and established his dynasty in 1603.

Yet the Japanese had heard rumors of what was going on around them — the colonisation of Hong Kong, the Philippines and Indochina by Western imperial powers. Macao had been Portuguese since 1557. For more than two centuries, the Japanese had held off such intrusions by simply ignoring the outside world and pushing those who showed up back into the sea. But when US Commodore Matthew C. Perry lowered his gunsights on the coastal town of Uraga in 1853, the wily Japanese somehow knew the jig was up. Totally unprepared to resist modern methods of conquest, Japan made the conscious decision to go Western — on the surface at least.

By 1868, the last *shōgun* was gone and the traditional Japanese emperor



"One day, Oedipus, all this will be yours."

restored to nominal power, so that the new, progressive era of civilian administration could begin. Skipping the entire Industrial Revolution, the Age of Enlightenment, the Napoleonic Era and all the other bitter steps the West went through to get ready for the 20th century, the Japanese set out systematically to join the family of modern nations in one great leap forward. They did it almost overnight.

By 1900, Japan was modern enough to fight alongside Americans and Europeans in putting down the Boxer Rebellion in China. They deployed a navy and were in a position to field a formidable army, as the West found out to its sorrow a few decades later. They were soon in the motor vehicle and the shipbuilding business, creating an industrial base that would lamentably be turned almost exclusively to military purpose for the first half of the 20th century. They had done away with all the fiefs, turning them into government prefectures, a highly centralised, smooth-functioning bureaucracy which became a kind of new samurai class.

In short, Japan was, in 1867, where the West had been in, say, 1650. In 1868 she had a plan to modernise. By 1900 she was where the West had been in the mid-19th century.

Likewise with the kids now parading up and down in front of the Sunday gawkers in the coffee shops of Harajuku. They never heard of James Dean in the '50s; they weren't even *alive* in the '50s. But, true to the Japanese way, these kids have, in one fell swoop, achieved a near-perfect imitation of something they never saw. Yet there isn't any cultural experience underpinning their pseudo-alienation. The only quality they have in common with their generational street-bum counterparts in the West is extreme affluence. Beneath each of these Japanese is a boy (or girl) who, in a crunch, combs his hair straight, carries a neat little folding umbrella and bows deeply to his aunts and uncles on family days.

Japan is the example of what modern feudalism can do. One must speak guardedly of this feudalism, however, for the one key flaw in feudal societies — its rigid class structure — has been successfully dismantled in Japan's new feudalism. Under the new feudalism, Japan retains all of the economic and political advantages of the old system — absolute loyalty, conformist behavior, intense communitarian values — without the disruptive power of repression and imbalanced distribution of wealth. And that is why the Japanese are beating us about the economic head and fiscal shoulders.

Under the new feudalism, Japan reduces the cumbersome inefficiencies inherent within every competitive, capitalistic, *individualistic* democracy but avoids the rank injustices that have come with all other attempts at communalism, as in the Soviet Union. The result is an advanced industrial society possessing such pervasive prosperity that the economic discrepancies between the top 20th percentile and the bottom 20th percentile of the population are the smallest in the world. Japan is the communal society that works.

The new feudalism works like this: with the exception of the family, the Japanese company is the most critical unit of society. It is the equivalent of a feudal fief — the employee (serf) pledges his life-long loyalty to the company (vassal); receives, in turn, the promise of life-long employment and a guaranteed retirement payment by the company chief *(daimio).*

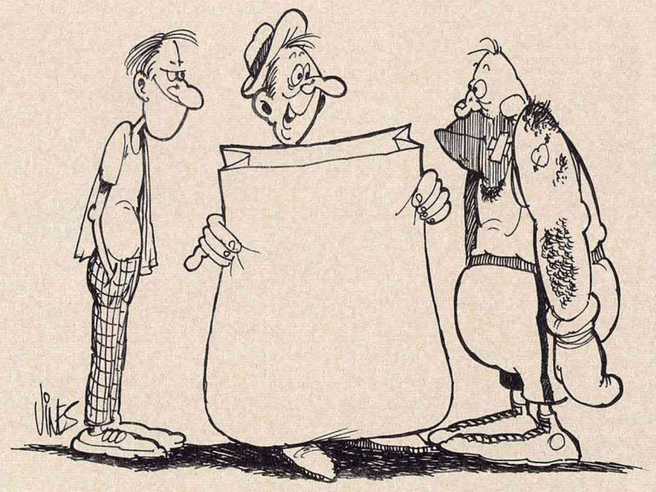
The employee's life then revolves entirely around the company, just as the serf's did under village feudalism. He socialises almost entirely within his company, or across company lines (for the greater good of his own company) with his counterparts in competitive or in complementary companies. This business socialising takes place on week nights, when most white-collar males in Japanese cities eat and drink out, returning home around midnight half loaded two or three nights a week.

Weekends are spent with the family, but often include outings with other company members, baseball games on the company team, and so forth. Wives, who stay home to tend hearth and herd, socialise primarily with other company wives. Many companies, especially the large manufacturing firms, provide company housing, which brings the employees much closer together. Besides such amenities as company swimming pools, recreation grounds and co-operative supermarkets, some of the companies even provide a company *graveyard!* Truly womb to tomb.

Certain benefits of this system are immediately apparent. The Japanese company has a guaranteed long-term labor pool (versus high turnover) which can, over the years, become highly trained, skilled and efficient. So certain is the life-long employment system that in the management class (university graduates joining the company), new recruits spend the first two to four years in their company undergoing further training.

"I was shocked when I learned that a company manager in the West begins work almost the day he is hired," explained a Sony executive. "When we hire a new manager, he has to study *our way* for two or three years before he goes on the job."

The Japanese company sticks by its people and training policies even during recessions. Retrenchments are extremely unusual. The Japanese company (ever caught up in the Japanese disaster mentality which always plans against rainy days) is always gearing *for the long term, not short-range profits.* It believes it is best served by maintaining loyalty even at a deficit until the brighter day when its people will then gobble up the market. The Japanese business is always looking, not at immediate profits or year-end dividends (partly because it is in hock to banks, not to its stockholders), but at long-term expansion of its market share. That is



"Hop in here, willya Tiger? We wanna settle a bet!"

the kind of thing keeping Datsun and Toyota at each other's throat.

Thus it may be seen that the Japanese collective psyche, spawned from its socio-economic history, is the major factor in producing the spirit of competitiveness and singlemindedness which has made the island state the champion of our contemporary Industrial Age. But what about this spirit *outside* the country? To fully understand the Japanese success story, you must also examine the application of its traditions and systems in a land outside the fiefdom.

•

The hum you now hear is the sweet sound of Sony color television sets rolling off of the assembly line. Americans bought 500,000 of all the 600,000 sets produced in the company's San Diego plant in 1980; the rest were exported to Canada and Latin America. The nimble fingers soldering the chassis units and picture tubes before the final "hot box" aging process (which abuses each set for one to two hours, driving up the failure rate and thus tightening quality control) are not those of inscrutable Orientals bent on capturing the US dollar market; they are the white, brown and black hands of Southern Californians, 800 men and women who work under the supervision of only 15 Japanese to produce 75 percent of the Sony color TVs sold in America.

"When your service network is as weak as ours," laughs one company manager, "you have to build an almost unbreakable product." If you own a piece of Japanese electronic goods that has served you for years with minimal repairs, you know what he means.

Sony's San Diego plant was opened in 1973 with much fanfare and a promise, from the company chairman, of life-long employment to any of the Americans who choose to stick it out with Sony. It is the most frequently cited proof that American workmanship is as good as Japanese — if properly managed.

The management techniques that form the backbone of the Japanese system and which seem to be at work in San Diego are a mutual loyalty pact (Sony retrenched *no one* during its over-stocked production slowdown in 1974 and 1975), frequent worker-management contact ("I walk around the assembly-line floor all the time," says the vice-president in charge of operations, who could just as well stay in his office), encouragement of new ideas and innovation (throughout the plant, there hang white telephones connected to the 600 Line where employees may register a complaint or offer a suggestion anonymously on an answering machine), consensus building and egalitarianism.

The two great values in Japanese society are loyalty and cooperation. Leadership, creativity, individualism, originality and non-constructive criticism are all negative values. The highest standard by which a man is judged in his climb up a Japanese corporate ladder is not how he leads but rather how well he conciliates, how he gets along with others of his own rank in his department, and how popular he is among his peers. Merit is, of course, a consideration, though under Japan's lifetime employment system, all but the congenitally incompetent will be promoted along a more or less pre-ordained schedule. A combination of merit and the ability to generate consensus are the two qualities looked for in the successful Japanese businessman, politician, family head, journalist or salesman.

"I wanted to get a certain machine altered in our darkroom," explains the Tokyo chief of a world-wide American news-photo network. "It is something my senior Japanese staffer could do in about 20 minutes. But I couldn't just tell him to do it. I had to build consensus first. If I told him to do it, it just wouldn't happen. I had to go around dropping hints to various people, like, 'What do you think about maybe changing the machine over?' It took four months. They had to talk about it. Finally, everyone agreed. Then it took about 20 minutes to make the change."

Such corporate politicking is slow but it has the net effect of less resentment and dissension, greater group loyalty, understanding of the decision at the grass roots and high participation of staff members. In the interests of consensus at Sony, department head Mike Morimoto holds frequent meetings with his supervisers (foremen) to develop new policies *with* them. "Now, if your workers don't understand some change," he told his first-shift supervisers one spring afternoon, "you must *explain* it to them. If you just say, 'I don't understand the policy, but I have to enforce it', that's bullshit. That's a cop-out."

This whole attitude comes together in the policy of egalitarianism, one of the most spectacular, but still enigmatic, successes of an industrial society with a history of hierarchical social relations. At Sony's plant, as in Japan, this takes some disarmingly simple forms: there is no executive dining room; the managers share both grub and tables with assembly-line personnel. In Sony's large parking lot, there is but one reserved space near the front door — and it's for the company nurse. "If I arrive late," says Yorimoto Yamada, Sony vice-president and top banana at the San Diego plant, "I have to walk a long way through the parking lot." In Japan, the egalitarianism takes the form of managers joining in morning callisthenics and wearing the same ubiquitous blue smocks as the rest of the employees during the work day.

Another way of explaining it stems from Japan's neo-feudalistic view of the company as family. As proof of the impossibility of laying off San Diego employees just because of a recession (which temporarily halted the assembly lines and set everyone to painting the walls and overhauling machinery), one Sony executive said, "Well, you can't fire your own family, can you?" As though it were just that

"Miss Silverwater, call the janitor. There's a young hooligan making a nuisance of himself."

simple. Perhaps a British example — again involving Sony — tells it better, since Britain has become the world's best example of class resentment, employment disputes, union walkouts and national non-competitiveness. Despite dire warnings about "the British disease" (chronic inefficiency and strikes), Sony in 1974 opened an assembly plant in Wales, where the coal-mine closings had produced a ready and willing labor pool. Sony's simple expressions of egalitarianism — which in Britain included the unheard of practice of management and labor going out to the *same pubs* for the evening pint — sent such shock waves of joy through the town that, to this day, the plant has never been struck, nor even threatened with a slowdown. Britain, whose chief underlying dilemma is a class system that never died, even after the money dried up, is still staring in disbelief.

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It takes only a few days in Japan — maybe really only a few hours — to understand why we're in so much trouble and why they aren't. One is stunned by the remarkable attention to the mundane details of daily life — from the umbrella racks to the liveliness of the restaurant service to the cleanliness of the cars (there are nearly a million cars in Tokyo and every one looks like it entered town through a car wash that morning). If you ask for something in one of Tokyo's gigantic and lushly stocked department stores, and they don't have it right there, someone *runs* (not walks) to find it for you. There is, finally, no getting round the fact that the Japanese simply work harder and probably better than anybody else, that they have perfected the virtues we used to preach — industry, civic-mindedness, thriftiness (the Japanese typically save 20 percent of their incomes), loyalty and personal honor.

What Japan is all about is togetherness. "It is in my country like this," explains Kazuo Ito, a Tokyo businessman. "Never fighting, always making everything together."

Think together, work together, live together, pull together. You can get a good sense of the togetherness by riding one of the morning commuter trains and watching them get 1000 people into a car designed for 400. Or you can get it by sitting in the average six-mat Japanese home, the six mats being a form of measuring space by how many one-by-two metre *tatami* (straw mats) are required to cover a floor. (One mat is considered to be sufficient space for one person to sleep on.) A six-mat room is 4m by 3m, thus, the size of the central room of the apartment. The other rooms are smaller; these tiny spaces reflect the Japanese failure to deal with their one great unsolved social problem — inadequate housing. Or you can get it by going into almost any Japanese office. Small-scale desks shoved together, papers piled everywhere in mad profusion, people jumping in all directions at jangling phones and communicating via the inter-office shout, the whole place resembling the floor of the Stock Exchange just before the close of trading.

The Japanese live and work this way for two reasons: one, with 117 million people sharing a country about one and a half times the size of Victoria (only 29 percent of it non-mountainous), they have no choice; and, two, they don't want anyone to be tempted to come up with thoughts that run against the stream — thoughts that might rock their rather fragile boat.

Pull together. But the Japanese togetherness seems to produce not blandness, but, rather, a *channeled energy*. Ironically, this kind of energy has made innovation the hallmark of Japan's postwar industrial success. It is what turned a hearing aid into a transistor radio, turned a lot of industrial production into a super-efficient robot system, created the finest picture tube in television history (Sony's Trinitron) and put the miniature calculator into Everyman's pocket. The method is deceptively simple: let tinkerers (like Honda of Honda) and engineers (like Morita of Sony) run the company, keep the accountants and lawyers in their place, then tap the imagination of every employee you can get your hands on.

At Toyota's headquarters plant near Nagoya, for instance, the system works so well that some 49,000 employees generated 535,000 voluntary suggestions in one year on how to improve the assembly line. When is the last time an Australian suggestion box was overstuffed?

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Maybe nothing better explains how the Japanese got into the proverbial driver's seat of international trade during the past 20 years than the motorcycle story. It is the sad saga of commercial complacency in a captive culture, revealing how Americans, prisoners of their own mythology, lost the war of the marketplace without properly entering the race. It also shows you the power of the movies.

Back in the '50s, when America was bursting with post-World War Two industrial might and Japan was climbing out of the ashes looking for a few good ideas, a motorcycle in America was a big, rumbling Harley-Davidson 1200cc thing that thugs, cops and nostalgia buffs drove around. It was definitely not what your upwardly-mobile law student rode to class or what your junior exec had in mind for his image.

The myth of the madman murderer as motorcyclist was reinforced by Marlon Brando and *The Wild Ones*, Hollywood's paean to two-wheeled violence. The notion that one might break through that mythology with the image of a little old lady carrying shopping bags on a motorcycle never entered the minds of America's machine makers. A motorcycle, they seemed to believe, came with black leather, chains and a switchblade.

But what they didn't count on was one Soichiro Honda, a delinquent Japanese village youth who never saw a motorcar until he was seven years of age. Soichiro Honda did for transportation in the second half of this century what Henry Ford had done in the first half: he put the world on wheels.

"How can you say you don't believe in love at first sight when you haven't even seen it?"

Twenty-five years ago, Harley-Davidson, the only large American motorcycle manufacturer, was selling about 60,000 motorcycles per year. In 1980, Harley-Davidson sold 67,000 motorcycles. "They belong to the American Motorcycle Federation, they build a push-rod bike and they seem content to cater to that small portion of the market that loves a Harley," reports one high-ranking American at a Japanese motorcycle company. Innovation is what the Harley-Davidson — not to mention Detroit — is *not* about. Harley's only engineering design change in modern times has been the switch to Mikuni carburettors — made in Japan.

By the late '50s, even into the early '60s, the very notion of a mass-produced, mass-marketed motorcycle in the United States — then, and now, the greatest market in the world — was met with either ridicule or derision by the men who make the American transportation machine go.

Never mind that there were 220 million Americans not yet riding motorbikes; forget about Southern California's weather and a US Sun Belt that makes most of Europe look like submarine country; and don't mention the fact that American students and young working men seem to have more money, greater transportation need and more leisure than almost any other 18-to-25-year-old population in the world — the Americans wouldn't touch it. Honda moved in.

The year of 1962 was the great breakthrough. That is when Honda ran its revolutionary ad proclaiming: "You meet the nicest people on a Honda." The ad showed, not Marlon and his friends, but 11 pleasant people on bikes — the original step-through moped Honda 90 — and five of them were female. There was even a dog! It was one of the classics of modern marketing and advertising, the tiny seed that grew into almost half a million units sold last year in the US alone by Honda. Not bound by the Hollywood-promoted notion that most Americans would not accept motorcycles, Honda attacked his product's image problem head on. He went to the root of a cultural bias, and he won. This was a more daring and successful step than any American manufacturer was willing to take.

The entire US motorcycle market passed the one million unit mark for the first time in 1980 — 97 percent of it was Japanese, less than one percent Harley-Davidson, and the remainder divided among BMW (Germany), Triumph (Great Britain) and Moto-Guzzi (Italy).

"The key," says Gene Trobaugh, number-two man at US Suzuki, "was that the Japanese *doggedly* pursued what would appeal to the American market. People were still making jokes about cheap goods coming out of Japan when Honda brought in the 90cc. But that was their foot in the door, their seed in the ground.

"But these little Hondas were obviously not tailored to the US market. The main thing they did was prove there was a market that the American manufacturers had ignored. Then the logical thing was to build bigger bikes — the 370, the 405, the 450, finally the 750, the first four-cylinder. There was no competition in the United States against what the Japanese were able to do. What the Japanese did was give the Americans, one, a bike size they could handle and, two, an image they could live with.

"You could liken the whole motorcycle thing to the emergence of the auto industry after World War Two. The two-car family was the big breakthrough in the '50s. Imagine what that meant in *market expansion!* The motorcycle business was a similar situation — except that there was no product to fill the need.

"The Japanese filled a need — cheap transportation — but they also created a need. They found a great big *void* in the United States — they filled it, developed and expanded it. And now it's all theirs."

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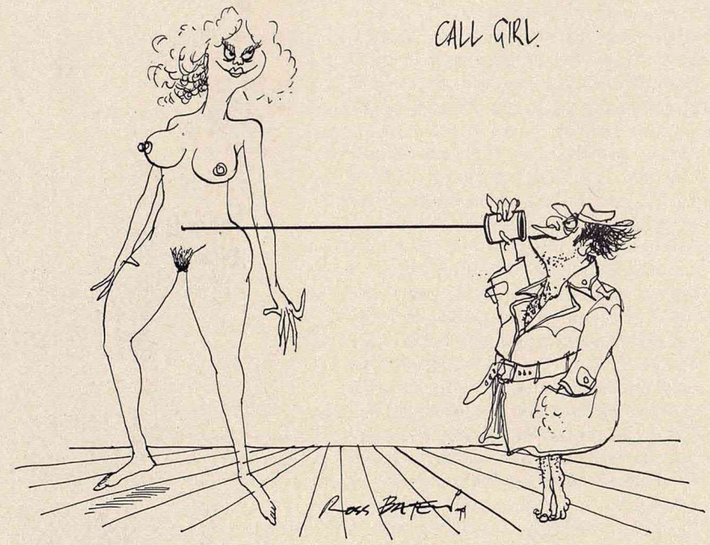
From the air, Japan is a sculpted garden. When the JAL 747 makes landfall on the flight, I have been wined and dined in the incomparable luxury of a sleeper service that only the Japanese would think of; the mighty, misty sprawl of Tokyo lies ahead, but the ground below looks like bonsai handiwork. Hills are terraced; rice paddies are carved like butter on a tray; farmyards are planted here and there like tiny decorations on a cake-like landscape.

Later, the bullet train to Kyoto defines the time warp that is modern Japan: land and buildings and people fly by so fast (225km/h) that nothing is recognisable except, on a clear day, snow-capped Mount Fuji in the far distance. What stands out, oddly, is the attention to tiny detail. At a train station, the small plots of earth between the pillars of a building have all been turned into miniature shrub gardens. Even in the Ginza, where about two million shop-girls pass through the sidewalks every day after work, the narrow space alongside the kerb is planted with geraniums, miraculously untrampled. Every hotel in Tokyo has its rock garden, a piece of earth sculpture. Thinking small, Japanese style, has conquered the world of today.

"We tend to care more about the small things, I think," says Mike Morimoto, the happy, high-strung operations manager of one of the Sony plants. "If you look at Japanese gardens, you see we have such a small house, but in that tiny garden, you have so much variety.

"Even Japanese cars, they are small, but we have tiny luxuries."

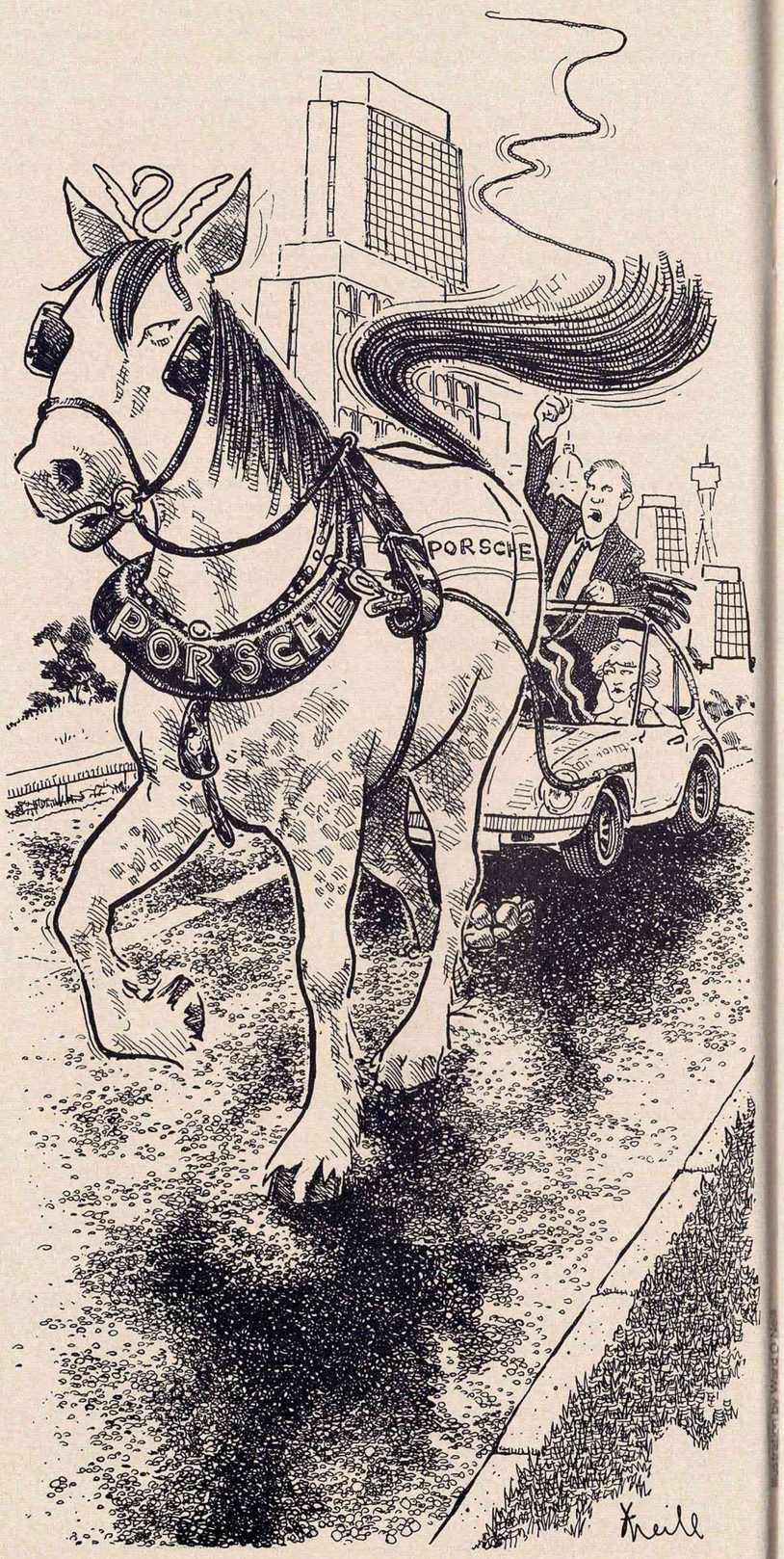
And that, class, is how the Japanese won the war.



HORSE SENSE

when the oil dries up and your car sits out in the garage rusting, never look a gift horse in the mouth

humor by Alan Coren



Since the day when the last viscous blob trembles from the nozzle of the last pump may be even closer than we now suppose, given the exponential dwindling of the oil lakes, barmy old anchorites slicing their scimitars through one another's pipelines for the greater glory of Allah, billion-ton oil tankers disappearing into the Sargasso Sea, and all the heartache and the thousand natural shocks that oil is heir to, it inevitably falls to a responsible and caring magazine to prepare the readership it loves against the fateful day when their cherished motor car is nothing more than a spot in which to hibernate their rhizomes.

And because the only sensible alternative form of transport is the horse, I think it no bad moment both to set aside certain canards and apprehensions and to cobble together a few simple rules and guidelines for those of you to whom a horse is nothing more than a nasty moment in a Belgian bistro. Unfortunately, no horse book yet exists for the totally apathetic: all horse books, particularly those 90-odd thousand entitled *Your First Pony*, assume a basic interest in the thing in the first place. They expect the reader to *want* to get on it, progress to ambling about, advance to hopping over striped sticks, and end up in traction. Their premise, in short, is that the reader will be a horse-lover, whose sole object is the *horseness* of the activity; I know of no book which treats the horse as a means of transport, in order painlessly to wean the non horse-lover off the motor car whose future is now inescapably doomed. It is to just this genre of citizen that I address myself today. I have reasonable experience of both horses and cars, and have never been taken in by any of the romantic nonsense, mystique and anthropomorphism with which each has been so sickeningly surrounded for so long. I enjoy driving both, and to me the only major difference between them is that one rusts, and the other bites.

Why Not A Bicycle?

Many people have, I know, already turned their back on the motor car in favor of the bicycle; they have even made the bicycle central to what, anticipating the scenario sketched above, they describe as an Alternative Life Style.

This is a great mistake. The fact that, for example, it is far easier to eat yoghurt or knit a whole-earth poncho on a horse should have alerted all Alternative Society aspirants to the main advantage of the horse over the bicycle, which is that the bicycle is two-dimensional. You cannot shelter beneath a bicycle when it rains, and you do not, when shopping, have to lean a horse against Coles' window. Add this to the facts that a horse does not need to be pumped up, pedalled, oiled, or carried upstairs at night, and you will quickly see that the only edge a bicycle enjoys over a horse is that it costs less to feed a bicycle.

Buying The Vehicle

The ingenuous will be terrified of committing money to a horse. This is ridiculous; it is far less risky buying a five-year-old horse than a five-year-old car. A dodgy dealer cannot stuff sawdust into a horse's crank-case, fill its body out with plastic padding, or wind its clock back. True, he can disguise certain of its behavioral shortcomings, and the fact that it lacks a left lung will not be apparent to the cursory glance, but if you and the vet drive it round the block, little should escape you. A basic rule of thumb is that, if it cannot outrun the vet, look elsewhere.

Driving It

Whole books (to date more than a million) have been written about how to start a horse, steer it, brake it, and so on, and there is no point whatever in my adding my own instructions here. As before, avoid the bogus mystique and the exclusive jargon; basically, you chuck a leg across (left to right), and steer by the head and flank. A horse has three gears: walk, trot, canter, with gallop as an optional overdrive, but no messy clutch. Use your foot as a transmission pedal, and everything you can organise to brake.

Garaging It

You have bought your horse and brought it home. Contrary to popular fiction, it is not necessary to have a large field in order to keep a horse; in principle, the smaller the field, the easier it is to find the horse. I have a large field with two horses in it; they stand still all day on an area no larger than a blanket, until that moment when I decide to take one for a drive. They then run all over the large field. This can be enormous fun, especially if you are a horse, but remember, we are looking forward to the days when we shall be using our horse to get to the office, and we shall not wish to arrive at a meeting with Treadgold, Treadgold & Fosdyke eight hours late and sweating like a Sumo wrestler.

Accommodating The Family

A reasonable question; and one that's quickly answered. There is no escaping the fact that a horse is a one-seater, so I'm afraid that family outings will be a thing of the past. There will be no one beside you to remark that it would have been quicker going via Wollongong, no children behind you gouging one another's eyes out over whose turn it is to be sick on the carpet, no in-laws shrieking what's that peculiar noise, slow down, where are we, don't overtake that pram. Sad, but there it is.

Running Costs

Negligible, compared with cars: no road tax, insurance or registration checks, and should you ever exceed the speed limit, any cost incurred may be offset by immediately selling the animal to a pet food manufacturer. Hay and oats are not cheap, and horses do, of course, require occasional maintenance, servicing and repair, but not only is this relatively cheap, it is also not my experience that a vet will squirt a droplet of oil on to a horse's nipples, charge you $297.38, and then disclaim all responsibility when its leg falls off as you drive away.

Ah, But Can You Drive A Horse Up An Expressway?

Fortunately, the law prevents this by statute. Therefore, since the law also prevents cars from driving up an expressway by placing little red cones across it, you will not be stuck for three days outside Hornsby while your brain comes to bits. The question you should really be asking, given that expressways run through the countryside, is *Ah, but can you drive a car across a field?*

All Right, But Will It Be As Much Fun As The Volvo?

A difficult one, this. Given that most of the fun of owning a car is lying beneath it on a Sunday morning and tinkering with its underside, I would have to advise the tyro that this is a leisure activity it might be unwise to pursue. Nor should a horse be fitted out with rimbellishers, dangle-dollies, quadraphonic stereo, or fins; it would also be a mistake to spray it two-tone metallic puce with go-fast decals or gum a nodding Alsatian to its rump. But if custom-styling is your bag, as Ken Howard might have put it, there is no earthly reason why you should not crimp the mane into kiss-curls, put a silk bow upon its tail, or shave your company logo into its flanks. If you wish to go around looking like a prat, the horse is intelligent enough not to give a damn either way.

For the non-fiddler whose automotive pleasure lies mainly in cleaning and polishing and going hurr-hurr into the wing-mirrors, a horse is even *more* fun than a car. You would not believe the number of arcane and tricky things to clean that a horse can offer. The anal-fixated thrill of plucking tar-flecks off of hub-caps is nothing compared with removing crusted fly-blown gum from a horse's eye.

Do not, however, expect to be able to see your grinning elongated face reflected in his coachwork. A horse takes unkindly to Kitten car wax.

Horse Talk

Many car owners may be deeply worried that, when fetlocks have at last replaced radials, there will be nothing to talk about when horse-owners forgather at the local. Fear not! There will be approximately 10 times as much to honk at one another. Just as you have learned to natter on about polished ports, quick-lift cams, ZF differentials and T-head blocks, without really understanding a bloody word, so you will in the fullness of time learn to drone on interminably about eggbutt snaffles, grackle drop nosebands, wind-sucking, Irish martingales, and numnahs. Remember, also, that you will regularly be breaking things that car-owners may break only once in a lifetime, and then too late to talk about. Clavicles, scapulae, vertebrae, ribs, femurs — all these and more, to say nothing of a whole range of distended soft tissues, are bound to provide you with scintillating cocktail-fodder, week in, week out, for years.

All Right, Fine, But Will There Be Enough Horses In The Showrooms?

Let me put it this way: if it were possible to build cars without costly factories, complicated plant, expensive raw materials and militant labor, simply by putting two Commodores into a field and letting them get on with it, do you think GM-H would be in the state it is today?

From Punch magazine, October 15, 1980.

THERE ARE NO FLIES IN CHINA

janus had the most beautiful lover in the world; it was just that she kept saying stupid things

fiction by James Robinson

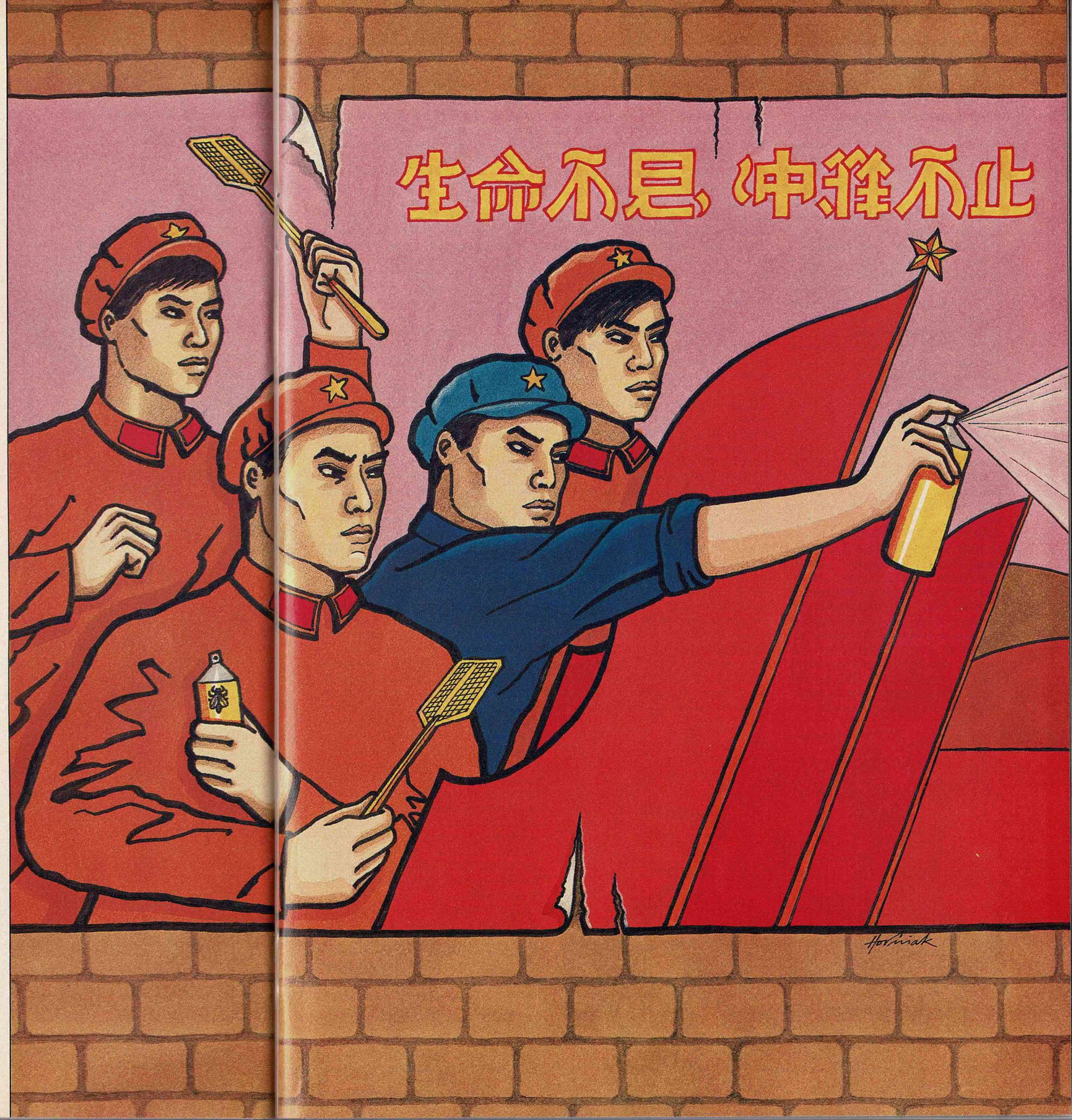
JANUS LOVED her for very many reasons. Her habit of thrusting his right arm under her left breast as they walked down the street, the way her face glowed ethereally by candlelight, her incredible neatness which was typified by the meticulous placement of the banana 80 degrees left of the peach in the gondola of plastic fruit. Yes, there were many reasons, some of which even embarrassed Janus when he ruminated upon them.

But there was a whole area of their relationship which Janus regarded with some disfavor. Whenever Janus endured one of these experiences he even doubted his own sanity. There was this combination of smouldering anger and chilling apprehension that he was in the hands of a witch.

These events took place without warning. Janus and E'vane would be having lunch together in one of those places where you spoke only in whisky-soaked tones. E'vane, braless and beautiful, would be eyeing Janus with the proprietary look of a stud horse owner. Janus was moved deeply by what he termed the "stud stare". At these times he would slowly, and he hoped inoffensively, slurp the last piece of live spaghetti into his mouth and purse his lips in a silent gesture representing the most sensuous of kisses. In this one action he was able to acknowledge the compliment to his prowess, tell E'vane she was welcome and infer that, if he knew what was the male equivalent of a "stud stare", it was hers for the asking.

It was at such a moment on a warm Thursday afternoon that E'vane said without a tremor of expression, "Ants can't taste rye bread." Janus wilted visibly. He thought it was all so

Illustration by Juraj Horniak



unfair. At the very least E'vane might have first pursed her lips in a responsive silent kiss, before passing on this extraordinary piece of information.

Janus was later to discover that E'vane had an unlimited store of such snippets of knowledge, never found in an encyclopaedia. Some were related to animals, "Camels will live to 90 if stored in an igloo." Some to religion, "Left handed monks see better after dark." Some just didn't make sense at all, "Cumulus clouds don't count."

In the early days of their relationship, Janus was inclined to scoff sweetly at E'vane, accompanying his comment, "Darling, that's ridiculous" with a smile and stroke of her hand. But E'vane never saw any humor in the situation. She merely said haughtily, and with a finality in her voice which brooked no dissent, "It's true, I know."

So there Janus was. In love with a girl who, with this one exception, was the most desirable creature on Earth. It wasn't that E'vane had no sense of humor. On the contrary, like much of E'vane, it was well developed. Janus remembered the day he impishly mentioned that a girl he knew had walked into a taxidermist shop and said: "I'm dead." It took nearly half an hour to reduce E'vane's hysterical laughter to gulping giggles.

But when E'vane said, "It's true, I know" the whole world stopped for Janus. E'vane's eyes, normally soft pools of what she termed "greige" (green and beige) would harden and darken in a transfixing stare. Her nose, a classic Aryan type, would lengthen and broaden, the nostrils dilating with frightening intensity. However, the most dramatic change occurred in E'vane's lips. E'vane was blessed with the most adorable lips which, when they were being kissed, seemed to have a life and movement all of their own.

To see these lips, generous to a fault, suddenly transformed into thin first moons, drawn back over her teeth, was to Janus absolute sacrilege. E'vane's lower lip, an open invitation to emotional suicide, had a small rectangular scar appended to its south western corner which only served to accentuate its desirability. Nothing escaped the facial transformation. As E'vane's lips tautened so the scar whitened, giving rise to an unattractive distortion of the lipsticked outline. Janus had read witches' ears turned green and pointed when spells or curses were being issued. He contemplated uncovering one of E'vane's ears but the timing never seemed to be appropriate.

Janus wondered from time to time whether he was being unfair to E'vane. After all, wasn't it a lady's prerogative to be a little crazy and a lot dogmatic? Wasn't it normal? As Janus analysed it, there were subjects upon which females' craziness and dogmatism might be justifiable and even desirable. For instance, Janus delighted in information which E'vane passed on about the various wiles exercised by young ladies to persuade an appropriate male that the next one would be their first. This was properly her field and he never doubted the authenticity of what was divulged.

Should then he give similar credibility to E'vane's statement of only two weeks ago, "Elephants who are circumcised sleep on their backs." There was no preface, "Did you know?" On these occasions, there was not even a preface of "Honey" or "Darling Janus". Just the hard-eyed glacial stare set in the harshly transformed face.

Janus decided that the time had come for some sort of showdown. He must know whether he was being laughed at. Nobody made a fool of Janus — not even E'vane. He looked directly at E'vane, trying to keep a tremor out of his voice. "Darling how do you know that elephants who are circumcised sleep on their backs? You can't just make a statement like that and expect me to accept it."

E'vane's lips disappeared altogether, the nostrils opened up like paper cups and her greige eyes showed flecks of red as she said, "Don't you dare talk to me like that. I won't have it. I've told you it's true. I know. If you don't want to believe me, that's a matter for you, isn't it."

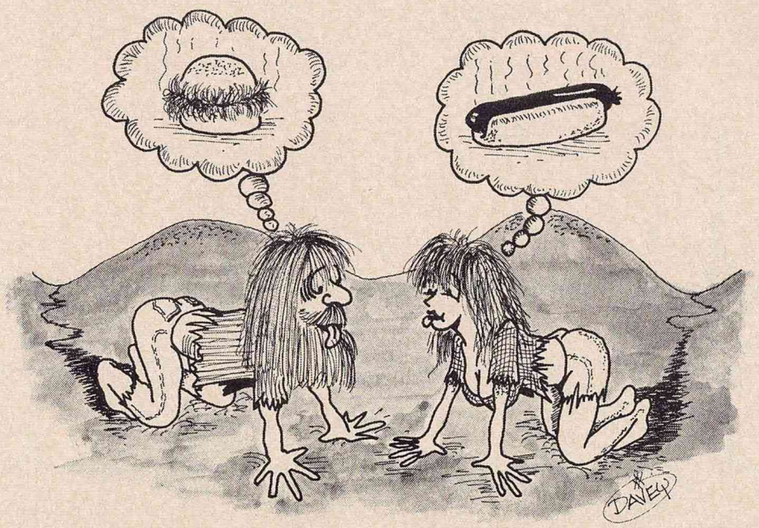
The last remark came through to Janus like an order from his rowing coach. Janus looked in disbelief at E'vane. Her eyes drew his whole being into what seemed a swirling whirlpool of green, beige, red and black. Was this the girl he loved? Did it matter? Did anything matter anymore? Janus tore his eyes away from E'vane's, looked down at his now cold spaghetti bolognese and whispered in a fevered voice full of reproach, "But darling . . ." he began.

"In your boot," said E'vane.

They left the restaurant in chilly silence. Janus wondered how he would ever live without her. E'vane was obviously a dangerous nut. Were witches also vampires? He pictured himself left one night, his throat torn by E'vane's teeth, drained of blood. Love was not enough in these circumstances. She didn't deserve saving. "In your boot," indeed.

Perhaps he'd become a beach inspector at Malibu or a ski instructor at Innsbruck. The fact that he was a young barrister who could neither swim nor ski didn't discourage him at all. After E'vane he would need a challenge. And wasn't it said of Archimedes that he discovered his famous bathtub principle while contemplating suicide by drowning. A kaleidoscope of parka and bikini clad girls formed . . .

The daydream was suddenly shattered for Janus by a familiar gesture — left arm under right breast. E'vane's eyes looked at him as they approached the car, limpid pools again. "Can you pick me up early tonight? I want to set my hair before we go to the Constantines." Janus, who might be weak but not spineless, said with some heat, "But what about our argument just now?" E'vane looked at him curiously. "What



argument darling? Come on, I'll be late for work."

Janus needed time to think. He took E'vane to the Constantines and for the next fortnight saw little of her partly by design and partly by pressure of work. He had been approached to take evidence in Hong Kong because of his fluent Chinese and his availability at what were relative bargain rates.

He had arranged to spend time with E'vane on the Saturday before he left. In the room that passed for her studio, E'vane was asking his opinion of her latest fashion designs. They were exotic in an ill-bred, inexpensive way and Janus enjoyed his role of male critic. E'vane had recently achieved some success with visible zippers made of simulated sunflower seeds and these were incorporated in the designs. Janus had only just complimented E'vane on the overall effect when she announced without introduction or warning, "There are no flies in China."

Two hours later Janus was drinking steadily in his flat. He had come to a firm decision. When he left for Hong Kong he would take the opportunity of disproving E'vane's outlandish statement. He would bring back proof that E'vane was talking through her hat. He would lay the specimens in her attractive lap, say in a strong voice, "In your boot" and walk out of her life for ever. He realised it had become an obsession with him but he gave no thought to the implications of what he was doing.

After all, his task was not difficult. Alligators, Cadillacs and circus fat women China might not have, but flies it had aplenty.

A colleague in Hong Kong told him the sad news. Flies were forbidden in the People's Republic. Chairman Mao had proclaimed a "Destroy Capitalist Flies Campaign". Each comrade — man, woman and child — had been ordered to hunt, catch and burn 100 flies while the scientists sprayed pesticides derived from Hwang Ho River mud. The propaganda machine had declared the campaign to be an unqualified success. The number of flies in China was officially recorded as "puh she". The statistician in charge of Insects (Disease Carrying) was declared redundant and assigned to road work.

Janus decided he could not afford to abandon the search. After all, Confucius himself had said, "After the final no there comes a yes." In six weeks of intensive foraging he managed to snare 51 flies. Janus called to his aid a right-wing micro-taxidermist. With great secrecy, two dozen specimens indigenous to China were selected, mounted in a display case and notarised as to origin and date. He cabled E'vane the date of his return and asked her to book for dinner at their favorite restaurant.

Janus had not counted on the mandatory luggage inspection at Peking airport. He was arrested at gunpoint. Mounting flies was a serious offence involving the security of the People's Republic. As the official record showed that there were no flies in China, he was charged with importing them from Russia. His captor collected the Red-Guard-of-the-Month Award, thereby becoming eligible for the great Panda Prize.

Janus was placed in a correction camp at the Memorial Party Headquarters in Tsunyi. His mind was extensively laundered in whateverism (whatever Mao says is gospel), but his uncompromising resistance to dogma proved too strong. He repeatedly failed the tests laid down for release by his Chinese Checkers.

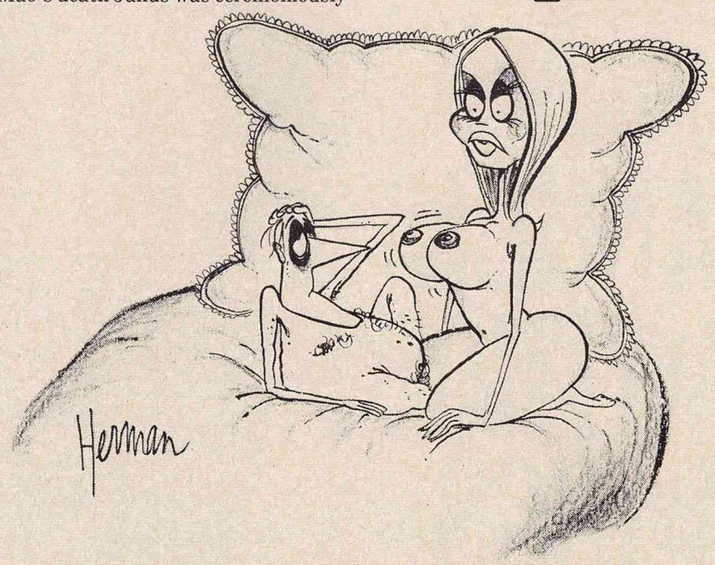
Janus heaped Cantonese curses on E'vane. But for her authoritarian statements he would never have embarked on the wild fly chase. A half-hearted attempt was made to exchange Janus for a Western trade union leader of Peking communist persuasion but negotiations lapsed when it was realised that such persons were neither under arrest nor wished to live in China.

Janus had been in custody for 18 months when the Great Helmsman took his last turn at the wheel. It was the signal for change. Not only was whateverism abandoned, it became bu shing to harbor the thoughts of the late Chairman. As evidence of the change in direction, 12 months after Mao's death Janus was ceremoniously released at the Democracy Wall in Peking and his flies were returned to him, albeit in a plain wrapper. He was given an economy ticket covering his return journey to Australia.

Janus took full advantage of the free drinks served on his flight from Hong Kong. He was entitled to celebrate. He had proof positive that E'vane's dogmatism was holey. The task had taken an inordinate length of time and involved considerable pain and suffering. But the satisfaction was thereby all the sweeter. Janus felt reborn as he stepped off the plane at Mascot. The feeling of well-being persisted as he walked across the tarmac. He didn't reach the gate . . .

He was met by grey officers of the Australian Security Intelligence Organisation. The flies were confiscated. Janus was flown to Canberra in a Royal Australian Air Force plane and questioned closely for two weeks. His story was considered too bizarre for belief. On the other hand it was felt that his conduct hardly constituted a threat to the nation's security. He was therefore released into custody of a private sanatorium where he can be heard arguing against community exposure to the *ipse dixit* utterances of weather forecasters.

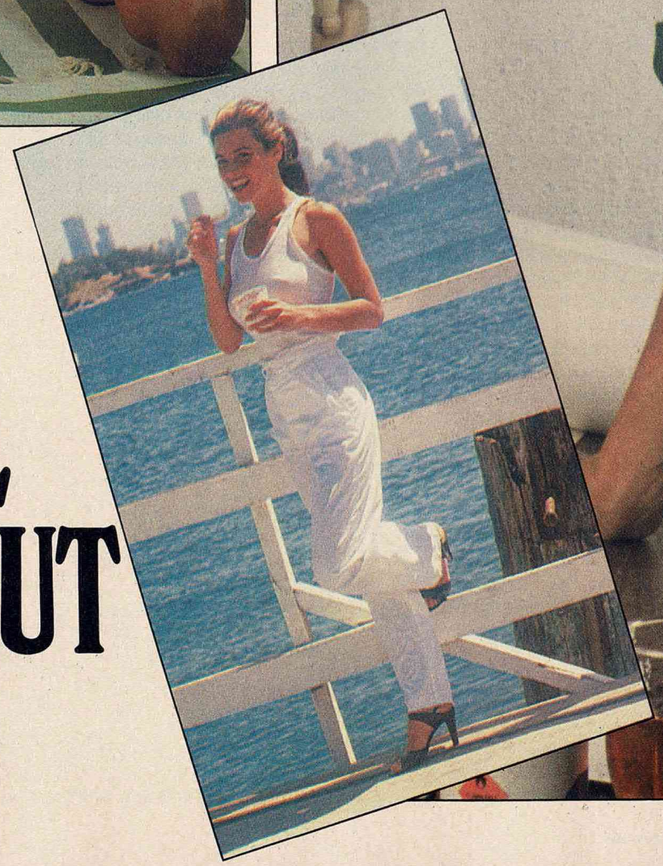
Meanwhile E'vane had not been idle. With the help of a friend, she had spawned twin boys with limpid greige eyes, Aryan noses and generously sculptured lips. Noted for their good looks and intelligence, they each have an unusual quirk — making dogmatic statements on esoteric subjects to their disbelieving playmates. When challenged they reply, "It's true — mother knows."



"Sorry Charles. I don't mean to be an aggressive lover."

the body would have botticelli reaching for his brush . . . the smile would tempt da vinci to choose laura over lisa

ANGEL WITHOUT WINGS

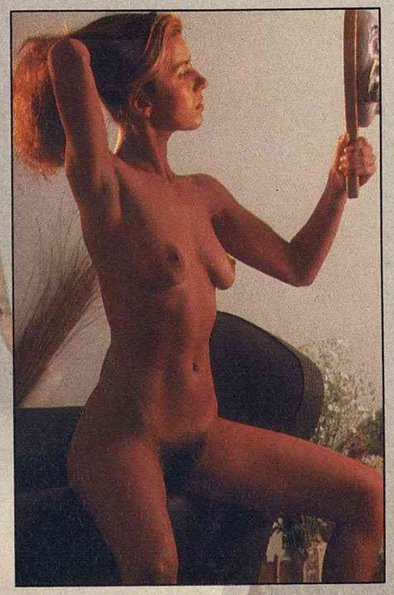


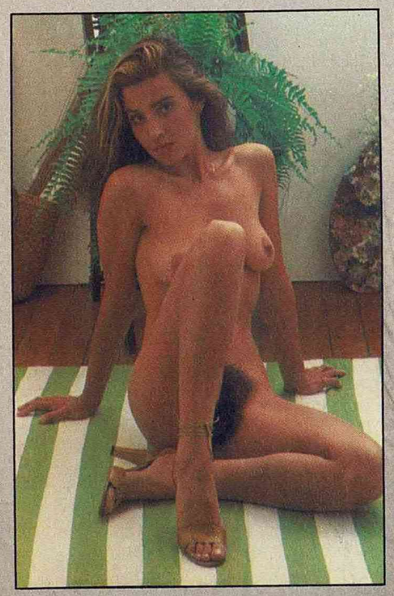
Photography by Rico Mettbach

"In bed, I tend to scratch a lot. Afterward I think, Oh God, what have I done!"

ITALIAN-BORN, the artist Laura Tomei is an angel incarnate who deigned to come to Earth and settle in Australia for a while. But, sadly, she probably won't stay here for long because growing up with a jetsetting Auntie Mame-type of mother has left Laura with an insatiable appetite for travel. The two of them spent a great

"In a film titled Senora e Senori Buona Notte, *I played a nun who cavorts with these lecherous cardinals — it was great fun!"*

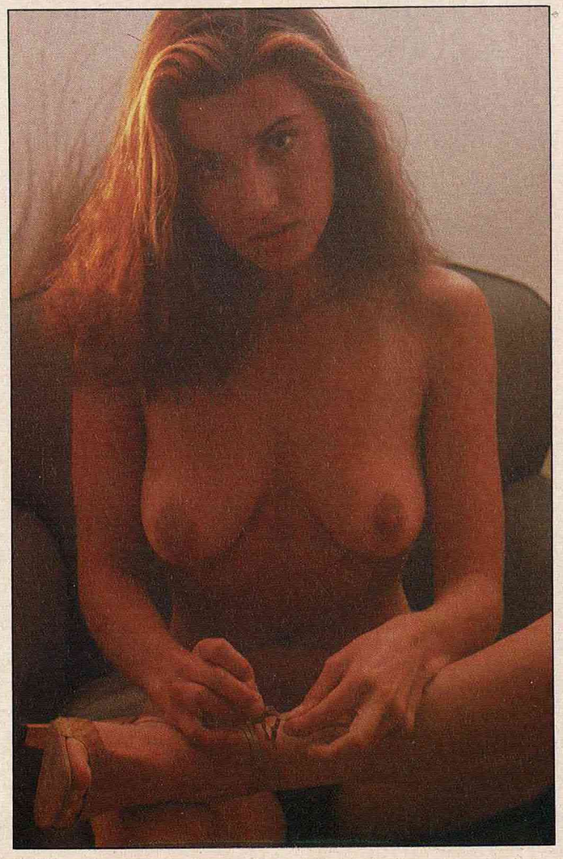




"I'm going back to Italy to get a shot of neurosis into my system — things are crazy over there, and I just love it."

deal of time on Malta and in Florence, Italy, and it was in the latter — the famous "City of Flowers" — where Laura started to study art. She moved into a former monastery in the Chianti Hills outside the city with some other art students, and it was there that she scored parts in two movies to supplement her allowance. Nowadays,

"I suppose my ideal man would be rich and about 35ish. I like to be spoiled a little, and it's just that older men are in a better position to spoil young girls."



"Once I had a strange affair with a 52-year-old film director in Italy. But I broke it off when he started behaving like an adolescent. I want a man for a lover, not a boy."

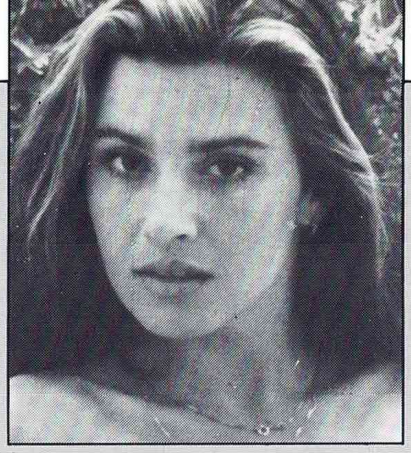
she increases her bankroll by working as a part-time model and making erotic dolls which have Gene Simmons-like tongues and, ah, other large appendages. Laura hopes to be able to make a full-time living from her artwork one day.

What sort of man does the lady like? "He must be very passionate, totally possessing me," she told us, "for if he flirts or plays around, I automatically fall out of love. It's okay if it's just at a party or something, and not really serious. Just so when I come up to him, everyone there knows that I am his, and he belongs to me alone."

Laura, a man would be out of his mind to even dream of anyone else with an angel like you around.

MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: LAURA TOMEI

BUST: 35" WAIST: 23" HIPS: 35"

HEIGHT: 5'3" WEIGHT: 48kg SIGN: Scorpio

BIRTH DATE: 25/10/55 BIRTHPLACE: Rome / Italy.

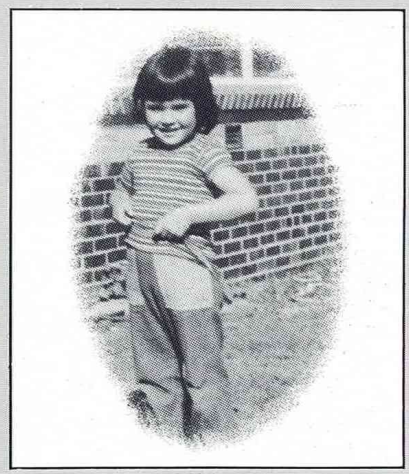
FAVORITE BOOKS: A Hundred Years of Solitude.
Herzog.
Pigs with Wings.

FAVORITE MOVIES: La Cage au Folles
Les Enfants du Paradis
One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest
Soap, Benny Hill Show,
Get Smart.

FAVORITE ACTORS: Marlon Brando Robert de Niro,
Meryl Streep, Glenda Jackson

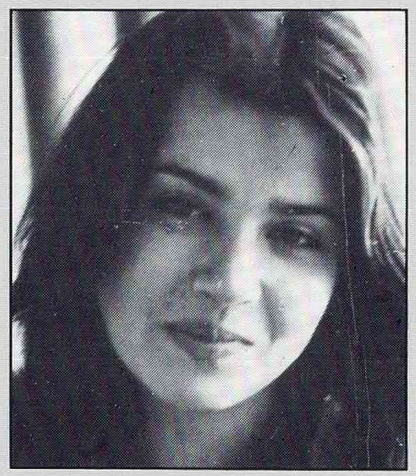
FAVORITE FOOD: Avocado, Mango, Steaks, Prawns
Spaghetti

TURN-OFFS: belching, hairless legs on men
green teeth.



Showing off my new jeans - age 3

Being photographed by a sailor - age 10.



Feeling embarassed! age 17

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The 80-year-old man was ill. After a very thorough examination, the doctor solemnly declared that the old man's hormones were aggravating his condition, thus it was imperative he be castrated. Yet the old man refused to allow it. The doctor, overwhelmed by such stubbornness, inquired, "At your age, what good are balls?"

"None," replied the old man smartly, "but they look so sporty!"

A teacher asked her young students to list the titles of at least five plays by Shakespeare. "You can get your parents to help you if you wish," she said.

The next day she was surprised to see that young Johnny had written "Wet", "Dry", "Three Inches", "Six Inches" and "Nine Inches".

"But those aren't the titles of five plays by Shakespeare!" the teacher protested.

"My Dad asked me to explain," said Johnny. "You see, 'Wet' is for *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 'Dry' is *Twelfth Night*, 'Three Inches,' is *Much Ado About Nothing*, 'Six Inches' is *As You Like It*, and 'Nine Inches' is *Taming of the Shrew*."

A young innocent was so thrilled when she met a local disc jockey at the party that she accepted an invitation to go home with him. Within minutes of entering the flat, he showed her his manhood. "I suppose you know what that is?" he asked.

"You bet I do," she replied, grabbing it and saying, "I'd like to say hello to Mum and Dad, and a special big hello to all the boys and girls at Harvey's All-Night Diner."

A photo finish occurs when the happy couple are fast approaching their climax and her husband's detective rushes in with his Polaroid.

It was at a dinner party one night that the beautiful but dumb call girl attempted to converse with the psychiatrist seated next to her. "Well, doctor, is the flu epidemic bringing you much business?"

"I'm a head doctor," smirked the psychiatrist.

"Oh," exclaimed the girl. "Well, then, have you done many circumcisions lately?"

He had shown her his etchings and just about everything else of interest in his apartment. And, as George poured the last of the martinis into their glasses, he realised that the moment of truth had arrived. He decided on the direct approach.

"Tell me," he said smoothly, fingering a lock of her hair. "Do you object to making love?"

She turned her lovely eyes up to his. "That's something I've never done," she purred.

"Never made love?" cried George, appalled at the waste of all this magnificent raw material.

"No, silly," she murmured in soft rebuke, "I've never objected."

Are the tarts," they asked astronaut Muller,
"On Uranus more lively . . . or duller?"
He replied, "They're obscene!
Since their pussies are green,
They are whores of a different color!"

Darling," sighed the no-longer-virgin-bride, "will it always be that good?"

The smiling groom replied, "Honey, that was just for openers."

What would you most like to have along with you to read if you were shipwrecked on a desert island?" the student was asked in her Literature class.

"My first choice," smiled the girl, "would be an intricately tattooed sailor."

Yes, it is a pretty explicit film," the director conceded to the talk-show host, "but it has a powerful moral! In the end, the heroine, after a life of utter depravity, loses her beauty and her friends, and finds herself alone in a squalid flat with only her memories and a vibrator with dead batteries."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *gay cruiser* as a shopping lisp.

First I was introduced to the members of the firm," the girl who had just taken a new job told her flatmate, "and not too long after that, I was introduced to the firm of one of the members."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO Sydney, 2001. We'll pay $25 for jokes used.*

"Boy, if only Dennis could dance like that!"

PLAYBOY SURVEY

WHAT AUSTRALIAN WOMEN SEEK FROM SEXUAL RELATIONS

do you know how to kindle the fires that set off sparks in a woman? the playboy sex survey examines what women consider the biggest turn-on in sexual encounters, and what they really expect from a man

Illustration by Philip Castle

THE ANCIENT sage who concocted the maxim "Know Thyself" might have added "Don't tell anyone." Lack of communication is a major problem in our insular society, especially in the bedroom, where it so often proves a hindrance to mutual satisfaction.

How many men turn to love manuals and clinical studies by sexologists instead of asking the simple question "What turns you on?" Also, how many women give an honest answer when their lover does ask the question? And how often, like that *Kama Sutra*-reading ocker Barry McKenzie, do we end up with curry down our jockettes?

PLAYBOY'S sexual research team interviewed 200 women aged from 15 to 60 to determine the things they'd never told their lovers — things like exactly what kind of foreplay gets them going and explicit details of their private fantasies.

We do not presume to be the Australian answer to Masters and Johnson for, as we've already pointed out, reading manuals which explain in minute detail what to do and where to do it does not necessarily prevent your lover keeping a vibrator under the pillow. But we do believe that the selected interviews which follow will underline the need for frank dialogue and show how one woman's turn-on may be another woman's *bête noir*.

Annie, 24, air hostess

I like the men I go to bed with to have roughened hands because, I suppose, they make me feel softer. And I like a bit of rough treatment, too. Some men treat you like Dresden china, but I'd rather be manhandled (or should I say womanhandled?) a bit. Not to the point where you get your boobs squeezed off, but definite touching, rather than light stroking which you can hardly feel. I'm also partial to being bitten around the neck and breasts.

It's nice to start off with a bit of oral. Although I like 69-ers, I prefer it when we each have our own turn because, with a 69, you're too busy concentrating on the other person. And when it comes down to actual lovemaking, I'm equally fond of the doggie position and a variation of the missionary where I get on the edge of the bed and he sort of crouches with his feet on the floor.

Rather than pounding away at the outset, a man should start off slowly but firmly, then gradually build to a crescendo. I like noise like groaning and heavy breathing . . . and dirty talk. I just love dirty talk! It turns me on so much when a man says: "I'm gonna screw you 'til it hurts!" or something like that. I suppose that doesn't really make too much sense, because I don't actually like being screwed 'til it hurts. That's why I don't like making love to a man with an extremely large penis — it can be very uncomfortable.

I think I could really get off on a quick, urgent encounter — a spur-of-the-moment kind of thing. The man rips your clothes off, but can't wait to undress himself. That hasn't yet happened to me, but I'm hoping!

Elizabeth, 22, journalist

For me, foreplay is more important that the actual lovemaking. My ideal is a sort of three-act play, opening with a slow, sensual massage of my back and tummy. Next comes the more conventional foreplay — gentle nibbling and licking of my breasts, manual and oral stimulation of my clitoris. In fact, I like to be brought to orgasm in this way in case I do not come during intercourse.

My favorite position is with us both lying on our sides, with the man penetrating me from behind and continuing to caress my breasts and clitoris. I don't like him to be too rough — heavy-handed pummelling of flesh and biting too hard are real no-nos with me. But I do like the man to be big and strong, although penis size is irrelevant.

I have often fantasised about being in bed with two men. I make love to one while the other watches and does his own thing. The two take it in turns . . . And so it goes on. Wow! That would be quite an experience!

Sue, 28, married, florist

(She related a true situation that happened to her when she was 18 and

also added that, for several years afterwards, she used to think about it as a spur to masturbation, believing that she would never again have any experience that could supplant it in her psyche.)

Some eight years ago, I took a vacation job as a wardrobe mistress with a national theatre company (not an Australian one) on one of their country tours. I had to do the laundry and ironing for the stars and dress them for performance. One of them, a very famous actor, who was much older than me, was extremely friendly. He was always telling me that I had a glorious career on the stage to look forward to! This man, together with two other actors in the company, took me and the two girls who worked in the wardrobe to dinner one night to thank us for our efforts while on tour.

At that dinner, one of the other actors (I'll call him Mr C) told us interminably long stories of his war experiences as a fighter pilot. My actor friend, as bored with the stories as I was, appeared to drop his napkin at one point in the narrative, and he disappeared under the table to retrieve it. Before I knew what was happening, he was stroking my thighs and slipping his fingers under the elastic of my knickers into my you-know-what. At table-top level, I had great difficulty in maintaining my composure, I can tell you, as Mr C's war narrative was being punctuated by considerable ack-ack activity in between my legs.

I think that I put up a creditable performance of gasping interest in the story however!

At the liqueur stage of the evening, my friend took me aside and told me to disappear into the ladies' room until the others had gone to their respective hotels. He'd come and fetch me later and suggested we take coffee together in his room. He didn't want the others to know that I'd be going to visit him privately as they might "misconstrue" his motives! I waited in the ladies for more than an hour. Finally, there was a gentle tapping on the door . . .

He took me to his room, a beautiful suite decorated with Louis Quinze furniture and flowers and the biggest bed I'd ever seen. There waiting for us were champagne and strawberries. He overcame me with his passionate advances, talking to me a lot, telling me how wonderful I was, what a marvellous body I had . . . He stroked and licked me all over, then nibbled me, then, when he was sure I was really worked up, he moved in on me with great skill.

At about three in the morning he ordered steak and salad from room service, which refuelled his energies to such a degree that he didn't call for his chauffeur to take me back to my hotel until nearly seven. By then, I knew two things: that my glorious career in the theatre had already begun and that I'd certainly have to get into thorough training for it!

At that stage, I'd never had an orgasm, and I didn't with my actor friend, though I used to think of the whole event as though it was one big one! I was attracted to him by his fame and by his position. I found it incredible that a man of his stature should take an interest in me.

Shortly after that tour, he got married. He sent me a note on that morning telling me that he was marrying the actress in question only because she was pregnant by him — but that he loved me very much. I still receive letters from him occasionally.

Kate, 21, personal assistant

A man should be a combination of a quiet, slow tenderness and urgent unpredictability. He should never be afraid to make love anywhere, any time. My idea of foreplay is taking sensual delight in simply touching and massaging each other's bodies. No need to aim straight for the clitoris — sex should be a total body thing, not just between the legs.

I guess I feel resentful if I don't have an orgasm, especially when I am obviously turned on but the guy makes no effort to make me come because he already has. I don't care if my orgasm doesn't actually occur during the act of intercourse — orally, manually, I don't mind how as long as I know my man cares enough to make me want to feel satisfied. Really loving a man makes sex so much more of a complete experience.

I find the sight of an erect, good-sized penis a great turn-on. Small penises are not very arousing because they don't give me the same sense of awe, and I can *feel* the difference — damn all the theories of the so-called experts. But the sexiest part of a man's body is his arse — it's so endearing and vulnerable. If I had to choose between a man with a big penis and a big bum and a man with the two opposites, I would go for the latter.

Vivienne, 20, model

I like a man to be really strong, and have a nicely proportioned, well muscled body. He should be gentle but sexually dominant.

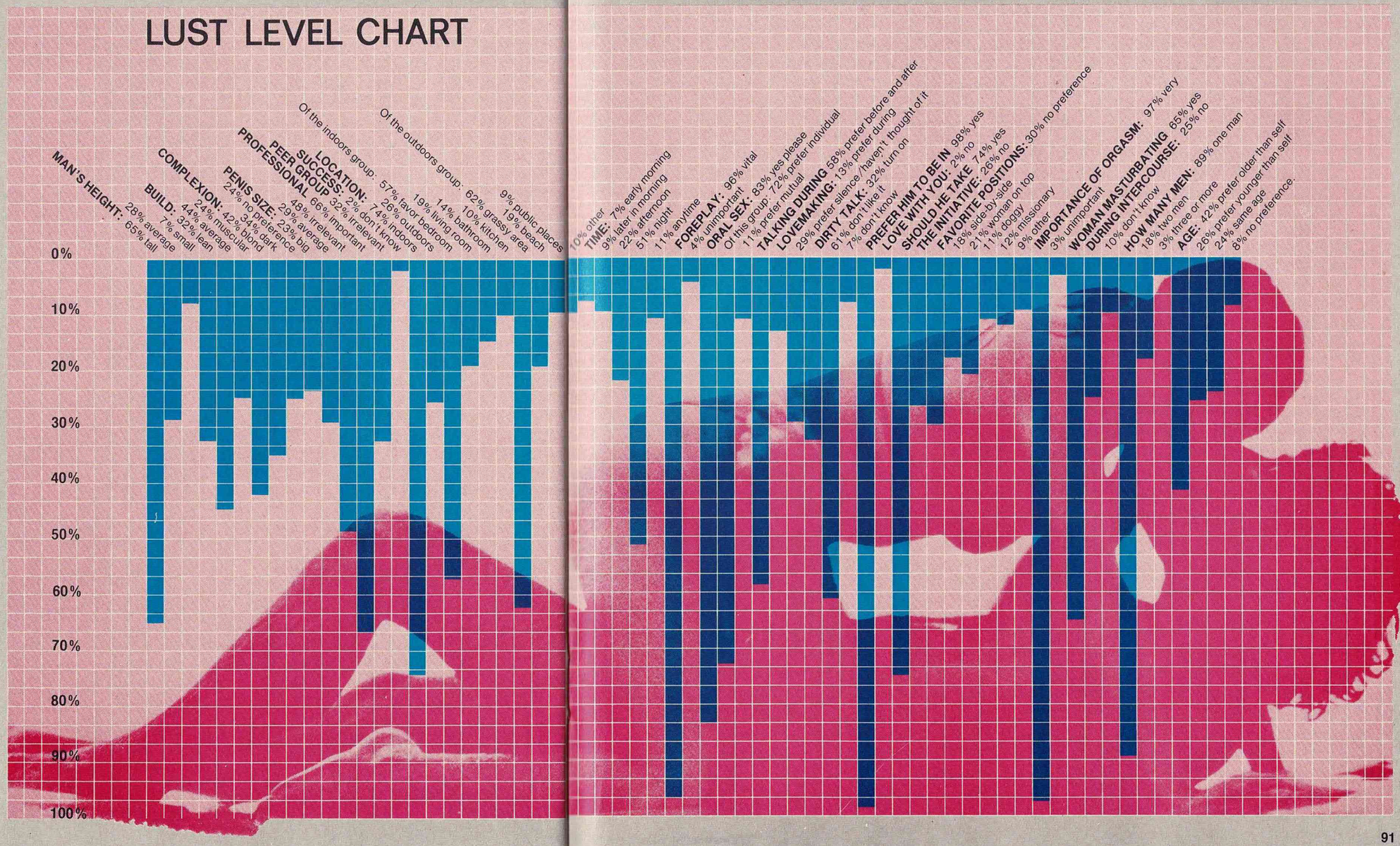
Love isn't all that relevant to me — I can get off on a purely sexual trip. The main thing is that he has to be gentle, and know what he's doing, not just treating me like a piece of meat.

Penis size doesn't matter because penises don't do much to me anyway — I'm bi, you see. So what I like is basically what any woman could do . . . to start, very delicate stroking, concentrating on my neck, back of my knees, hands and feet. I don't like my boobs being touched all that much because most men do it so hard that it irritates me. If they touch them, it should be a very light, feathery touch. It's lovely to have the inside of my thighs gently licked. I like to reach orgasm through oral contact. Just screwing as such doesn't do much for me. I do it more to please the man, I suppose. It's nice, though.

Christine, 36, artist

My ideal sexual encounter would feature two youngish men, both tall, well-built and fit. It would be in the late afternoon at someone else's place after I'd received an invitation for reasons other than sex.

They would flatter me and flatter each other too. We would move unobtrusively toward physical contact which would quickly take on a sensual character. Another woman would possibly be involved on a mixed match basis. We would all take our leisure, interspersing mutual physical arousal with forays into culinary stimulation, intellectual conversation and genial


LUST LEVEL CHART
MAN'S HEIGHT: 65% tall 28% average 7% small
BUILD: 32% lean 44% average 24% muscular
COMPLEXION: 42% blond 34% dark 24% no preference
PENIS SIZE: 23% big 29% average 48% irrelevant
PROFESSIONAL PEER GROUP: 66% important 32% irrelevant
SUCCESS: 2% don't know
LOCATION: 74% indoors 26% outdoors
Of the indoors group: 57% favor bedroom 19% living room 14% bathroom 10% kitchen
Of the outdoors group: 62% grassy area 19% beach 9% public places 10% other
TIME: 7% early morning 9% later in morning 22% afternoon 51% night 11% anytime
FOREPLAY: 96% vital 4% unimportant
ORAL SEX: 83% yes please 11% prefer mutual
Of this group: 72% prefer individual
TALKING DURING LOVEMAKING: 58% prefer before and after 29% prefer silence / haven't thought of it 13% prefer during
DIRTY TALK: 32% turn on 61% don't like it 7% don't know
PREFER HIM TO BE IN CHARGE: 98% yes 2% no
LOVE WITH YOU: 74% yes 26% no
SHOULD HE TAKE THE INITIATIVE: 74% yes 26% no
FAVORITE POSITIONS: 30% no preference 18% side-by-side 21% woman on top 11% doggy 12% missionary 9% other
IMPORTANCE OF ORGASM: 97% very 3% unimportant
WOMAN MASTURBATING DURING INTERCOURSE: 65% yes 10% don't know 25% no
HOW MANY MEN: 89% one man 18% two men 3% three or more
AGE: 42% prefer older than self 26% prefer younger than self 24% same age 8% no preference
0% 10% 20% 30% 40% 50% 60% 70% 80% 90% 100%

pranksterism. Our senses would be heightened by music and other kinds of sensuous additives.

The guys or the other lady would have to take the initiative because of my presence there as the result of an invitation. However, I do like being occasionally dominant, assuming the initiative and riding a man with great elan. The whole episode would be extremely lengthy, and would ultimately culminate in mutual orgasm which would be the zenith of the encounter.

This situation actually happened to me at dinner once; so take what I've told you and call it experience colored by fantasy.

Pamela, 33, free-lance journalist and mother

The man of my dreams would be tall, lean, even perhaps skinny — but very strong. He'd be blond with honey-colored skin, with a small but beautifully defined bottom, fronted preferably by a big dick. Not so large though that it turned out to be more like punishment than pleasure. Ideally I'd like to be completely kept but, having been raised in an atmosphere of aggressive equality, I find it hard to accept this kind of treatment. He may not be successful in his profession, but would have to command respect among his peers. I'd have to feel he is more intelligent than me — and a good deal funnier!

I like the idea of it happening in the kitchen — *any* kitchen — or at least starting there and ending somewhere where I couldn't get bruised from leaning or lying against something uncomfortable. But I loathe bouncy beds and those waterbed things and reckon that men who have them must be very lazy.

I'm not sure if I'd like it to happen during the day. I've always got a lot to do and hate not getting through it all; mind you I can't stand "quickies", or planning sex for that matter, so if the opportunity arose I would put aside other things to enjoy sex — but not with an unknown quantity. If you're going to give up the time it's got to be worth it and it's not likely to be so if it's rushed or with someone you don't know sexually very well.

I like the *idea* of foreplay. Mostly, I reckon thinking about it is almost as good as doing it! Ideally, it shouldn't stop when the "now-play" begins. It should go on throughout and diffuse into "follow-play" which, hopefully, would assume a tender character.

I don't like talking during sex and find it an expression of nervousness in my partner, so I prefer both of us to speak through skin. I don't think I'd like the man to be in love with me initially — but there would have to be the unencumbered potential for that to develop. I could never love a man without knowing his sexual persona.

I like the idea of a zipless encounter but know the reality of that to be less appealing and certainly less successful. The ideal sexual scenario for me is where we both know that we will find each other sexually later in the day — or at sometime in the future.

I'd love to be completely dominated but I never have been so far. Often I like to be rendered totally passive by being loosely tied but, to organise that, I've had to go and buy lengths of silken cord myself and place them in conspicuous positions, hoping my friend would get the idea! On one occasion the friend got the idea all right — but he wanted me to tie *him* up! I've no favorite positions as such, but prefer that my legs be together rather than spread-eagled all over the place. Orgasm is easy for me, though I ensure it, I suppose, by masturbating during lovemaking. My current friend finds this to be a huge turn-on, loves watching me do it, but most men find it rather off-putting, I think. Not coming for me would be like not swallowing food I'd chewed up — very nonsensical and very un-nourishing. I like to come several times during one encounter rather than starting from scratch over and over again.

"Not coming for me would be like not swallowing food I'd chewed up — very nonsensical and very un-nourishing."

If you really fancy someone and have the prospect of getting him into the sack at the forefront of your mind it obviously communicates itself. But if you know each other well and talk of other things, so that you are not pushing out your sexuality in an active way, it comes as a wonderful confirming surprise to find you're thought desirable even when not trying — provided you fancy him of course! It's a hell of a problem when that happens with someone you don't fancy. Rejecting a guy sexually without putting him down is almost impossible and the reverse is true also. I have only ever propositioned three guys and got rejected by each, so I'll never do it again in that way. You've got to be subtle. Never put the other person in a position from which they can't manoeuvre. If you never ask a direct question, the chances are you'll never get a direct refusal.

I'm in a difficult though compelling relationship at the moment, and I simply don't feel drawn elsewhere. I wouldn't mind conceiving an infatuation for someone else though, but I haven't met anyone in at least four years who has slightly whetted my interest. The "poke" mentality of many men is something I suspect and, accordingly, I'm not in the least bit interested in pursuing easy lays — much less those which would betray other relationships, whether they're my own or other people's.

Evelyn, 19, saleswoman

I'm really into tight bums, if you know what I mean. And I like blokes who are sort of rugged, not pretty.

You can't beat a good massage for getting into the mood, an all-over massage which concentrates on the back, neck and boobs. I also like being scratched very lightly on my tummy, pubes and bum. I just adore oral sex, but I like the man to concentrate *around* the clitorial area rather than directly *on* it. I'm just so sensitive there that, if contact is direct, it can be positively irritating.

Dorothy, a writer, unflinchingly 57 and married

My utopian lover would be a largish man, blond and hard-muscled. Mind you, some of the best lovers I've had have been "ratblokes"! Whatever his physical disposition, he'd very definitely be energetic — without being meaninglessly athletic. Penis size and shape are unimportant — it's what he does with it that matters. He wouldn't have money — wealth would be a distinct disadvantage for any of my potential wooers — but he should be very good at something artistic.

I like a good measure of foreplay, spiced with lots of talking. My best lover of recent memory recited poetry to me for hours on the first occasion we went to bed together. He's now my husband! The length of foreplay depends greatly on mood. It shouldn't be so prolonged that one is driven to distraction, nor so short as to be ineffective. A modicum, sufficient to warm both of you up, is the ideal!

It's important for him to be in love with me at some level. I suppose my natural desire to be loved wholeheartedly is somewhat tempered by pragmatism: you can't expect it but you hope for it — for the length of the sexual encounter at least.

I'd like him to be both physically and emotionally dominant as I prefer to give myself over to the experience. I can't do this if I'm not relaxed. Ironically, when I am more relaxed and confident, I become much more active and initiatory. But by and large I do very much what's expected of me.

Spontaneity is great! Once I was with an old friend at a poetry reading. We were sitting together, listening to the reading and he was stroking my arm. Suddenly, the quality of his touch altered altogether — or rather my perception of it did. He started stroking down my back in a way that was unmistakable in its purpose. We kissed passionately, went upstairs and it was on without a word being spoken — though a great deal was said later!

I don't care what nationality he'd be. I used to think I'd like to have an affair with a negro but I never had the opportunity, so I don't think about it much now.

I am of a generation where the responsibility for orgasm is mutual — and I certainly prefer it that way. On occasion, I have been asked to masturbate, but find it awkward in someone else's presence. I get quite upset and have a distinct sense of failure if we don't both reach orgasm at precisely the same time.

Now, of course, I'm very much a victim of the prejudice that, after a person reaches a certain age, there's something obscene in being interested in sex. You're very conscious of your lost appearance and have to take it on trust (sometimes mistakenly) that he will accept you the way you are, fleshy where you were once shapely, sagging where you were once firm. Because of this, although I used to enjoy the idea of one-night stands, I now view them as a traumatic prospect.

Namira, 22, artist

My ideal encounter is with a tall, skinny man. The size of his penis is completely irrelevant. We would get straight down to it, with the man not bothering to remove his clothes — just whipping it out! I'm still partially clothed too. It's an urgent, throbbing encounter which ends in a crashing orgasm for both of us. Then we put on or adjust our clothing and go our separate ways.

Annabelle, 19, student

He'd have to be tall, lean, muscular (kind-of!) and dark.

The location isn't too important. Outdoors has a romantic appeal but I reckon it's not crash hot in reality. Besides, it tends not to lend itself to spontaneity. I like the idea of sex happening any time during the day, preferably in a bed, provided you've gone there specifically for the purpose. I don't much like doing it when you're there for the night as a matter of routine. I like very long, drawn out, extended foreplay because I prefer long, drawn out sexual encounters altogether. Anything that comes up is okay, and I tend to initiate oral foreplay. The paradox of extended foreplay is that men are liable to come too quickly. It's only when you're thoroughly familiar with a person that you can pace yourselves to each other.

I'd prefer the man to be in love with me, as I'd choose to be so with him. If this is not the case, then your expectation of the encounter is quite different, the objective being to get as much pleasure out of it without any repercussions. In a one-off situation, what you do has absolutely no bearing on anything else, there's no emotional bind or responsibility. I used to get involved in this kind of encounter quite a lot. Not being interested in a long-term thing, or at least forced by the situation to pretend that I wasn't interested in it, I had a tendency to act the voluptuary. In a sense, you fulfil the other person's expectations and tend to sublimate your own. If the experience didn't work out at the pleasure level, I'd feel very alienated.

"In any one-off situation, there is almost an unspoken demand for the woman to be more active and initiatory."

My impulses are more toward passivity than aggression. But in any one-off situation there is almost an unspoken demand for the woman to be more active and initiatory.

In a long-term relationship, the question of positions vary according to emotional ebb and flow. I, for instance, prefer being on my stomach but find this incompatible with my desire for face-to-face contact. I suppose generally I prefer it where I possess the opportunity for equal movement. I've definitely got a bias against the missionary position or, indeed, any position where my movement is restricted.

Orgasm is very important to me. There was a time when I had difficulty in achieving orgasm, and then I intellectualised that it wasn't very important. The encounter was pleasurable but lacking. The fact that I can now achieve orgasm with ease permits me to acknowledge its importance. The irony of a casual encounter is that its whole purpose is pleasure. If it turns out not to be so, which is usually the case, one tends to feel worthless, although the feeling is suppressed. You regard yourself self-consciously through the eyes of your lover and behave accordingly. If the encounter is successful your persona as an entirely sexual entity achieves such an enormous level of release that, of itself, this persona relaxes into something more diffuse and three-dimensional, your "other spheres". If not, you're locked off in a sexual persona which you can't properly handle and are thus quite dissatisfied.

The man is not responsible for your pleasure. Sometimes I feel totally responsible for my own pleasure and wonder whether this is a "right" attitude. That is to say, there is another part of my consciousness which disapproves of this attitude but I don't know why. I hate the idea of being passive either sexually or emotionally when "passive" means "suppressed", but there is another kind of passivity which is to do with the giving over of yourself; one releases oneself and then just receives whatever arises in the situation. It's a deliberate act, tempered by trust, confidence, familiarity and love. It happens rarely.

I only come if I masturbate while the man is making love to me. The thought of mutual masturbation is romantically appealing but I find it doesn't work in practice. In order to be successful, you have to issue instructions which willy-nilly forces you to be aggressive. I find this very intrusive. Frequently it has happened that I've started to masturbate in a sexual encounter and the man has removed my hand, replacing it with his own. It's almost as though doing it for oneself is taken as a gesture of incompetence on the part of the man. He's offended at a subliminal level. Without wishing to appear defensive about such things, there's no place in a sexual encounter for that kind of response. It's destructive in its impulse and inhibits pleasure.

For me, there's a huge difference between "coming" and "orgasm". The latter is certainly possible in a casual kind of encounter, but that's unusual because I believe it's not a purely physical response.

Previously, when I behaved promiscuously, I did so mostly because, firstly, it was fashionable to live in the fast lane, to expose yourself to many experiences and, secondly, because it was in a way a peer group requirement that you appeared to enjoy it. If you ever considered the quality of that experience and found it lacking, you kept it to yourself. Accordingly, I put aside my inner drive toward a

(continued on page 151)

L O V E R S

Illustration by Pat Nagel

"Who said you can't teach a pussy new tricks?"

LET'S WORK OUR WAY OUT OF UNEMPLOYMENT

a few nations have managed to defy the new wisdom that we must accept unemployment to beat inflation — can australia join them?

article by Barry Hughes

WHEN THREE years ago Don Dunstan, the then South Australian Premier, retreated behind the walls of his Norwood home for Christmas he took with him two weighty problems. One was what to do with his strong-minded Police Commissioner, Harold Salisbury, who had not yet been told that, nowadays, the elected ones have more responsibility for running the country than does the Crown. His subsequent dismissal made headlines, and generated a long-running furore in staid old Adelaide.

Dunstan's other problem was about even longer-term matters. Despite a reasonable swing back to the ALP in his home State, the Premier was disturbed to find the Fraser Government, which had presided over sharply increased unemployment in the name of fighting inflation, being returned nationally with its record majority maintained virtually intact. Australians would not turf out automatically or even wreak minor vengeance on those governments that allowed unemployment to rise.

But it was not mere electoral apathy about jobless problems that concerned Dunstan. Every day, the industrial empire established under his long-serving predecessor, Sir Thomas Playford, crumbled under the onslaught of foreign competition and diminished local sales. Things were getting black; they were to get a lot blacker, and Dunstan could see the warning signs.

Besides, there were continuing worries about what silicon chips, word processors and industrial robots might in the future do to employment in the manufacturing heartland that is Adelaide. British white-collar union leader Clive Jenkins had made a deep impression on Dunstan, warning luridly in his best Welsh preacher voice of all sorts of dire consequences from technological change.

Full employment, which Dunstan had taken for granted throughout his long political life and which had underpinned his sweeping series of social reforms, was suddenly in question, not merely temporarily but forever. Here was a problem beside which the sacking of the police commissioner paled into comic relief.

For a long time Dunstan brooded, until finally, on Boxing Day, 1977, his close aides were summoned to the Norwood fortress. He had a plan, some of it perfectly conventional. For the umpteenth time the State machine would have to be cranked up in a search for new industries. (Nobody these days recruits firms; even the most piffling little concern is quickly transformed by political wordsmiths into a mighty industry.) But this would not be enough. Conventional wage employment could no longer occupy all the workforce.

Dunstan informed his startled aides that, henceforth, his Government's policy would be to encourage all those who so wished to drop out of paid employment into self-sustaining rural communes. The Premier had a political motive. It would do no harm to be seen to be taking aspirations for an alternative society seriously. But there was an economic angle too. Every person who moved off into the alternative society would relieve the pressure to find jobs for the conventional workforce.

If Dunstan's aides were startled, public service pupils dilated as the Premier instructed its departments of economic development and agriculture to search out new crops and artifacts that would be viable enough to sustain labor-intensive communes. Others were to find suitable land. All through 1978, squads of pin-striped bureaucrats, conventional to the core in their nine-to-five existence, pored over the mysteries of cultivating jojoba, boronia and the like, and attempted to figure out how the Government could best aid a new society in which none of them would ever dream of living.

All sorts of weird and wonderful people began to beat a path to the Premier's office, not a few of them introduced by Dr Jim Cairns, a frequent visitor in those days and a member of a Dunstan committee.

The experiment was to be short-lived. Physically and emotionally drained by the long vigil at the bedside of his dying wife, Dunstan's drawn-out battle with high blood

pressure ended in a dramatic collapse in Parliament in February 1979. His successor, the beer-drinking former Army captain, father of eight and strong Catholic, Des Corcoran, was the complete antithesis of the drop-out brigade. One of his first acts as Premier was to order the scrapping of all the committees investigating the vision of an alternative economy.

But the problems Dunstan saw building could not be disposed of so easily. Unemployment continued to climb with scarcely any respite until, by September 1980, before the present crop of school-leavers came on to the market, the national tally reached 405,000, or 6 percent.

All this is a far cry from the immediate post-war days when the full employment policy met with immediate success and unemployment rates of half a percent or less were commonplace. Has full employment gone forever? Was Dunstan fruitfully occupied three Christmases ago by brooding over a long-term unemployment problem? Do we really need unconventional solutions like his?

The worst thing that we can do is to refuse to admit that we have a problem. But this is exactly what we do when we pretend that it is all the fault of the unemployed. In the recent election campaign, Deputy Prime Minister Doug Anthony claimed that anybody could get a job if they tried hard enough. Even now, there are some 20,000 vacancies listed on the Commonwealth Employment Service books. Any one of the unemployed, given the right training or advice, could pick up one of these jobs.

Fair enough. But what happens to the other 335,000 when the successful applicants take up those vacancies? Mr Anthony, possibly unwittingly, committed the elementary logical mistake of assuming that, since any one person could get a job, all the unemployed could do likewise. 405,000 into 20,000 doesn't go. But then politicians have never been noted for logical thinking.

That also means that all the Government training programs, State and Federal, to help the unemployed gain skills will do next to nothing to resolve the jobless problem until we find some recipe for creating more jobs. The Community Youth Support System (CYSS), the Educational Program for Unemployed Youth (EPUY) and umpteen training and work experience schemes merely give the recipient an edge over the next person in the dole queue. Without the creation of extra jobs, it is a bit like reshuffling the people to occupy the Titanic's lifeboats.

And, while we are on the subject of alleged dole bludging, we ought to take time out to drop a medium-sized iceberg on the notion that unemployment is a peculiarly youth problem. Their lot is not pleasant, but by far the biggest difficulties are suffered by those 55 and over. More than one in five of the 55-plus generation in the workforce before November 1973, shortly before the recession started to bite, have no counterparts today. That is a drop-out rate of more than 150,000 people, easily exceeding the teenage unemployment rate. It has always been a particularly satisfying sport for oldies to put the boots into young people on account of their inappropriate education and lack of moral and intestinal fibre. Of course, it would be quite another thing to bash the inter-war educational system, to complain about the sheer stupidity of teaching people the three Rs and to moan about the declining moral fibre of the greys.

No less pernicious is the notion that we are unable to do anything about unemployment, which is often depicted as a world-wide affliction. The man primarily responsible for advising Malcolm Fraser on economic policy, the Treasury Secretary, John Stone, claimed recently that "full employment has now become, at any rate for a time, inherently beyond the grasp of any government (of whatever political persuasion) in this and many other countries."

The economics of despair does indeed find good companionship in this and many other countries. The unemployment mountain recently climbed past two million in Britain and respectable forecasts of three million this year are two a penny. In the United States the new President, Ronald Reagan, has been pitchforked into a severe problem. And as the table (below) shows, many Western countries have higher unemployment now than in the booming 1960s.

But the table also picks out something that is less well known; not all countries have been hit. Both Norway and Sweden have about the same low unemployment now as in the 1960s. The Japanese have not really deviated much from the boom either. And one other country, not shown in the table because its official statistics have not yet been rendered internationally comparable, Austria, with less than two percent unemployment, now has less of a jobless problem than 10 years ago. Somebody has evidently found the key to success. Full employment is alive and well, but it has been forced to live in Norway, Sweden, Austria and Japan. It has no official welcome in Australia. Nor has this success necessarily been bought at the cost of greater inflation. Both Austria and Japan have been successful in containing that too, and the others are no worse than Australia the US and certainly Britain.

The difference is that this select group of countries has resisted the temptation to squeeze the life out of the country whenever inflation makes an appearance. Elsewhere, almost as a knee-jerk reaction, the economy is immediately programmed for recession with a combination of measures that are known to create high levels of unemployment. Indeed, the raised unemployment so created is the main weapon against inflation, on the theory that it will break the back of union wage demands and force business to reconsider the size of their price increases for fear of losing trade in a depressed market. Of course, the politicians never admit to this, being long skilled in avoiding difficult problems by spouting off complex economic jargon guaranteed to divert public attention to something more pleasant. It was ever so.

When a major surge of food and then oil price inflation hit the Western economies in 1973 and 1974, one after

How the World has Fared

	Unemployment Rates		Inflation	
	Average 1964-73	1980 March	12 months to August 1980	1979
US	4.4	6.0	12.0	11.3
Japan	1.2	1.0	8.7	3.6
Germany	0.7	2.8	5.5	4.1
France	2.2	6.0	13.6	10.7
UK	3.1	6.0	16.3	13.4
Italy	5.5	7.8	22.00	14.8
Canada	4.9	7.4	10.7	9.2
Australia	**1.8**	**6.0**	**10.7**	**9.1**
Norway	1.8	1.6	11.4	4.7
Sweden	2.0	1.8	12.3	7.4
Austria	na	na	7.3	3.7

Source: OECD. Unemployment rates standardised to remove effects of differing national definitions.

"Great Scott, Holmes, you *are* a master of disguise."

the other most of the world's political leaders pushed the unemployment button. Gough Whitlam wanted to do it in mid-1974 but he fell out with the rest of his cabinet. Unemployment soared in any case and, by the time Bill Hayden was made Treasurer, official policy was designed to lock it in place so as to fight inflation.

For all his abuse of the Labor Government, Malcolm Fraser has merely carried on in very much the same fashion. Whenever he takes steps to reduce the deficit, which incidentally has borne no relationship to the size of inflation these past six years, he is basically saying that he wants to maintain unemployment. He is arguing for putting less public spending into the system and also restricting private spending by pulling out more in taxes. Thus we get high inflation and high unemployment, the latter being used to knock off the former. But this is a painfully slow process, and in the meantime we experience the worst of both worlds.

That is the case even if we do it properly. But over the past two years Malcolm Fraser has specialised in a particularly inept form of fighting inflation through unemployment. To prevent a spending recovery that might threaten to create jobs, our pockets have been lightened by extra beer, cigarette and petrol taxes and we have been forced to pay more for medical insurance as a result of the Government reducing its subsidy to the funds. All this has done more to push up inflation than can be knocked off in the short term by the intended effects of unemployment. The net result is that we are now more deeply in behind the eight-ball than we were two years ago. Suppose eventually that Fraser gets his act together, and through sheer hard grind, inflation comes down to acceptably low levels. What then? The shock is that we still cannot allow full employment to return. That at least is the gospel according to Milton Friedman, the well-known Chicago economist who has been mainly responsible for devising the Government's current approach to inflation.

The problem is that, throughout history whenever we work our way to full employment, sooner or later inflation takes off. Our choices are simple. We can put up with inflation, which evidently Australians and many others are not prepared to do. Or we can dispense with full employment permanently, which is what Friedman wants us to do. Alternatively, we can experience full employment temporarily until the inevitable bust comes, and then we will have to pay for it with a therapeutic burst of unemployment like the present recession, which is what the Polish economist Michal Kalecki thought we would do in a famous prediction made nearly 40 years ago. Or we can try to devise some other system of suppressing inflation at or near full employment, which is what is commonly called an "incomes policy".

It is possible that, to save his electoral skin, the Prime Minister might make a dash along the Kalecki trail, pumping up the economy with growth, all the time keeping his fingers crossed that inflation will not do something nasty, at least until he has quit the Lodge for the last time.

But, history shows that once any country achieves something like full employment, inflation takes off sooner or later. Which prompts the obvious question of whether we can do anything to stop that happening, short of bringing on another burst of heavy unemployment.

Why, for example, cannot we come to our senses, and stop having wages chase prices and prices being pushed up by wages in a seemingly never-ending spiral? If we could come to some agreement on this, inflation could be licked, growth could safely resume and full employment be allowed to return. Everybody would win. So why not do it?

Many countries have tried and many have failed. Among the latter is our own brief flurry with a national wage and price freeze in April and May 1977. That was a total fiasco, concerned mainly with politicians scoring points off each other. It was a publicity stunt sold to the country as serious economic policy. But, not surprisingly in these circumstances, no hint of a national consensus emerged from the resulting turmoil.

But, with the alternative options outlined above being so dismal, we can be sure that further attempts will be made sometime in the future. For these, we have little to learn from Anglo-Saxon countries, save what to avoid. Virtually all of the British, American and Canadian attempts at incomes policy, as these things are labelled, have been shown to be nearly complete failures.

Nevertheless, there have been some outstanding successes elsewhere, particularly in Europe. For many years during the late 1940s and 1950s the Dutch operated a particularly successful round-table between employers, unions and the Government, until it eventually broke down in the early 1960s. Then the Swedes took over the running, operating a joint employer-union policy covering both prices and wages. This lasted from the mid-1950s until the late 1960s. Throughout, the Government took no part, though no doubt it would have intervened had it been seriously upset with the results.

More recently, the running has been taken over by the Austrians, the outstanding success story of the 1970s with both low unemployment and inflation. The unions, employers and the Government get together around the table in an exhaustive and continuing series of meetings designed to get consensus. On the table is a wide range of issues, ranging from traditional matters like wages, profits and job security to others like industrial democracy. The meetings must be gruelling, but for the time being at least they seem to be coming up with the right answers. Why cannot the same thing happen in Australia? Why must the lucky country be forever condemned to confrontation, strikes and standover tactics that in the long run seem to do nobody the slightest amount of good?

One false reason is the claim that Australia is just too big and scattered to get everybody around the table. Distance might have been a valid excuse decades ago before the jets, but it is scarcely relevant now. Union and employer leaders meet frequently, zipping about here and there. In reality, Australia is a very compact country, huddled into about a dozen cities separated only by a network of airport lounges.

The real reason has to do with the structure of our unions and employer organisations. Everybody wants to do their own thing, so that the central bodies such as the ACTU and the Confederation of Australian Industry are, by European standards, pitifully weak organisations. Their affiliates tell them what to do rather than the other way around.

The ACTU is perennially short of money. Every attempt at an increase in the capitation fees from individual unions is either knocked back by the regular conference of ACTU affiliates or the central body is fobbed off with a grudging compromise. The result is that the ACTU is desperately short of staff — it has just two people, for example, permanently engaged on economic work. No sooner do they finish one wage indexation case than they have to think about the next. There is little time for anything else.

The employers are not short of money, but their central organisations are also very poorly staffed. The employers' main contribution to industrial relations has been the regular importation of expensive legal ventriloquists into the arbitration areas. What other country, for example, would see any sense in having its Speaker of the House of Representatives, Sir Billy Snedden, dashing off from Parliament to represent employers in wage cases? Why cannot the employers stand up for themselves?

Thanks to the unions having to start all over again after the war, Germany and Austria have only 16 unions apiece. And in Sweden the central body, the LO, is given wide powers by its affiliates. Not so in Australia. Can you imagine the leaders of nearly 300 unions, not to mention the assorted State bigwigs, meeting around a table with the representatives from heaven knows how many firms in Australia to arrive at a national consensus? We would have to book the entire Sydney Showground. It would be a circus, with everybody trying to show off.

The second rejoinder from union sympathisers is that there is no point in making changes to the traditional style of industrial relations on account of inflation, for we are doomed to major unemployment anyway because of technological change. As we saw, Don Dunstan was also particularly concerned about this, but the case is far from proven.

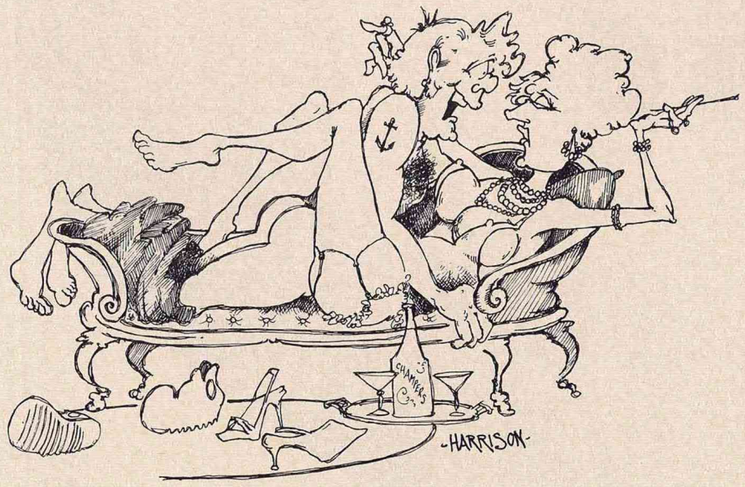
The Japanese, for example, have been able to maintain something like full employment despite a massive introduction of robot technologies to their factories. And a few years back, before former US President Carter switched away from his belief that unemployment was more important than inflation, that country, surely another world leader in electronics technology, brought its jobless rate down swiftly. Elsewhere, including Australia, all the evidence points to a slowdown, not an acceleration, in the recent pace of job-displacing productivity growth. Were it not for this slowdown, Australia's unemployment would be much worse. We would now have something like 15 percent unemployment had productivity kept growing during the recession at the same pace as it did in the late 1960s and early 1970s.

In any case, a recession is positively the worst time to face technological change. We need to remind ourselves of the simple little dictum the famous British employment researcher, Lord Beveridge, quoted way back in 1909. The reason why anybody is unemployed is not because they have lost a job; it is because they cannot get another. If we maintain the present recession, it will not be any surprise if the victims of technological change show up in the dole queues rather than in another job.

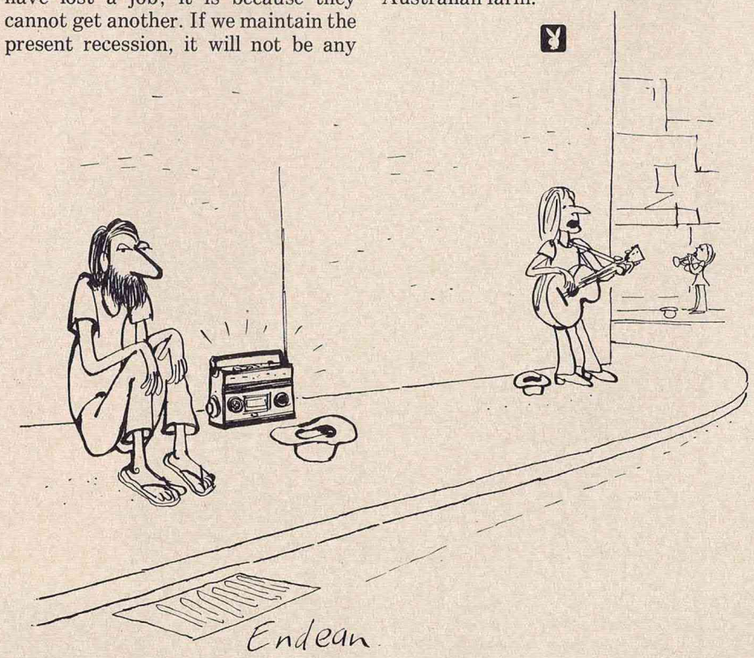
So we come back to the question posed at the outset: will we have unemployment forever? The answer depends upon the reform of our industrial relations system. Instead of everybody charging off in different directions, we need to get our people around the table Austrian-style. And to do that it seems essential either to have a hectic program of union amalgamations or, more likely, greater power and staffing for the ACTU and the CAI.

Some people say that major reform is beyond our industrial relations "experts". The Treasury line, for example, when stripped of its incomprehensible economic jargon, is basically an argument that industrial relations practitioners are just a rabble, capable of being kept in line only by the discipline of unemployment. If they are right, the best we can hope for in the future is some intermittent periods of near full employment while inflation stays temporarily quiet.

Also, if they are right, Dr Jim Cairns and Don Dunstan had better speed up their plans for an alternative society, though it would be hard to imagine them getting any help from Treasury. Quite apart from the fact that Cairns, as Treasurer six years ago, fell out heavily with its leading light, John Stone, the mind positively boggles at the prospect of the heavy beer drinking, pin-striped bureaucrat winding up in a commune, even if he did first see the light of day on a West Australian farm.



"You're not going to believe this, but my PLAYBOY horoscope said I'd be coming into money this month."



Australian Playboy February 1981

Playmate Review 1981

what a way it was to ring in the '80s! and what a way to celebrate australian playboy's second year — each month featuring one of the most beautiful girls found anywhere in the world as our playmate. now it's birthday time again, and as a present to you, our readers, we're offering a second look at five of our second year's most gorgeous playmates

Debbie Cole

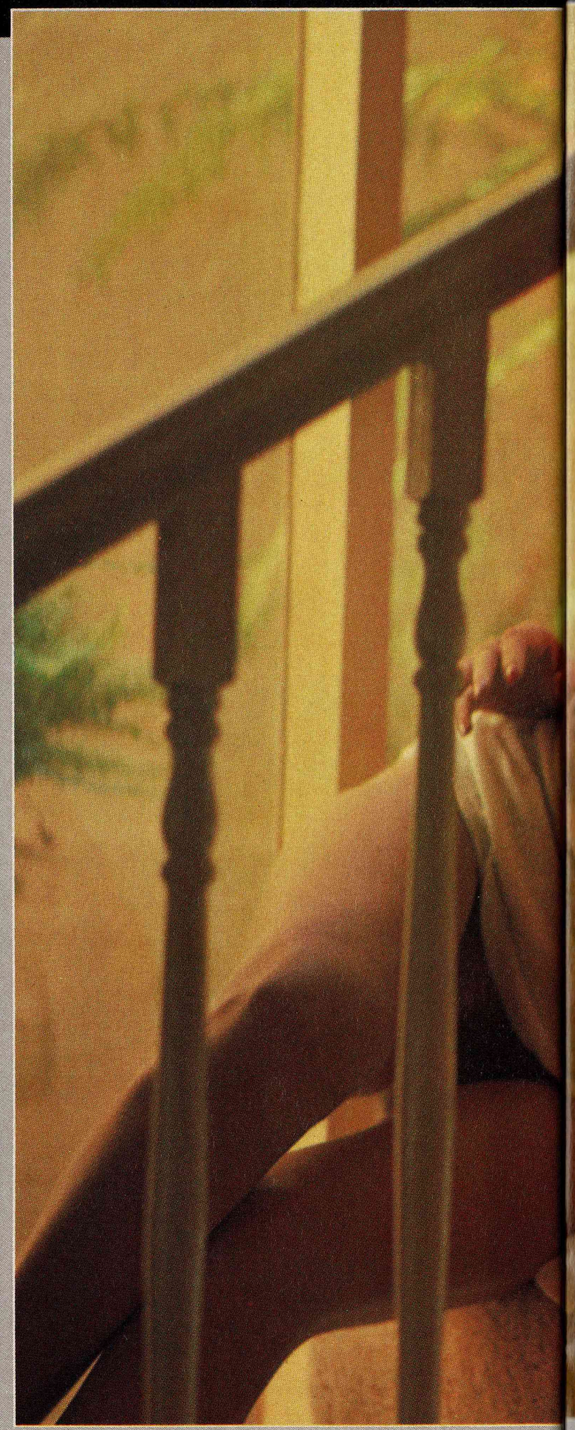
"I feel most at ease when I'm on a horse out in the countryside."

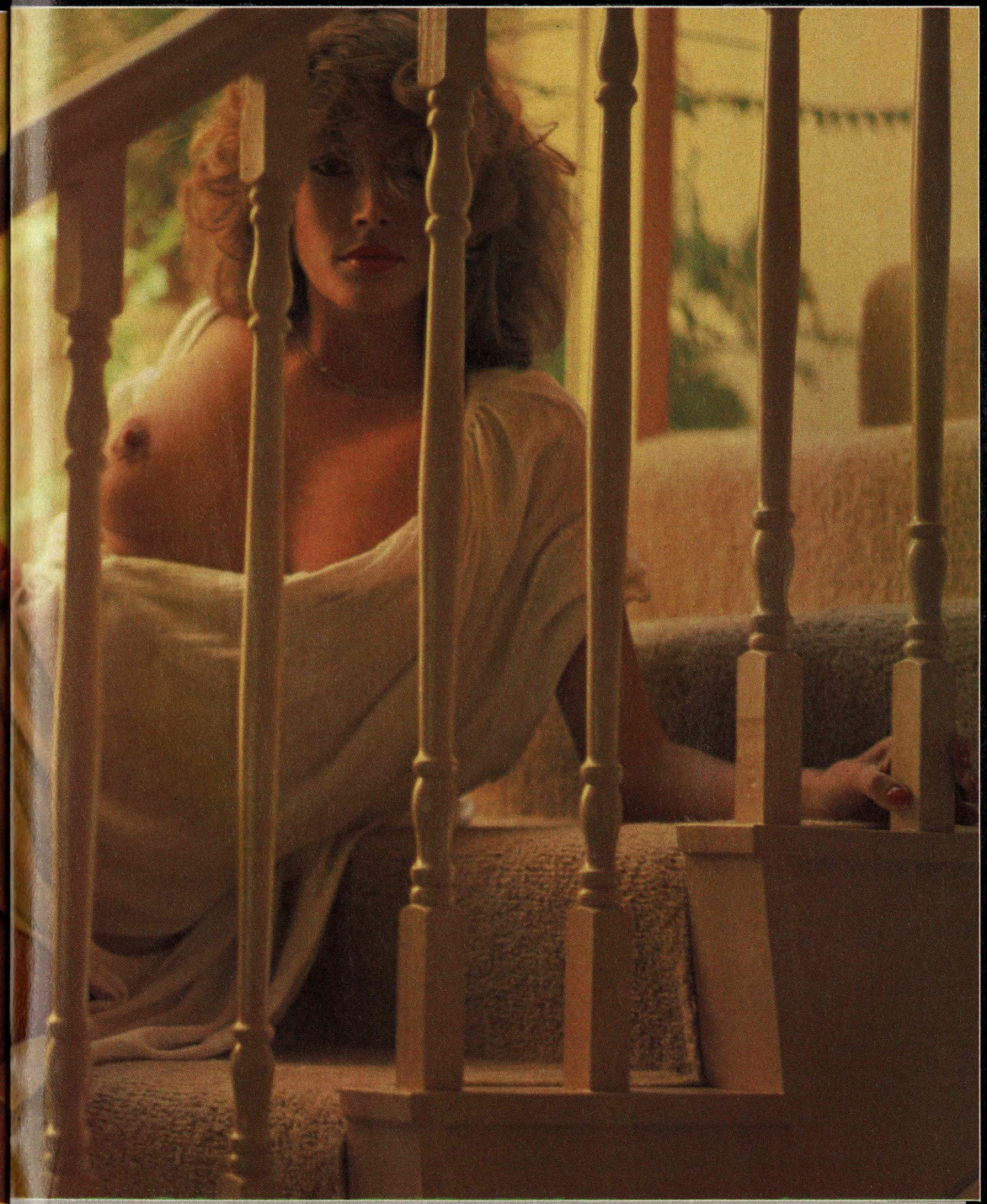
Debbie Cole, the unbridled beauty of our May issue, can be spotted on these warm summer mornings exercising horses for her friends on the paths in Sydney's Centennial Park. A real outdoor girl in every sense of the word, Debbie thinks nothing is as thrilling as galloping along on her grey stallion out in the flowers and grass of a dewy Sydney dawn. After Debbie rubs down her horse, she rubs down her own body — with suntan lotion. Then she heads for an Eastern Suburbs beach and indulges in her second passion — obtaining an all-over tan.

Jane Priest

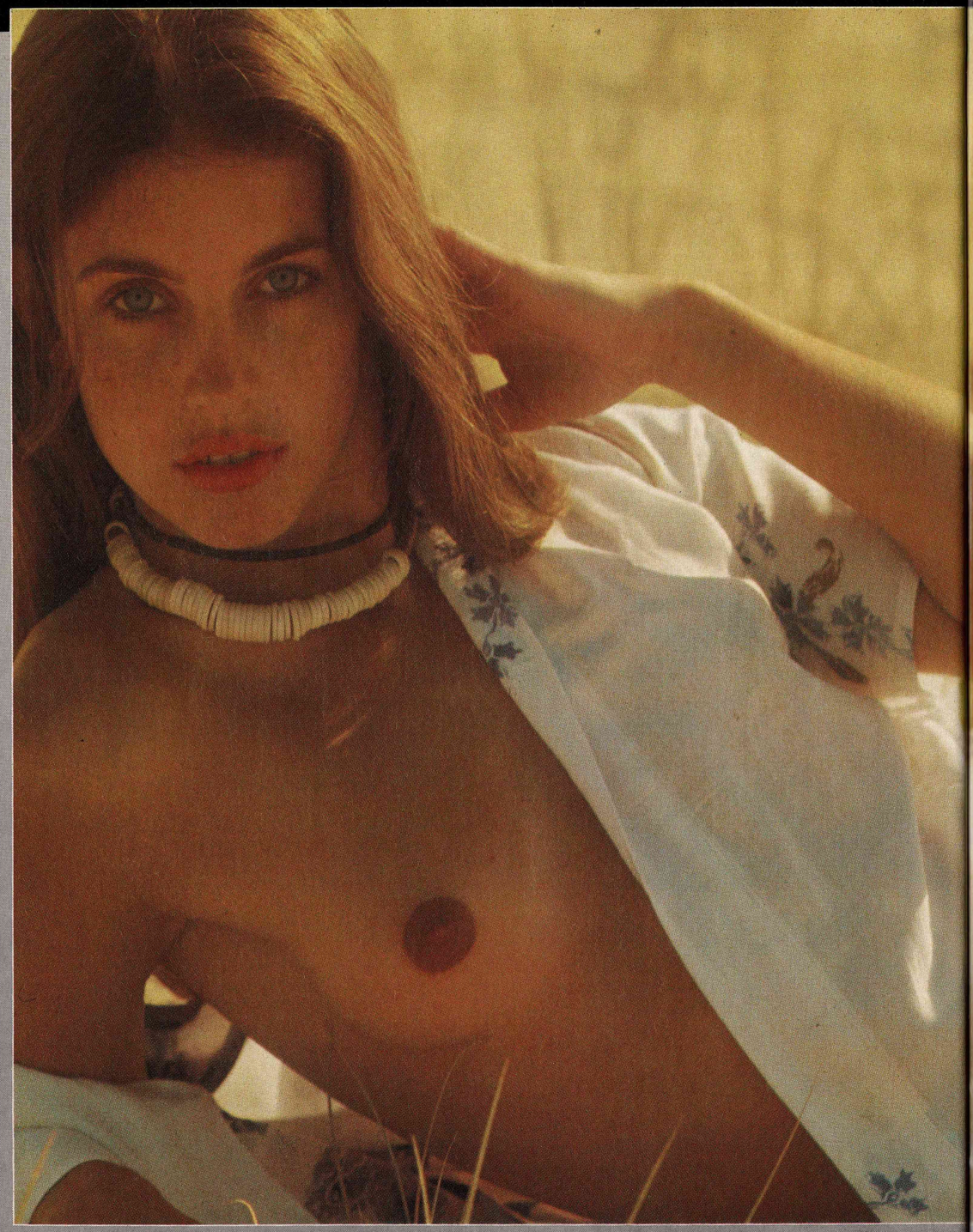
"I'm a workaholic, but my dream career is to have lots of babies."

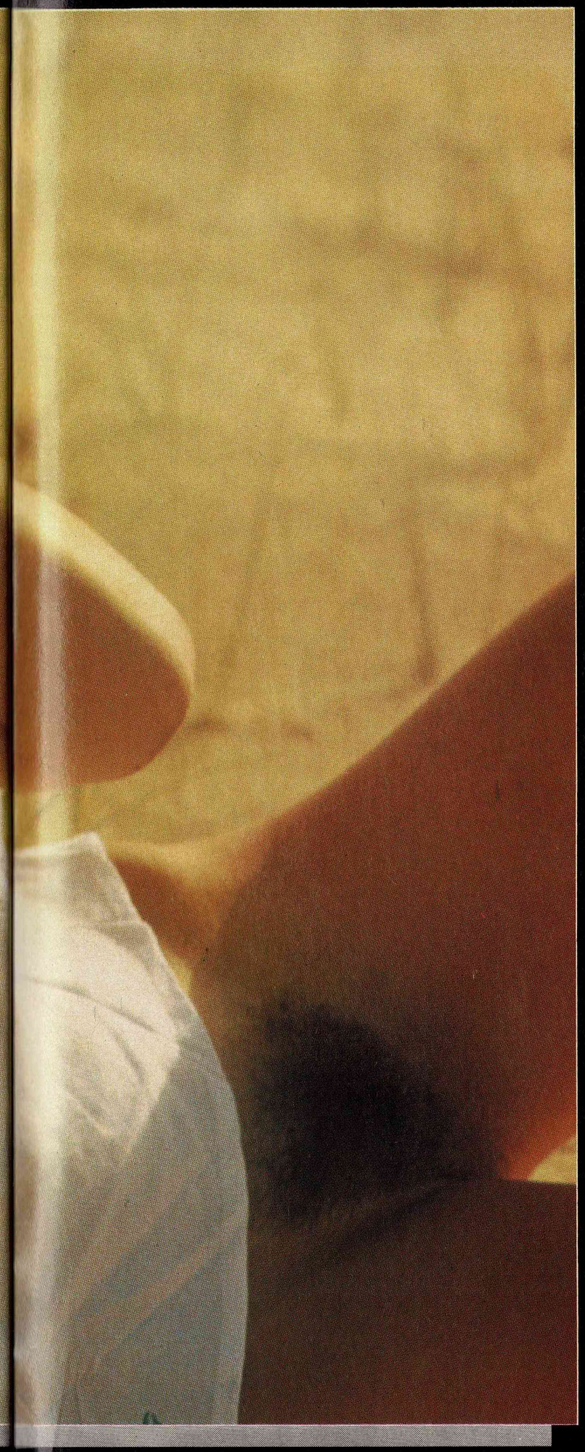
These photos of Miss March, Jane Priest, mark her fourth appearance in the pages of Australian PLAYBOY. And is it any wonder? Jane is the lady who has re-defined the expression "legs that don't quit". And you've probably seen THAT face peeping out from under her leonine mane of hair in various TV ads for wine, shampoo and sunglasses. Ever since Jane first appeared in the magazine in July, 1979, she's got lots of exposure — why not? Jane Priest is one of Australia's natural wonders.

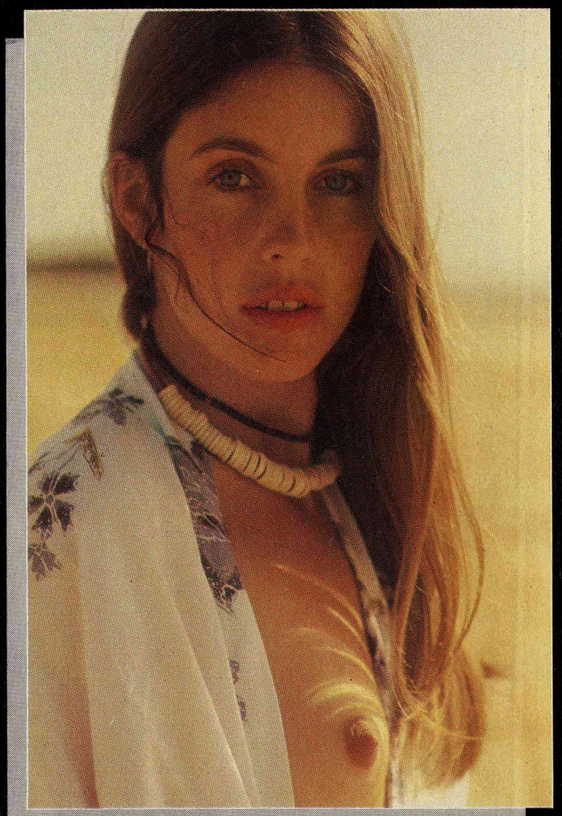




Lesley Clark



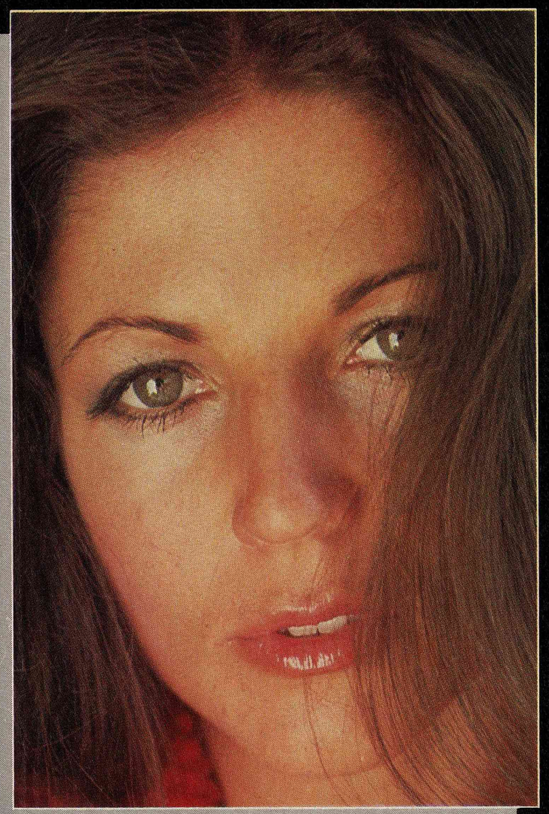


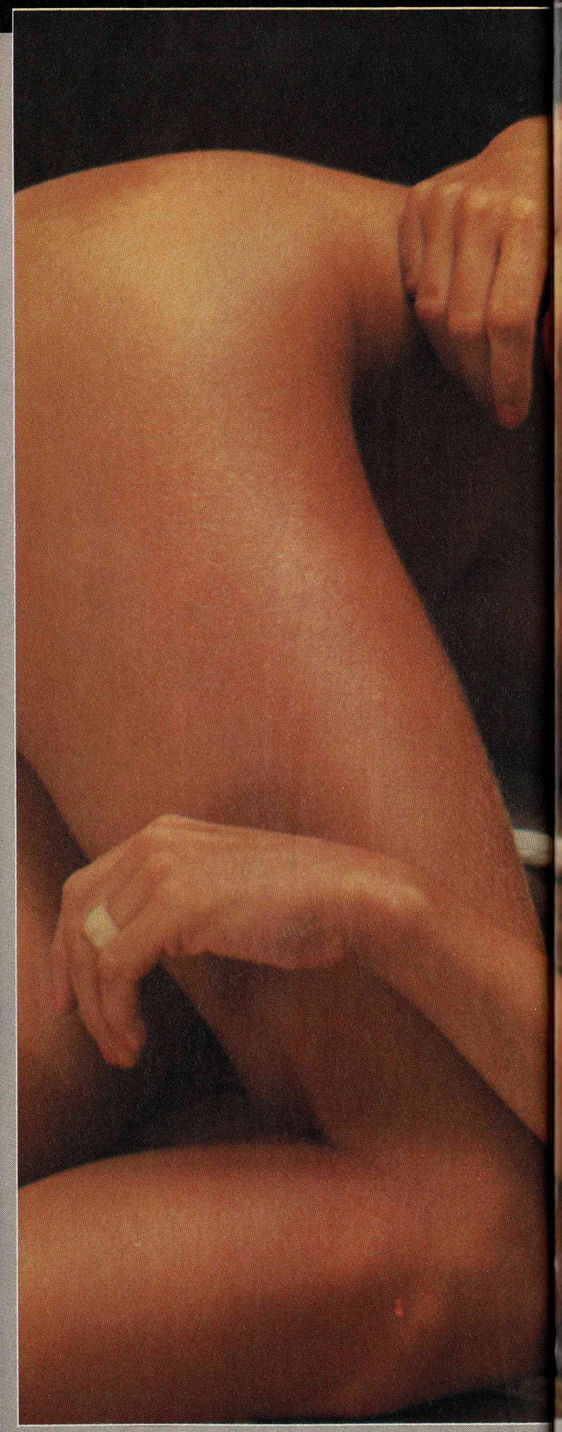


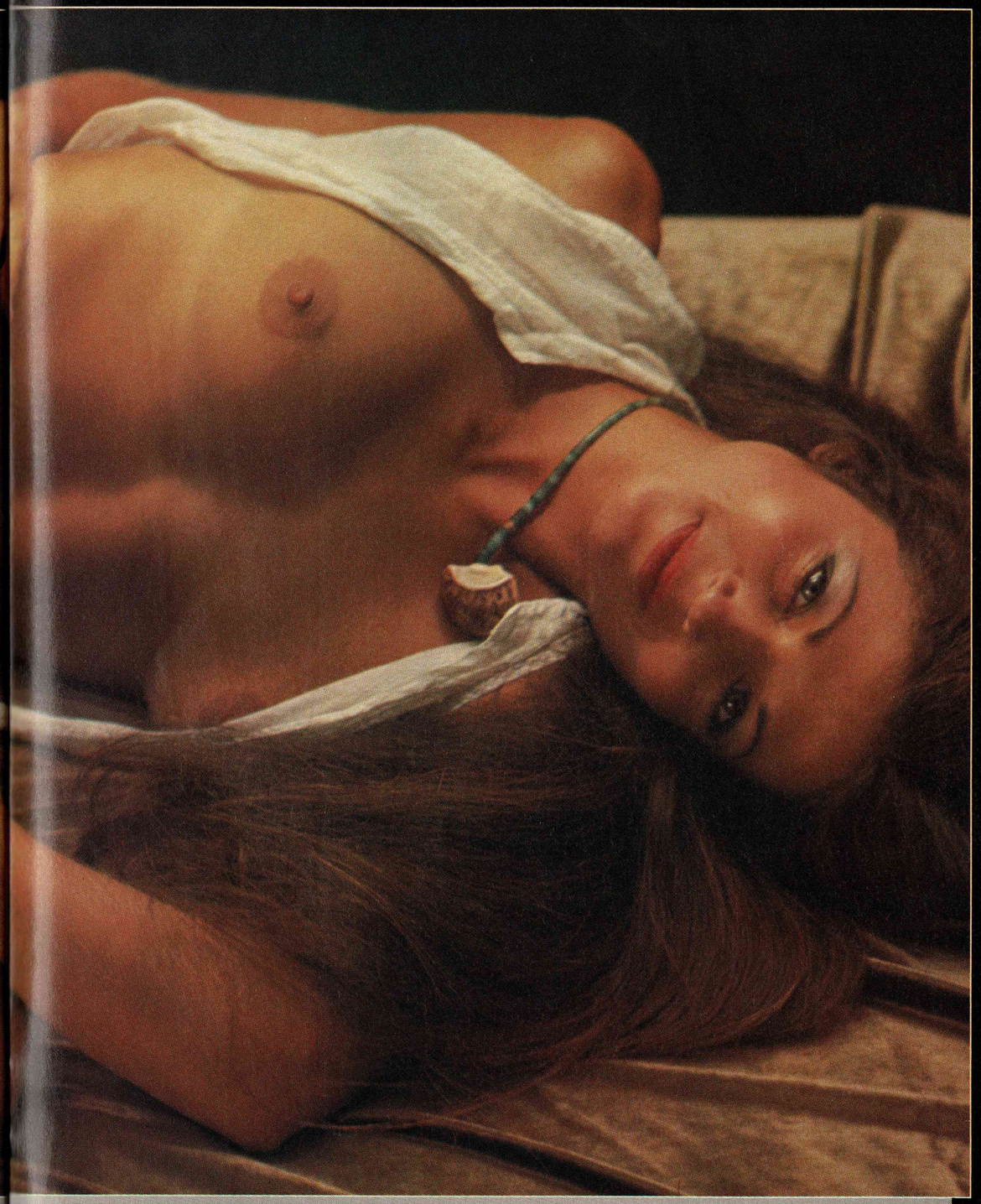
Miss February, Lesley Clark, is one of those lucky girls who possess a natural sort of beauty that appeals to every man who sees her. A few weeks after she appeared in the magazine, public demand for *more* of Lesley was so great that Mike Willesee sent a special crew to film her in her native habitat in Queensland for his national television show. And when the cameras caught Lesley throwing off her blouse and diving into the ocean, the cheers of approval could be heard from one side of the country to the other.

"My main concern is to behave naturally all the time — even when I'm making love."

Zy Laurent



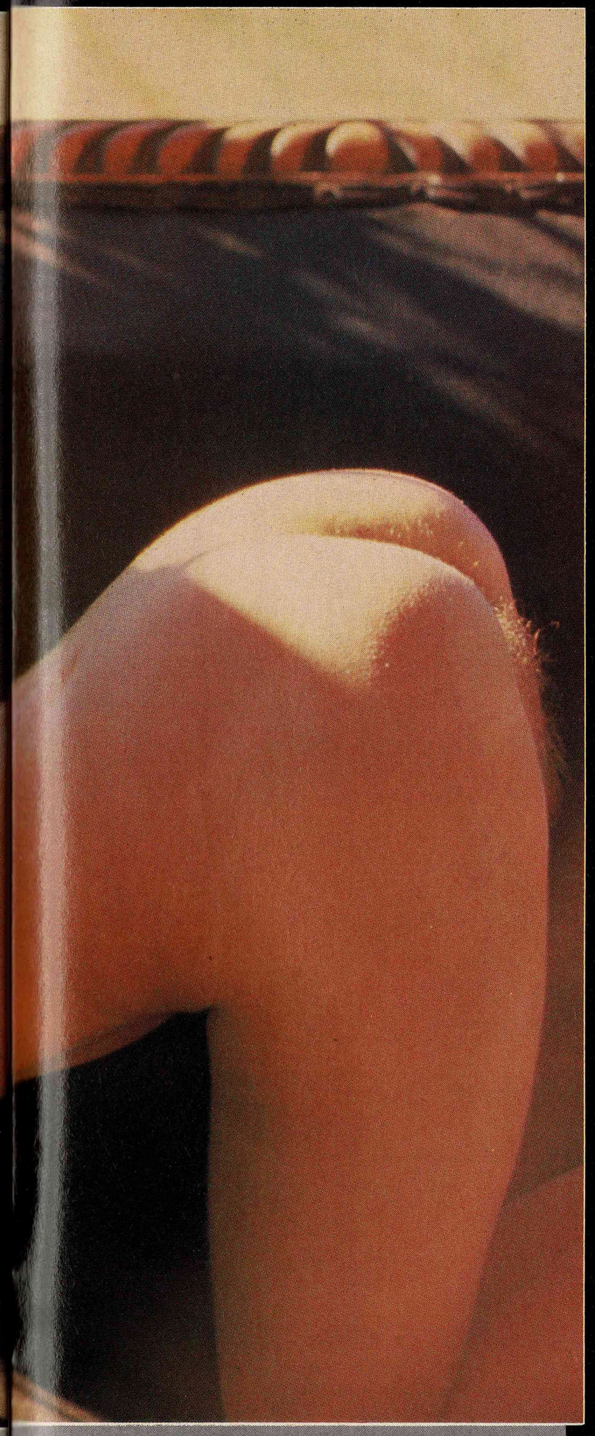


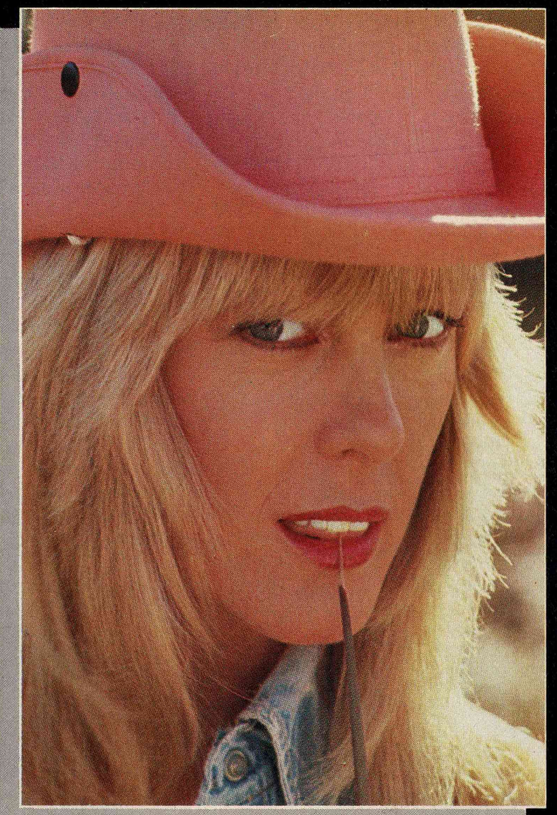


"I am most happy when I'm with a man who can teach me new things."

After she appeared as Miss June, we had several letters asking us how Zy Laurent got her unusual first name. Well, she was christened Susan, shortened that to Suzy, and shortened *that* to Zy when, as a child growing up in Perth, her two best friends were also named Suzy and things got a little confusing from time to time. As she told us she would last June, Zy has embarked on her travels, and is presently in Hawaii, on Hanalei, island of Puff the Magic Dragon, where she spends her days soaking up the sun and her nights contemplating the tranquility of the darkened island. Her next stop is to be Mexico, and then it's back home again.

Karen West





As is apparent from both the pictures here and those in our November issue, Karen West is a girl of many talents, not the least of which is a highly refined spirit of competitiveness. Which is why driving or riding in a racing car turns her on so much. Her love of automobiles proved especially fortunate for Karen and for PLAYBOY last November when she was invited to represent the magazine at the Australian Grand Prix to present a special Playboy award. A successful model, Karen has made several TV commercials in the past year, as well as appearing on a Paul Hogan special.

"Some men think I'm audacious but I'm only teasing most of the time."

THE PRIVATE VICE

the perfect evening turns into a male nightmare as, with a fine flourish, our hero traps himself in his own trouser zipper

humor by Bryce Fraser

PUT on the electric jug and left her thumbing through the records while I went to the bathroom. We had been out together once before, to a concert, and it had been so successful that we had followed it up with this evening. Just dinner, talk. And now to my flat for coffee, a liqueur, the music we had been discussing. In high spirits, I zipped up with a flourish — and immediately felt the sting of a thousand bull ants.

Instinctively, I smartly reversed the action that had preceded the pain, and as I un-zipped the bull ants stung me again.

I looked down so quickly my neck cracked, which it does sometimes.

What appeared to be skin was caught in one side of the zip.

Disbelieving, I hitched up my belt to take the weight of my trousers. With the movement, the ants hit again, fiercely. Gingerly, I cupped myself with one hand and held the zip slide steady with thumb and forefinger of the other. The pain eased.

Slowly, I tried to move the slide downwards, to the instant accompaniment of this extraordinary pain.

"The jug's boiled," she called.

"Fine." I must have jerked my head as I replied. I winced, then enunciated carefully. "I'll be with you shortly."

I doubled over to assess the problem. Sure enough, a shred of skin had been drawn in by the slide and was being gripped by the fierce little metal teeth of the zip. Like half the Western world I had wrestled with jammed pieces of cloth. That's tough enough. Now, what I had to wrestle with was jammed me.

Little blobs began shooting past my eyes, so I straightened, gave my blood time to run downhill again.

I couldn't understand how it had happened. What was that particular piece of skin doing within reach of the zip anyway? I tried to run through my pre-zip pattern. I had never thought about it before, but obviously I had a pattern. None of it made sense. I could only attribute it to sloppy adjustment of dress, a slip-up in co-ordination, and an unsuspected vestige of boyish impetuosity.

"Shall I make coffee?" she called.

Desperately, I shuffled to the wall-cupboard, whipped my toothbrush out of the rack and jammed it between my teeth in the manner prescribed when a bullet has to be dug out with a bowie knife. This was not for dramatic effect. I'd just paid several hundred bucks to a robber baron in Macquarie Street for his services, described as "molar restorations". I had no intention of shattering them again.

I closed my eyes, sank my teeth into the plastic handle and flicked the slide of the zip down sharply.

"Shall I?" she repeated.

"*Do!*" Through the toothbrush it sounded like the last defiant crow of a rooster before it felt the chopper, but I was actually seeing images of bared electric wires and a grotty prison cell in a South American republic.

"Are you all right?"

I still had my teeth sunk into the handle of the toothbrush. "Yesh I'm awright." Like a drunk. I threw the toothbrush in the washbin and as a cover-up sang a few bars, "Doo di doo di doo . . ."

I looked down. I was still stuck. My guts started scrabbling.

"Where is everything?" she called.

Rallying, I gabbled. "The drip-olator's on the shelf by the sink, the filter papers are in the louvre-doored pantry, the coffee's in a pickle jar in the fridge," then bent over to re-assess the situation. The slide seemed smaller than usual and neatly designed. The whole damned thing was small and neat: there was no room for any part of me as well.

I was getting giddy again from bending over. Outside I could hear cupboard doors opening and closing, cups and spoons rattling and water glugging. "Coffee's made!" Brightly.

"Great! That's great!" Thinking of physiologically impossible vulgarisms about getting things in a knot. I'd gone one better than impossible.

"Are you sure you're all right?" she called.

"Sure! Sure!"

"You're not sick?"

"No. I'm fine. Coming."

I retrieved the toothbrush and tried again. Slow and steady.

"I'd understand if you *were* sick." This above my mental shriek. She was at the door. "We did have rather a lot to drink." I spat out the toothbrush. "What?" Ho-ho-ing like a department store Father Christmas. "A trifling couple of bottles between us?"

"That's a bottle of wine each."

A throaty chuckle that was actually a disguised choked sob. "A mere

Illustration by Geoff Kelly

bagatelle. You'll see the dregs of a bottle of Courvoisier on the top shelf of the dresser."

"I've found the glasses." Rather flatly. She moved away. I felt I was fast losing points. She was doubtless flicking through the catalogue of minor, and not so minor, afflictions that can lessen a male's attraction to the female.

There was no way around it: I had to force the zip slide open. I needed pliers, perhaps a screwdriver. I called after her, "Listen . . ."

She came back to the door. "Yes?"

With a casual, off-handed air: "This might seem an odd thing to ask, but could you go to the car and get some tools? They're in a canvas bag under the front seat."

"Can't it wait?" There was a note of exasperation.

"No. I'm afraid it can't."

"Is the loo giving trouble?"

"Er, not exactly."

"If it is, I can help you after we've had coffee." Then, a gallant attempt to be understanding. "I'm pretty good at mechanical things."

"No, it's not the loo . . . Would you mind getting the tools?"

"You really need them now?" Very flatly now.

"Yes, I really do need them now. I'll pass you the car key."

It hurt getting them from my fob pocket as I shuffled to the door. I unlocked the door, opened it a whisker and held out the keys.

She seemed to hesitate, then took them and went away muttering something. A few minutes later I heard her footsteps, and the tool bag was thrust at me through the gap in the door.

"Thanks. You're a honey."

"My pleasure." Just a shade tart. She went back to the kitchen and I heard a door of the dresser open and the sound of the cognac being poured, generously, I thought.

"Hey!" Heartily. "May I have one too?"

"Your servant." a wisp of sarcasm.

A too-formal knock on the door which I had again closed. I opened it a little and her hand holding a brandy balloon came through. I took it gratefully. Her face was at the opening. "What *are* you doing?"

"A small mechanical problem."

"I *can* help. At least I can hold things."

"Not to bother. Drink your coffee."

"It's cold."

Jovially: "We'll make some more in a moment." And I closed the door, I hoped, not too smartly.

I drank the brandy in two gulps, then fought a cough and won. The radiogram came on loudly. She turned it up louder still. I thought of calling out about the neighbors, then dismissed the notion to concentrate on the job. Rummaging through the toolbag I found a pair of long-nosed pliers. Carefully, I squeezed the bottom of the slide, trying to spread the metal. No luck. I got out a larger pair of pliers and tried again. It was the wrong approach. I needed leverage to force the slide open. A small screwdriver at the bottom of the bag seemed just the thing.

It wasn't.

The record ended. There was a long silence, then the sound of a glass being set down heavily. I tried again with the small screwdriver. Nothing doing.

The sound of the phone being dialled. I hoped it wasn't interstate. "What's your address?" she called. Her voice was cool.

I called it back, then said, "Why?"

"I'm ringing for a taxi." Matter-of-factly.

Just then I remembered the screwdriver on my workbench in the garage. It was a long one, the tip of which I had ground down finely for some special job or other. "Don't do that!" I called. "I won't be long."

But she had heard that before. The phone wasn't quite slammed down. She was at the bathroom door. "Goodnight." Like ice.

I desperately needed the long screwdriver. "I understand how you feel but . . ."

She cut across me. "I don't get it. Why won't you come out? Are you afraid of sex or something?"

"*Me?*" Strangely high-pitched.

"I assure you I have no intention of raping you."

I found myself giving another Father Christmas laugh. I must stop doing that, I told myself. "It's difficult to explain . . ."

"Then don't try. I'm going."

"Hell! Listen . . . First, would you be a doll and get me a screwdriver from my workbench?"

"No. I don't think so." A pause. "Are you playing with a train set?"

"In the *bathroom?* Please . . . I really need the screwdriver badly."

"Then get it yourself."

"I can't. Really, I can't."

"Why not?"

"I'm . . . I'm holding something."

A longer pause. "I'll hold it for you while *you* get the screwdriver. I've told you I'm willing to hold things."

"It, er, won't work like that."

"You mean you can't let it go?"

"Sort of."

"What do you mean, sort of? Stop talking in riddles."

I thought of telling her what had happened, but it just sounded so damned silly, and I was sure that once I had the right tools I'd be free in a second. "*Please,*" I said.

"Oh, very well." A clattering in the garage. Soon she thrust the screwdriver through the gap in the bathroom door.

"Thanks. Won't be long now." In my Father Christmas voice again, damn it. I pushed the door shut but could sense her standing there on the other side of the door.

The ground-down screwdriver was just what was needed. Then a car horn sounded and I suspended operations. "That's my taxi," she said.

"Send it away," I urged. She said nothing, but I could sense her still standing there. Desperately, I held the slide with the pliers and pushed and turned the screwdriver at the same time. But nothing gave way. I needed a vice to hold the slide steady — or more practically, I finally conceded, another pair of hands.

The taxi horn sounded again. It was time to give in. I took a deep breath. "Darling . . ." I hadn't called her that before.

But the front door was opening. "Goodnight," she said again.

"*Don't go!*" I yelled. "Oh hell! Would you please come in here?"

The timing of her entrance was unfortunate. I thought that she was outside the house by now, but she was inside the bathroom almost before I had finished speaking. She squealed, her eyes widened and she jumped back. From her point of view I was standing there, indecently exposed, gripping myself with a pair of pliers. All too clearly she thought she had struck a really kinky situation. "*What are you doing?*"

I dropped my hand holding the pliers. "It's ridiculous, but you see I'm stuck."

"Stuck?"

"Yes, somehow the damned zip's caught my, er, skin."

"I see." Her breath expelled. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"I hoped it wouldn't be necessary."

"You poor thing." She was looking at me with what I imagine was a confusion of interest. "Won't it unzip at all?"

"You know what it's like when you catch a piece of cloth?"

"Oh! . . . Of course." There was a knock at the door. "The taxi."

"Shh! Perhaps he'll go away."

The knock was repeated. "Hey! Anyone there ring for a taxi?"

"Sorry," I called. "We don't need you now."

"What do you mean?"

Loudly, authoritatively: "What I said. We don't need you now."

"Don't shout at me, mate. I gave up another fare to come here." He paused. "Did I hear a lady yell out before?"

"No," I foolishly said.

"Oh yes I did." He was inside the front door by now. "Is there a lady in there? You there, lady? I heard you call out. Do you need any help with this geezer?"

"Oh my God," I muttered. "You'd better go out."

She gave me an understanding smile before slipping out into the living room.

"You all right, lady?" said the taxi driver. "You the one that called out?"

"Yes, I did call out," she said. "But nothing is wrong."

"You sure?"

"I'm sure. Thank you."

He must have had a sudden thought. "Is *he* stopping you from going?"

"Of course I'm not stopping her from going," I shouted. Then added, "Just pay him."

I heard her purse open.

"A lousy dollar! Listen lady, I gave up another fare to come here."

"I'm sorry," she said. "But I've only got a 20 otherwise."

"Here," I shouted, ignoring the pain and fumbling for my wallet in my hip pocket. "Here, give him another couple of bucks."

She came into the bathroom while the taxi driver said loudly, "What do you mean *him,* mate? I'm not a *him.* I'm a human just like you are. Don't you go calling me a *him.*"

"Oh, piss off!" I muttered uncharitably, giving her a $2 bill. She kissed me quickly on the cheek; I smiled at her wanly.

"What's that?" He must have had the hearing of a mating bat. "If you want to say something to me, mate, you come out here and say it."

"I can't."

She was back at the front door. "What is he?" he asked her. "A bloody cripple?"

"In a sort of way," she said.

"Oh!" he said. He apparently thought about this, then shouted past her. "I'm sorry. I didn't know you were a cripple." Then aggrieved: "But even if you are a cripple, you want to watch yourself, mate." To her again. "Well, that way he can't do you much harm, can he?" As the front door closed he was saying, "I still think there's something funny going on."

Back in the bathroom she kissed me again, quickly, this time on the lips. Then she stood back and assessed the situation, that is, me. She frowned. "Should we get a doctor?"

"What help would he be?" I said. "If anyone, I need a blacksmith."

And I remembered an incident during my adolescence in which a bloke dallying with his girlfriend in the local park somehow got snared in her contraceptive device. His shouts, as the story went, attracted a chance passerby in the night who was no help at all but summoned the ambulance. The ambulance bearers sort of poked around then accepted that the task was beyond them. They lifted the pair on to a stretcher and carted them off *a deux* to the hospital operating theatre where medical science somehow prevailed.

I remember, as a juvenile, rolling around with near-convulsions when I was told the story. I wasn't rolling around now. I could see the faces of the late-night staff in Outpatients.

Speaking deliberately, as though addressing members of the board, I explained what had to be done. She was to grip one side of the slide with the pliers while I forced the tip of the screwdriver into the gap on the side in which I was snared. I would then turn the screwdriver with both hands.

She knelt on the bathmat beside me, got a grip with the pliers then braced them against my leg. I winced. "Easy! If things move even a fraction it hurts like hell."

"Sorry, darling." *She* hadn't called me darling before. Unquestionably, we were getting to know each other.

"Right!" She gripped with the pliers; I tried to turn the screwdriver. Nothing happened.

"Let's try again," she said, smiling up at me.

"The damn thing's built like a Chubb safe," I said. Then suddenly I thought: What if I can't get the damn thing apart?

Now don't panic! I told myself.

"You're being extraordinarily calm," she said, again looking up at me. I'd heard the voice before. At movies. It was an "If-ever-we-get-out-of-this-situation-together . . ." sort of voice.

I pursed my lips at her. "Okay, once more." She gripped; I pushed and turned.

Then the pliers slipped.

"*My God*" I screeched.

"Oh, I'm sorry! I'm so sorry, darling! Oh, I am sorry!"

"You . . . couldn't . . . help it!" Gasping, clutching myself. "*Jeeesus!*"

"It's the shiny metal. I can't get a really good tight grip with these pliers . . . You haven't hurt yourself, have you? I mean, you haven't torn the skin. They won't . . ."

"What do you mean?" I asked, still clutching myself. "What won't what?"

"I mean, can they, well . . . just drop out?"

"They . . . ?" Worried. "You mean have I *castrated* myself?" I dropped the screwdriver and doubled over for another examination.

I was intact.

"Geeee!" With relief. Then she giggled, her head down. I thought at first it was nervous reaction. But she kept giggling. Then she looked up. "I'm sorry." Her eyes were wonderful when she laughed. "I am sorry, but it *is* rather ridiculous."

We had already proved similar senses of humor, but the best I could manage was a wry smile. I sent her out to the workbench again for a pair of vice-grip pliers I should have thought of earlier. They're a superb tool.

The vice-grips clamped the zip admirably, but she didn't have the strength to hold them steady as I exerted leverage on the screwdriver. The metal was unbelievably tough.

"It would be better if you had a wooden leg," she said. "You wobble as I try to brace against you."

"I feel that would be going too far, but I agree we need a solid surface." I shuffled to the edge of the bath. It was too low. I looked at the wash bench, called by the Trade, I believe, a "vanity". It was too high, but at least it showed promise.

She got me a stool from the kitchen and I stood on it as if about to make an obscene speech in the Sydney Domain. The stool was too high.

"How about a telephone directory?" she said.

"It could be just the thing." Standing on the telephone directory I clamped the vice-grips on the zip slide and placed them carefully on the bench, hard against the rim of the wash basin.

She got a firm hold of the vice-grips and, gradually, she leaned her weight upon them.

With the zip thus braced, I inserted the tip of the screwdriver, gripped the handle and turned it with all my strength.

Voila! The edge of the zip slide snapped off. I was free!

She wrapped her arms around me and hugged me as I stood there on the telephone directories, the vice-grips dangling like a sporran from my shattered zip.

"Thank God," she said. Then asked gently, "Is it hurting?"

"No," I lied.

"Would you like that cup of coffee now?"

I shook my head. "I'll just have another brandy, then I think I need a little lie down."

"So do I," she said, taking my hand and leading me away from the bathroom.

RAY DAVIES

the decadent innocent of rock music

a prisoner of his own success, he breaks new ground even while others rake over the leavings of his past

profile by Karen Hughes

THE ANNOUNCEMENT floats out across the terminal — flight 815 from Los Angeles has landed. In the press room Barry Peacher, the national promotions manager for Festival Records, is going quietly crazy. There have been false alarms, deferments, hair-tearing phone calls and false leads surrounding the arrival of his latest artist. Barry has been in the business 22 years and has "seen them all" — rock music's overnight princes and frogs. Today he has postponed a scuba diving expedition; I have cancelled a Chinese banquet.

"He's going to be a prima donna, I can feel it," Barry shouts. "If he is, I'll cut his legs off."

Reporters and television cameras are thronging the transit lounge on the scent of something big. It is a cloudy day and everyone is obsessed with Russia, Afghanistan, Iran and World War Three. Earnest cold war phraseology punctuates the air. The Federal Police are edgy.

Then the man for whom I am waiting, Ray Davies, the charismatic lead singer, writer, guitarist, producer and the guiding light behind The Kinks, one of rock'n'roll's most innovative, controversial and enduring groups, strolls through. Many of the 270 songs he has written — among them Waterloo Sunset, Sunny Afternoon, Well Respected Man, Lola, Celluloid Heroes — are as ingrained in people's consciousness as the muzak piped throughout the terminal. Yet Davies, the perfect chameleon, always the consummate performer, slips into the transit lounge so inconspicuously that my eyes are still glued to the flapping Customs door, waiting for some neon-lit caricature to streak past me, out of my grasp like mercury.

The next thing I know, Ray Davies kisses me on the cheek, remembering me from a past interview in leaner times. With him, trailing slightly behind, are tour manager Ken Jones, who goes wherever Davies goes, and Tony Gibbons, "The Gentle Giant", a genial, gargantuan ex armed guard turned rock star bodyguard.

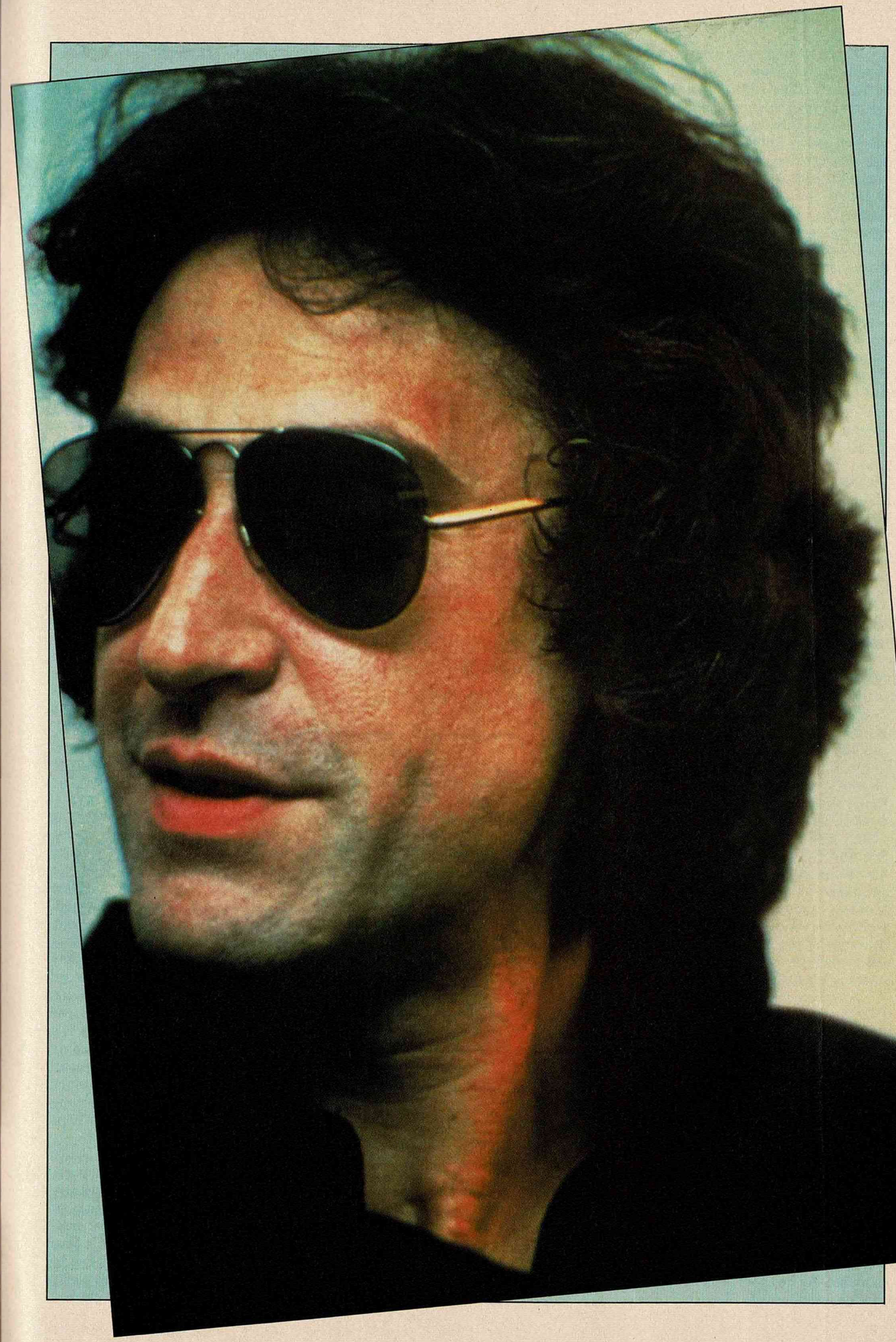
During the next three days my assignment is to trail Ray Davies in literary pursuit of the pieces that comprise his private jigsaw puzzle.

Right now Barry Peacher is grinning from cheek to cheek in an obvious, if temporary, statement of relief. How could he have imagined for a second that this polite, talkative, cordial man could possibly be a prima donna? This academic looking rock star with white framed prescription glasses, spiky hair subtly hennaed, pale translucent skin and darting Gemini eyes that miss nothing. Who, when most of his contemporaries are either recluses, dead, or crossed the border into politics, is still making music that is raunchy, relevant and popular out of the irrepressible compulsion to express his creativity rather than in pursuit of the almighty dollar. Who has come to Australia for the purpose of publicising The Kinks' work but stipulated no press at the airport. Who is presently changing flights to visit his sister, Rose, in Adelaide but spends most of his time at the Gateway Hotel watching the cricket and checking out the local beer. Who, while his life consists largely of walking off planes and on to stages, as his tour manager Ken Jones puts it, is as excited as a small child on a first trip to a foreign land.

"The people are happier here," Davies says to an 18-year-old cadet reporter — who has cornered him. (The reporter is just three years older than his own daughter.) "The '80s will depend on how we get on with computers . . . Paul McCartney's big drug bust will probably make him less stodgy . . . knock him off the middle of the road . . . I'm optimistic . . . The Kinks are totally behind me . . . it's worthwhile playing again."

This wide-eyed, nervous cadet reporter was a teething two-year-old in 1964 when, at the helm of the British beat boom, The Kinks scored their first number one record with a Davies composition, You Really Got Me, yet he knows all the lyrics, quotes them voraciously and risks journalistic credibility for an autograph. For, at the moment, The Kinks are enjoying a kind of schizophrenic success. On the one hand new wave bands like the Pretenders, the Jam, and Jimmy and The Boys are reviving obscure, early Kinks songs — Stop Your Sobbing, David Watts and I'm Not Like Everybody Else — while on the other, The Kinks themselves, after pruning and strengthening their line-up back to a four-piece during the past two years, have been intensively working America and Europe, playing to 15- and 35-year-olds alike. On their last American tour, The Kinks proved the strength of their indefatigable pulling power by selling out an 18,000-seat stadium in Providence, Rhode Island, on two consecutive nights. Their last studio album, *Low Budget*, their most radical and revolutionary to date, was written by Davies in a month and recorded in two and a half weeks. It has outsold all previous Kinks albums; their greatest hits included.

In the eyes of his contemporary, Bob Dylan, Ray Davies' uncanny knack for concocting shining new formulae from rock's overloaded alchemy, makes him a genius. After three years of sporadic music theory



lessons from an ex-opera singer and a recent trading of techniques with early '60s hit-writer Mike Stoller, Davies' talent is honing itself finer still. *Low Budget* deals with the modern era's epidemics of pressure, nervous tension, the oil shortage in songs as simple and appropriate as nursery rhymes. Its follow-up, a double live album, will step further into the technological maze of the '80s by being one of rock's first video discs. The video venture is typical of Davies' commitment to expanding the music boundaries.

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At 9.30am on Tuesday, Davies bounces up to the breakfast table of Sydney's showbiz haunt, the Sebel Townhouse, with the exuberance of a man who knows he is loved. The baggage ticket from his morning flight is covered in tiny pencilled notes. He is obsessed with recording the ideas that constantly criss-cross his mind. Waiting for him are the 'No!' brigade: Barry Peacher, Ken Jones and Tony Gibbons, who for the next week provide the bullet-proof glass to Davies' privacy, shoulder the hassles, manifest his whims and help maintain the ethereal Peter Pan time-capsuled existence of rock's elite, to which Davies only mildly succumbs.

Across the Sebel's dining room, a bleary eyed Al Martino downs black coffee and discusses record deals with an EMI company representative in the language of used car salesmen.

"He looks good, does Al," Ray quips.

Davies in fact looks *very* good; tall, lean, clear-eyed, energetic. As The Kinks' American fans like to put it, "Ray still has the best ass in showbiz." At 36, he works on it. He maintains a vegetarian diet where possible, indulges little in alcohol these days and not at all in drugs, and while the utterly unnerving rate at which he works precludes the average sleep-span, he catnaps with his jacket over his head whenever he can.

He never really stops working. Whether he is talking to a girl in a bar, reading a book of short stories by Isaac Bashevis Singer, watching a play on Broadway, running in Central Park or relaxing in front of a soap opera there is always a separate part of him storing and synthesising the information at hand for his next project. It is a disturbing process for Davies' fellow workers, not always blessed with his resilience and devotion. Anything less than their 100 percent support tugs at Davies' insecurity. "When I really get into work, everything else goes," he explains. As he talks he is in constant motion, sticking bits of editing tape to the table, tearing up pieces of paper, striking matches. "And I get upset when people want to have breaks. I really take it personally. I think, 'Oh, he doesn't want to work with me anymore, he wants to have a day off'." He laughs self effacingly. "It just happened to me in England. Our engineer collapsed and I thought, 'That's because he doesn't like me'. The poor guy was worn out!"

Today the schedule is tight and we are already half an hour behind. Publicity is the one kind of work that Davies doesn't crave and there is an assembly-line of radio, television and newspaper reporters wanting to get inside his brain.

The Australian media mostly talk about the '60s as though The Kinks stopped producing records with Lola. Ray Davies talks to them over the phone, in studios and a reserved hotel suite for the purpose about foreign affairs, a desire to fashion a conspiracy novel on American politics,

"I believe in vampires, people who take your energy. Some people take your energy, others give you energy. It's hard . . ."

and his interest in new wave music. Half-knowingly he blinds each interviewer with charm and boosts their egos with an amazing memory for faces he may have only fleetingly glimpsed at press receptions on The Kinks' 1971 Australian tour.

He speaks of the '70s in terms of vertigo, slumber, excessiveness and introversion — the Me generation — a time when The Kinks themselves defected from their rock'n'roll roots to experiment with the concept album and explore on stage the merging of rock music, theatre and film, without the anticipated repetition of the previous decade's commercial success. But the '80s present Davies his greatest challenge yet. It is an even more exciting, vital, make-or-break period than rock's former heyday, the '60s. A self-admitted fatalist, he views the future as a cathartic time when good confronts bad and, much to the dismay of the CIA and KGB, wins out. A touch of old fashioned morality he wrote about on Village Green Preservation Society (*"Preserving the old ways from being abused, protecting the new ways for me and for you,/What more can we do?*) continues to exist in his scheme of things.

Davies holds back a grimace and tries patiently not to yawn when asked for the fifth time this day who is in The Kinks at the moment. "I believe in vampires," he later confides to me, "people who take your energy. Some people take your energy, others give you energy. It's hard, you know . . . I get lonely," he admits, his voice faltering. "People only half want to know you. They want to know you for the wrong reasons or for someone they think you are. You start to talk to them and then you realise it's the same old thing again . . . It's hard to get to know people and it's very hard to catch up with yourself.

"As soon as I become sucessful, I don't *want* to be successful any more . . . Freedom to begin with is me doing what I wished; but to end up doing what you wished you must be a prisoner to other things."

He grins a wide schoolboy grin that reveals the generous gap between his two front teeth that he stubbornly refused to have filled 15 years ago when told that his image "wasn't right" for the glossy pop fan magazine covers. It was the most important decision of his life — a symbol of the public emergence of Ray Davies, misfit extraordinaire.

Brought up as a socialist in the solid, North London working class suburb of Muswell Hill, Davies is clearly not a Margaret Thatcher man.

"People are getting scared about things. I don't want to sit in a tower somewhere and write songs for the angels. I learn all the time," he says.

Davies sees everything as if for the first time — some mistake it for naïvety — and this sense of wonder never leaves his acerbically social, yet always acutely personal songs. When Barry talks about a dog he once had, an afghan, Ray comments innocently, "They're big, aren't they?" Close friends describe his nature as truly various, housing within itself all extremes. And in spite of his entourage, his worldliness, and his penchant for the best cigars, there is a definite lack of opulence surrounding this man who must have made several million from publishing rights alone by now. There is the general feeling that one should split the bill, perhaps even offer to pick it up.

The glasses that never leave Davies' grey-blue, sometimes sparkling, eyes, that are sometimes gently mocking, are a replica of a pair of spectacularly tacky cut-price sunglasses called Cool-rays. Like his Max Miller bow tie of 10 years ago when he wished he'd been born a vaudevillean, they are indicative of his current attitude. "In fact they could be the most important thing about me," he considers. "The Cool-rays are part of an attitude I adopted before I wrote *Low Budget*. I decided one morning at the beginning of a tour that I would function on what was accessible. In other words I needed a pair of sunglasses, so I went to the first counter I could find, which was a terrible, trashy one-stop shop in Binghampton, New York. It was like a garage where they sold candy and sweets, nude books, el cheapo toys and sunglasses. The Cool-rays cost me $5. I looked at them and said, "You're going to feel good in those". You don't have to buy Pierre Cardin sunglasses to feel great.

"In fact I didn't know they were called Cool-rays when I bought them. Debbie Harry (of Blondie) came backstage after a concert and said, 'Those are really cool glasses.' She took them off, looked inside and said, 'Ah, they're called Cool-rays!' "

But ideally, perhaps idealistically, he says, spitting his grape pips into a wastepaper bin, he dreams of living the life of a literary, bohemian, gypsy — travelling and writing about what he sees. "Writers have got to believe their work is important," he says, slipping me a paternal word of advice. "There's no point in saying, 'I'm an unimportant writer'. It must be the worst thing in the world to actually believe that. You have to keep yourself up to believing what you have to say is important because there are so many people who want to push you down, stop you doing it.

"I guess I'm really a kind of decadent innocent," he offers. "I don't know where I fit in, perhaps Bali, perhaps Peru. I like to mix with artists and I like to be anonymous. You can do that in New York." New Orleans, too, holds a special attraction for Davies, who is fascinated by the subversive spirituality of the heart of Tennessee Williams country.

When there was more time Davies used to spend it in Britain's isolated West Country — a place where many of the inhabitants never feel the need to leave their county of birth. "I envy them," says Davies, who is perpetually passing through. "There's not a lot of heart in our business."

The telephone rings and Ray tiptoes over to answer it. It is his London office, Konk, inquiring about transportation arrangements for the demo-tapes of his brother Dave Davies' first long-awaited solo album. Ray, the cautious businessman, takes over. He is evasive as all good businessmen are taught to be. Andrew Carnegie, in fact, would probably label him as a self-made man; there have been no mentors in his life. "I've made my own rules, in a sense, I've created my own world," he says. Naturally vulnerable, ruefully independent, he has simply had to contend with the ruthless exploitation of the music industry to survive the past 16 years. "We became successful more or less straight away. It was like three months beforehand we were at art school," he recalls.

Back in his twin-bedded 7th floor hotel room with its predictably boring decor of tasteful brown-on-brown, Davies stretches out like a big cat, unbuttons his shirt to reveal the tracheotomy scar at the base of his throat — that explains his thin, nasal singing voice — and says that he doesn't think he is either interesting enough or important enough for this magazine piece.

"Who would be?" I ask.

"Rod Stewart."

The stresses show: three nervous breakdowns and a broken marriage

"In most people's eyes I'm probably free. I'm just as much a prisoner as a guy working in a factory. Sometimes I feel I'm on the run."

before the age of 30. Now wiser, married for the second time to Yvonne, a former domestic science teacher, and with the contentment of someone who knows he has found his dharma, Davies is ultimately working toward achieving total independence and autonomy from the industry monopoly which takes hard-earned percentages. But time for creating is precious and there is little left over for displaying business acumen.

"Last year in my diary I wrote: 'This year I will use up less energy and do more work'." Often, he has found, "the harder you work at something, the more difficult it becomes. But if you let yourself go, it just comes out."

Davies continues talking although Barry Peacher and promoter Garry Van Egmond are waiting in the downstairs bar to wine and dine him. Ray doesn't want to go; the pull of his newly-installed piano seems much stronger than the promise of oysters and Dom Perignon. But he does go.

The following morning he tells a reporter: "Last night I went out to dinner with some very nice people. We went to a posh restaurant but I didn't belong there. I felt wrong there. And possibly I was one of the most successful people in the whole room." Davies' attention span is visibly waning and the prima donna strain that Peacher spoke of seeps through as he shows a prerogative for cancelling a photographic session and playing subtle games with the less informed interviewers.

Later that night in the small, dimly lit hotel bar, wall-papered with photographs of the stars who have graced it, Davies appears scattered and nervous. Dull. A different person. There is a tiredness about him that is not just from a day's work but from 16 years in rock'n'roll. He uses his humor like he uses his bodyguard — to ward off invaders and mask a very real fragility. He looks dismayed at the sight of my note pad and tape recorder, orders another orange juice, complains about the bill as he always does and talks to Alice, a sweet, homesick young "sister of a friend" from New York who is holidaying in Sydney. Ray thought she "sounded sad" on the phone and invited her over for a drink.

"I first met Karen 10 years ago," he says as much for Alice's ears as mine, "and she was a really good poet and I encouraged her to write. And do you know what she is doing now? She's a journalist!"

He says he feels drunk and I tell him he is picking up on the collective unconsciousness of all the people in the bar. As these are mainly business executives on interstate conferences, he wonders if this is good.

"Do artists come here?" he asks hopefully.

Davies' bodyguard and manager make their way down to join him in the well-worn routine of another gratuitous dinner, this time at the Sydney Opera House's Bennelong Restaurant. Everything to schedule, no time to break loose. As I wait for a cab the three silhouettes disappear into the steamy, seductive Kings Cross night, Ray dangling along behind, his body emanating energy.

A wry refrain from yesterday's conversation echoes back: "In most people's eyes I'm probably free. I'm just as much a prisoner as a guy working in a factory. Sometimes I really feel like I'm on the run."

At 11.15pm the telephone rings. Ray is in bed reading a copy of Helen Garner's *Monkey Grip* I have given him — "The harder you pull away, the stronger the grip".

"Darling, do you mind if we leave the interview now," he says, very sweetly, very tiredly and very guiltily. As if I have a choice.

THE EROTIC ADVENTURES OF DICK PULLER AND HIS MATE DAVE THE RAVE IN "SURFACE PARADISE"

SATIRE BY HARRISON

THE LURE OF TROPICAL NIGHTS HAS TAKEN OUR GANG TO QUEENSLAND, THE BEER GARDEN OF AUSTRALIAN CIVILISATION. UP HERE, IN THIS PLAYGROUND FOR THE OVER 40S WITH ITS MIAMI-OF-YESTERYEAR ATMOSPHERE, OUR SOUTHERN SUN WORSHIPPERS SEARCH FOR HOLIDAY ROMANCE AND END UP WITH THE... "ROUGH END OF THE PINEAPPLE!"

THAT'S WHAT I LOVE ABOUT SURFING... CATCHING A BIG ONE, AND RIDING IT IN!

AFTER A FEW DISCREET FORMALITIES AT THE BORDER IS WAS STRAIGHT INTO HOLIDAY WONDERLAND TO FIND THEIR PRE-BOOKED MOTEL...

STRUTH! I BET YOU COULD BE ARRESTED UP HERE FOR NOT WEARING UNDERPANTS!

YOU'D BETTER HIDE LORRAINE... I THINK THEY'RE LOOKING FOR FRUITFLYS!

BEIRUT BLVD
HOLLYWOOD ST
ISLE OF CAPRI
SORRENTO BLVD
SMITH ST
ACAPULCO AVE
MONACO AVE
RUE EL PASO

WE COME TO A WORLD CLASS RESORT LIKE THIS & YOU'VE GOTTA BOOK US INTO BLOODY SMITH STREET!

TORRID PALMS, SOUNDS LIKE A RETIREMENT HOME FOR WANKERS!

TORRID PALMS MOTEL
GUESTS WELCOME
PRIVACY ASSURED V. DISCREET
WE TURN A BLIND EYE TO EVERYTHING!
EXTRA TOWELS SUPPLIED FREE OF CHARGE
RECEPTION

LEWD'D LOUNGE
DIRTY DVD
LURID BOOKS
NIPPLE BUZZ

WHO'S GONNA GET SCREWED TONIGHT! WHO'S GONNA GET SCREWED TONIGHT! WHO'S GONNA

SMART LITTLE BUGGER, ISN'T HE?

SHIT!

PORTNOY'S PERCH

WE BIRDNAPPED HIM FROM CURRUMBIN SANCTUARY WHEN HE WAS JUST A CHICK. HIS TALENT WILL PROBABLY FINANCE OUR RETIREMENT IF WE DECIDE TO GET OUT OF THE GUEST HOUSE GAME...

STRUTH! LOOK AT THE NORKS ON THAT!

PORTNOY'S PERCH

...IF WE CAN GET HIM A 2 MINUTE SPOT ON THE MIKE WALSH SHOW I BET EVERY RSL IN THE STATE'LL HAVE HIM BOOKED SOLID FOR A YEAR!

GET THEIR PANTS DOWN... GET THEIR BLOODY PANTS DOWN!

PORTNOY'S PERCH

MANAGER

MANAGER

©NOV 80 HARRISON.

DICK 'N' DAVE HAD ADJOINING ROOMS IN THE 'SEA BREEZE SUITE' - TYPICALLY FUN STYLE ACCOMMODATION... SO MANY PEEP HOLES INTO OTHER ROOMS IT ALMOST QUALIFIED AS COMMUNAL AIR CONDITIONING!

THESE WALLS ARE SO THIN YOU CAN HEAR IT WHEN SOMEONE IN THE NEXT ROOM CHANGES THEIR MIND!

WOW! LOOK AT THIS BIT OF FLUFF... GOING FOR IT ON THIS SIDE!

SUCK
SPLUTTER
CHOKE
SLURP
SUCK

TALK ABOUT MICHELIN TYRE LIPS! WHATEVER IT IS 'LL NEED A RETREAD WHEN SHE GETS THROUGH WITH IT!

A QUICK KNOCK ON THE DOOR BROUGHT DICK FACE TO FACE WITH...

THERE WERE SO MANY GRUNTS & GROANS COMING OUT OF THERE I THOUGHT SOMEONE WAS GIVING SPEECH THERAPY TO A FRUSTRATED TOURIST!

THAT WAS BRUNCH, MATE, NOT LUNCH! BUT IF YOU FEEL LIKE A BIT OF PRONGING, SEE ME AROUND TOWN TONIGHT!

...THAT OLD NEWCASTLE SURFIE MOLL... KITTY LITTA!

THIS ONE-TIME WINNER OF THE MISS FUNSHINE TITLE HAD SPENT THE PAST SIX MONTHS WORKING HER WAY AROUND THE GULF OF CARPENTARIA ON A PRAWN TRAWLER. BEFORE THAT SHE'D SPENT A "WORKING" HOLIDAY ON DAYDREAM IS... THEY SAY MORE TOURS WENT THROUGH HER THAN THROUGH WHITSUNDAY PASSAGE!

SLURP
SUCK ETC

DICK COULD HARDLY WAIT TO SEE KITTY THAT EVENING... WHICH EXPLAINS WHY THERE WAS MORE UP THAN JUST THE SURF THAT AFTERNOON...

I'VE NEVER SEEN SO MANY POTENTIAL LOTTO WINNERS IN ONE SPOT IN ALL MY LIFE!!

ANTI POOF PATROL H.Q.

DEPARTURE POINT CHAMPAGNE TOUR OF SOUTHPORT.

THE SHERRY, THE PORT OR THE BROWN MUSQUAT... SUCH ARE THE DAILY DILEMMAS OF A CHEAP DRUNK!

SURFSIDE PARAGON BEACH BAR (BEFORE ESSAYISTS OUR SPECIALITY!)

NUMBER 98, NUMBER 98, NUMBER... 98... OKAY, WHO ORDERED THIS VODKA LEGOPENER?

I ALWAYS GET CULTURE SHOCK IN SURFERS!

HOW COME?

THERE AIN'T NONE!!!

YEAH WE CALL IT DAYLIGHT SAVING DOWN SOUTH!

YOU'RE UP EARLY

DON'T LOOK NOW BUT I THINK WE'VE GOT JAWS BEHIND US!

WOW! QUEENSLAND AT LAST, AND A THOUSAND MILES FROM CARE!

AND PROBABLY TWO THOUSAND FROM A VD CLINIC!

IN CASE OF RAPE THIS SIDE UP.

DON'T TELL ME... LET ME GUESS... IT'S SOMEONE FROM NEWCASTLE!

ESKY

THEN IT WAS OUT INTO THE EXCITEMENT OF SURFERS' GLAMOROUS NIGHT LIFE!

I CAN'T WAIT DAVE... I BET HER LEGS ARE LIKE... LIKE... MARGARINE!!!

YEAH! SPREADS WELL IN HOT WEATHER!

ARID PIT DEO-DORANT

BRUTE FORCE COLOGN

BAYL-CREAM

HOW ABOUT THE SEAFOOD PLATTER? FISH FINGERS... SALMON PATTIES & PRAWN BURGER!

SOUNDS LIKE A CLUTCH START TO A GOOD EVENING!

WHAT A SPOT OF LUCK FINDING A PARAGON UP HERE.

AW-YEAH! WE'VE GOT BRANCHES IN ALL THE HOT SPOTS. WOLLONGONG, NEWCASTLE, WHYALLA, PORT PIRIE, LITHGOW, BROKEN HILL... AND OF COURSE, SURFERS

LE PARAGON MENU ESPECIAL

MARIUS ROSE

LE SHUTTLECOCK CLUB

THIS LOOKS MORE LIKE AN OVER 50S EXERCISING TO DISCO GROUP!

DON'T KNOCK 'EM MATE! THOSE LEGS ARE THE ONLY PLACE IN THIS TOWN NOT RESTRICTED TO 10 O'CLOCK CLOSING!

THIS PLACE IS SO FAR BEHIND THE TIMES THEY STILL HAVEN'T FIGURED OUT WHICH TWIN HAD THE "TONI" HOME PERM!

THERE SEEMS TO BE SO MUCH LOOSE MONEY AROUND IN SURFERS!

YES, IT'S PROBABLY PENSION DAY

HOW ABOUT A FOURSOME?

I'VE GOT ONE ALREADY!

LOOK AT ALL THESE CHEAP, SHALLOW PEOPLE TRYING TO HAVE FUN.

YEAH, IF THEY EVER SUCCEEDED YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO ADMIRE THEM!

EXCUSE ME, YOU'VE LEFT YOUR BOUTIQUE OPEN!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, I'M JUST DOWN HERE LOOKING FOR ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY ANOTHER DRINK!

OH MOTHER, YOU'D LOVE SURFERS! IT'S JUST LIKE MARRICKVILLE RSL... ONLY THIRTY MILES LONGER!

CAN'T YOU TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A LOVE BITE... AND A GIRL WHO'S BEEN ATTACKED BY A SEX CRAZED SWARM OF MOSQUITOES?

HONESTLY, A BIG INTERNATIONAL RESORT AND ALL THEY OFFER IS CHEAP, AUSTRALIAN STYLE ENTERTAINMENT!

THUMP

SMASH

CRACK

BASH

AFTER SUCH A HECTIC NIGHT DOING THE TRAPS IT WAS OFF TO ANY ONE OF A DOZEN DIAMOND WEDDING ANNIVERSARY PARTIES ON THE ISLE OF CAPRI – A FRONTIER OF AUSTRALIAN ETIQUETTE WHERE THEY DEBATE HOT SOCIAL ISSUES LIKE... "DO YOU HELP WASH UP WHEN YOU GO TO SOMEONE'S PLACE FOR DINNER?"... ALL THE TIME WAITING AROUND WITH A DRINK AT THEIR ELBOW, READY TO CRUISE OFF AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE TO THAT BIG CANAL DEVELOPMENT IN THE SKY!

HALF AN HOUR AFTER ARRIVING, FRANTIC FRUSTRATION GRIPPED DICK AS HE REALISED DAVE MUST'VE ALREADY PICKED UP A BIRD & GONE.

STRUTH! I'VE JUST GOTTA SCORE TONIGHT!

THEN HE SAW HER... KITTY LITTA, SHIMMERING, SEA-NYMPH-LIKE, BEHIND THE TROPICAL FISH TANK.

HOW ABOUT A MEANINGFUL, ONE-TO-ONE RELATIONSHIP TONIGHT?

SURE! I CAN DO IT NIMBIN STYLE!

BACK AT "TORRID PALMS" DICK & KITTY COULD HEAR THE MUFFLED SIGHS OF ECSTASY COMING FROM DAVE'S ROOM AS THEY PASSED BY.

DO YOU LIKE IT HOT? DO YOU LIKE IT HOT?

34°

A FLASH OF BLONDE... A STREAK OF TAN... AND DICK HAD KITTY BETWEEN THE SHEETS!

HEY! TAKE IT EASY... THEY MAY BE SPORTING FIXTURES BUT THEY'RE NOT THE WOMEN'S OPEN, DAILY DOUBLES!

...EACH EROTIC CRY FROM THE NEXT ROOM FANNING THE FLAMES OF THEIR PASSIONS EVEN HIGHER!

WHADDA YA LIKE? WHADDA YA LIKE?

GEE! I THOUGHT THE RHYTHM METHOD MEANT YOU HALVED YOUR CHANCES BY MAKING OUT ONLY EVERY 2ND NIGHT!

KITTY!.. WILL THIS NIGHT OF LOVE CEMENT OUR RELATIONSHIP ... FOREVER?

I DOUBT IT! TAKE A PHOTO... IT'S GONNA LAST LONGER!

WHAT A WHOPPER... WHAT A WHOPPER...

THAT CROWD NEXT DOOR NEVER SEEM TO STOP!

SOMEHOW I DON'T THINK WE'LL BE GOING FAR ENOUGH TO WORRY ABOUT THAT SITUATION ARISING!

NATURAL FAMILY PLANNING

WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN AN ALARM GOES OFF IN KITTY'S BAG!

DING-A-LING A-LING A-LING

WHAT'S THAT METER DOING IN YOUR BAG?

IT'S SAYING THAT I'M A METER MAID AND YOU'VE JUST RUN UP A BILL FOR 35 BUCKS!

I SUPPOSE ALL I CAN DO NOW IS SEE IF I CAN ARRANGE A THREESOME WITH DAVE AND HIS BIRD...

GET YOUR PANTS DOWN... GET YOUR BLOODY PANTS DOWN!

PORTNOY'S PERCH

STRUTH!

THE "BIRDS" ALL YOURS, DICK!

NEXT MONTH: "A TRIP DOWN... MAMMARY LANE!"

JESSIE

after all this time she had come back . . . but she wouldn't stay, and the man knew now he could never let her leave him again

fiction by Heather Brown

THE WIND blew hard from the south all day. It ripped the withered leaves off the trees and whipped the dead grass until clumps of it rolled away from the earth and the soil broke away into dust. Then the wind grew stronger and thrashed each small particle it had torn from the land into a terrible storm and slashed it toward the north. The dust became swollen in the white-hot sky and warned the Earth of its fury. The women ran and dragged in washing from the lines and closed doors and shutters and tried to plug the cracks with bits of rag. The men covered their faces with handkerchiefs and tried to keep on working, and only when the dust blinded them and their lungs wheezed for air did they stop. They squatted with their backs to the wind and their dogs huddled beneath them, blinking and sneezing and trying to understand.

Across the blinded land, the cattle and horses turned their backs into the wind while the sand goannas disappeared down into the earth. The storm eased in the afternoon and the sun opened half a hazy eye across the smothered land. The houses stirred alive to brooms and shovels and the smell of the evening meal, and beasts and people began to move again. The

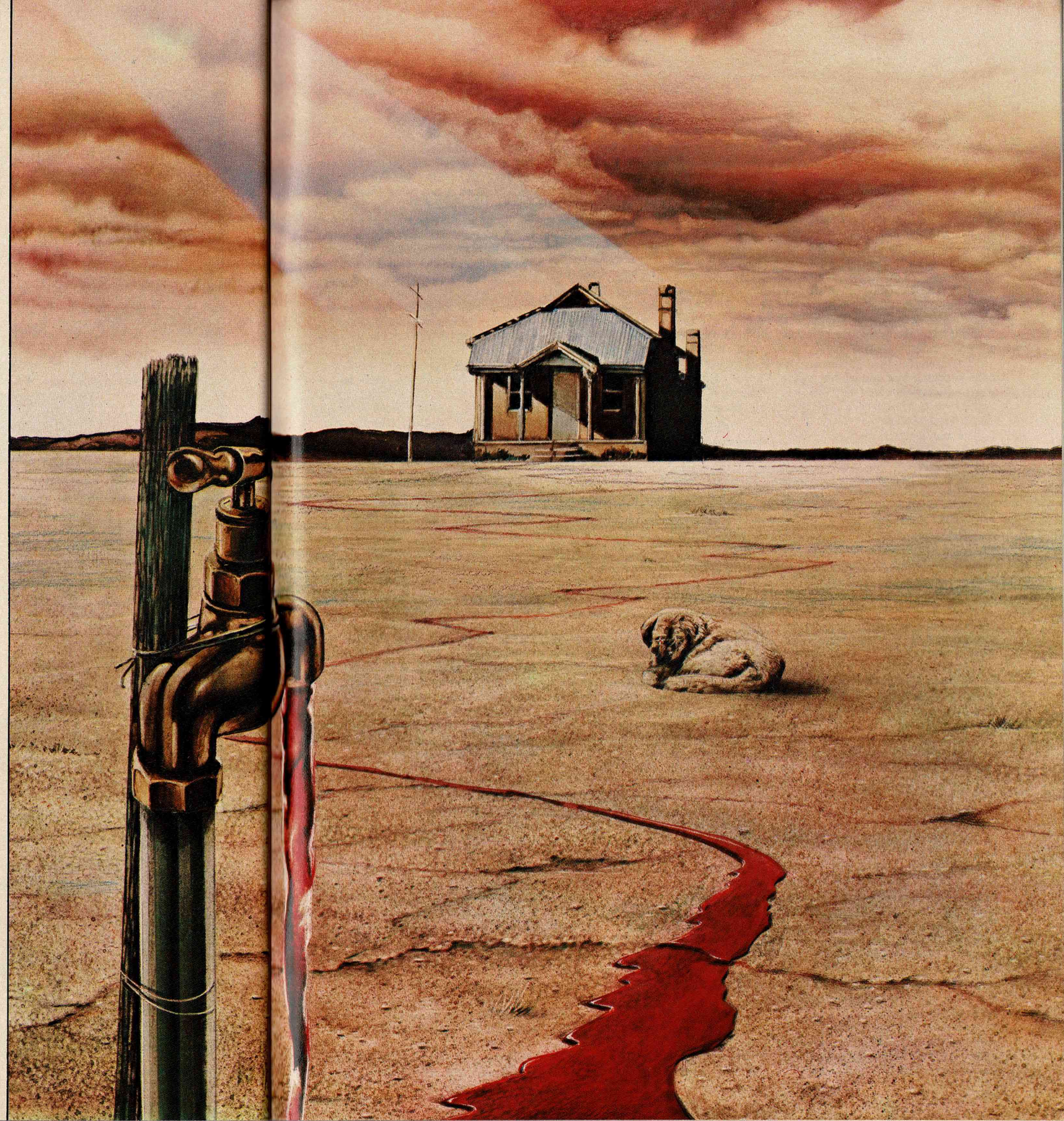


Illustration by Alan Ewart

brindle dog snuffed at the wind as the darkness eased down across the land, then he began to weave the endless circle he had walked during the storm. He was a big dog, scar-faced and ugly, with the slow, deliberate pad of the vicious, and as he moved the chain dragged a small cloud of fine red dust behind him.

They had watched the dog from the verandah of the house for a long time before either spoke. "Something's wrong with my dog," the man said, his heavy shoulders slumped forward as he rested in the evening cool. The black woman shuffled out and stood quietly in the doorway where the last shafts of sunlight crept away from the night. She wiped her hands and thought for a moment. "He been like all day, Darby," she said gently, and her eyes were bright with concern. "I been watching him and he never stop walking, even when that dust blowing. Something terrible wrong with him. That dog sick inside."

The man grunted deep in his chest as he rose to his feet, and it was as much a grunt of fear as it was of tiredness, for he had loved the dog a long time now. When he neared the animal, it broke tempo from the circle and shoved its head against his legs in the private language they understood. The man ran his hands across the dog's body, feeling and pressing as he spoke. "I can't see anything wrong with him," he called behind him. "Nothing's broken and he got no poison. Might be a dingo bitch around unsettling him. I'll trap her or shoot her, then he'll sleep."

He patted the dog with heavy, loving thumps and went back into the house, walking heavily across the dusty floorboards and fumbling in the dark until he found the bottle of rum. The dog began to weave the circle until, suddenly, something held his eye in the black void of the night. His ears pricked and, as the hair began to rise on the scruff of his neck, a low whine sang low in his throat. He knew he did not have to wait long.

The man walked back to the verandah and sat down. Then he screwed the top off the bottle and the sickly-sweet smell of black rum swallowed everything else. He took two long swigs and grimaced as the burning hit his throat and filled his belly. When he opened his eyes again, he saw the frozen shadow of the dog. He rose and walked to the edge of the steps and when he squinted hard enough he could see the faint glow of a car's lights, 15 kilometres away or more, coming in his direction.

He called Pixie from the kitchen and told her a car was coming. When the woman hurried to the doorway, he caught a glimpse of her face in the lantern glow and he could see she was smiling. She asked him who it could be and he noticed her voice was high and lilting and it made her sound young again. It disturbed him, for he had not realised she was lonely. She clapped her hands and hurried back to the kitchen mumbling and laughing to herself about cooking more food for all the people when they came.

The man watched the slender headlights searching their way along the track until he was sure they were coming his way. Then he rose and walked slowly to the room where he slept and groped in the cupboard until he found his good shirt hooked up in a corner. It was his only good shirt these days, and the last time he had worn it was when young Bluey O'Toole married the cook from the Royal Hotel. He dressed in the darkness, tucking in his shirt and slapping the dust off his trousers. Then he walked to the verandah and

" 'Nothing's changed,' she said softly, and the man looked at her. 'Except,' he tried to smile, 'everything is older. Even us.' "

carried back the kerosene lantern. He lifted its sickly light around the room until he found the nightdress Pixie had left on her side of the bed and a long-faded calico gown hung lovingly in the cupboard. He bundled them up in his big hands and took them down to the spare room at the other end of the house.

The light was close now, closer than he had expected, and the speed of the car reassured him. It did not seem to be a stranger, for there was a confidence in the way the car was driven, slowing down for the gullies and dry creekbeds. He could hear the engine now and, as the dog began to whine, he called soothing words until it was quiet. When the car turned up into the house paddock, he called Pixie out to welcome them and walked down the steps to the gate.

The car jolted to a stop in a cloud of dust that rose and steamed around the lights. The motor switched off and there was a sudden, sharp silence. A door slammed shut and the man called out to the figure outlined in the headlights. The figure said quietly, "It's me, Darby, it's only me . . .", and the man called, "Beg your pardon, who did you say you were?" He stepped closer, shading his eyes.

The figure leaned back against the bonnet and her identity seemed unimportant for the moment. She stared at the body standing in the headlights and saw the big man she had loved a long time ago, the man her memory had made bigger and more perfect each year. Now, suddenly, cruelly, he was stripped back to reality, and he was a big man stooped and greying with age, a man made withered and worn by the land. Then the woman cried aloud.

"It's me, Darby, Jessie. I've come back, Darby, I'm home." The man frowned and shook his head slowly, and as he walked closer, one step, two steps, he cupped his hands around his eyes. The lights were blinding him but he seemed to remember the quiet, low voice. He dropped his head as he peered closer. "Jessie?" he asked wonderingly, and the word sounded strange on his tongue. "How are you, Darby?" She spoke again. It made her seem more real and it made him catch his breath and push it hard into his chest so he could speak.

"Good, good, Jessie. We couldn't work out who it was when we saw the lights coming but . . ." he breathed hard against his teeth, "but we didn't think it was you." Bluntly, he turned aside and called for Pixie, but there was no answer. She had already gone back to the kitchen, mindful of her color and her place.

The man reached inside the car and flicked off the lights. He touched the woman's elbow and manoeuvred her through the darkness, exchanging the slow and awkward sentences of a separation. As the woman walked past, the dog snapped and snarled and lunged on the chain, and the man shouted harshly until it cringed and slunk backward into the dark.

"Butchie's pup?" the woman asked. "Great-grandson, Jess. It's been 25 years you know, and that's a long time for a dog."

He picked up the lantern off the steps and, as they walked inside, the woman's face became perplexed with recognition. "Nothing has changed," she said softly, almost dreamily, and the man turned and looked down at her. "Except," he said, and tried to smile, "everything is older. Even us."

When they walked into the kitchen, the old black woman was stoking the wood stove, and as she turned her face glistened with perspiration.

"You remember Jessie, don't you, Pixie? All those years ago?" he said, and Jessie smiled hesitantly and stretched out her hand.

The woman turned aside and deftly picked up a pot off the stove. "Ah, I

"Save me a piece to take home, won't you."

know Jessie, " she said, her voice low and wise. "I know Jessie all right." Then she brightened and turned to face them. "How you going, girl? It's been terrible long time since we seen you . . . everybody been thinking you never was coming back."

"I came back as soon as I could."

"Twenty five years?" Darby said slowly, his voice dull and doubting.

"As soon as I could," she answered shortly. "Now, Pixie, where do you want us to sit?"

She gestured to the table with a sweep of her hand and the man pulled out a chair.

"Do you want a drink, Jessie? You must be thirsty . . . have a rum. That'll make you feel better."

"No, Darby. You know I hate it."

"Well, I'm having one then . . . a double. This is one toast I never thought I'd make."

"We all do things we never thought we'd do," she said slowly.

"We do," he replied, "and we go on doing them."

He poured more rum into the pannikin and swung the lantern into the middle of the table so the light flickered and danced in their eyes. He settled back into the chair and watched the woman.

"It's so dry," she said, "I don't think I remember it so dry. And the dust storms have been terrible along the road all day. It looks as if you had a blow here?"

"A little," he said, and his eyes never shifted from her face. She was still beautiful, and the light caught the red in her hair amid the grey and made it burn. Her face seemed smaller with age, the skin still pale and taut, and her eyes were small and clouded with a hardness that he couldn't remember. Her hands were smooth with a freckling of age spots across the backs, and the green silk dress she wore rustled and snagged on the weathered wood of the chair. Darby found himself staring at the dress, because it was more green than he remembered green could be.

They ate on, sometimes in silence, sometimes talking, always awkward. It was a relief when the plates were cleared and the tea was poured. Darby pushed back his chair and collected the scraps of meat and took them outside to the dog while the two women drank their tea in silence. Jessie sighed aloud and rose to her feet. "Do we wash up now, Pixie?"

"I'll heat the water," she replied, draining the last drops from her pannikin. "I'll help you when it's ready," Jessie said, and walked out on to the verandah and called to the man.

They talked hesitantly as a late moon rose, and when they walked back into the kitchen it was empty. The plates were washed and stacked on the draining rack and the tea-towel was neatly folded on the sideboard.

"Where's Pixie?" she asked.

"She's probably gone to bed. You stay here — I'll go and see."

He padded quietly to the room at the far end of the house and the door was closed. He called twice in a thick whisper and then pushed the door open gently.

"Pix?" he called softly, and the woman did not answer. He ran his hand along the outline in the bed until he felt soft skin at the edge of the blanket. A cold, thin hand reached up and pushed his fingers from her neck.

"Leave me," she said, her voice husky with sadness.

"I'm sorry, Pixie."

"Leave me." Her voice was stronger now and he walked out of the room closing the door behind him.

He found Jessie sitting on the edge of the verandah when he walked back

"He talked about the weather and all the while looked into the face of her son and saw the stamp of her husband with a sense of loss."

and, when he settled down beside her, he could feel the close, still familiar warmth of her body.

"Is Pixie all right?" she asked.

"Yes," he lied. "She just said she was tired. She's an old woman now."

"Not much older than the rest of us." The woman looked away. "Has it been hard for you, Darby?"

"Sometimes," he grunted.

"Have you been lonely?"

"Now and then. It's a lonely land. But I'm getting tired now . . . tired in the bones. A man's no good for anything when he gets like that." He paused, thinking. He did not want to talk about being old.

"But you and I, Jess," he said, and his words were full of wonder, "we were different. The fire never did go out, did it?"

"No," she whispered, a gentle surrender. "It never did."

The two talked in short, quiet sentences as the moon rose higher in the sky. He remembered how she had wanted him to marry her when she was gangling and 18 and tired of her poverty. He laughed at her and went on using her body, and yet, strangely, he was bitter when he heard she had married the old man for his money at Christmas that same year.

He did not speak to her for a long time after that, until one night they happened to meet in the Progressive Waltz at the Race Club Ball. She wore white silk and long gloves and took his breath away, and when she smiled and said, "I'll come back if you still want me, Darby," he did not question it. She stole nights away from the old man with feeble excuses and slept with him, and the simple clean-living people of the bush whispered behind their hands and turned away when they saw her coming.

After a while, she turned quiet and mysterious and he did not see her again for a long time. When she finally crept back, like a small creature of the night, her belly was full of child and she wept and begged him to let her stay. His jealousy was a savage thing and he told her to go and never come back. She sat on the edge of the bed and rocked her body in grief.

Then she calmed into a coldness he had not seen before. She called him a mongrel and a bastard and he grabbed her by the wrists and shook her hard and told her she must never use those words. When he soon realised that her passenger, the intruder, had more rights to her than he would ever know, he let her go. Her arms stung but she did not flinch as she gathered up her bulk and stood in the dark beside him. She cursed him with a certain dignity and walked out of his life.

He no longer remembered how many seasons had passed before he saw her again. He walked out of the hotel one summer afternoon and there was Jessie, his Jessie, her face creased and body rounded, giving her tawny, freckle-faced children ice-creams. He said, "Hot day," and talked about the weather, and all the while he looked secretly into the face of her eldest son and saw the stamp of her husband with a sense of loss. Then the old man took her away to live where it was cool and green in the south, and he never saw her again.

And now they sat on the darkened verandah and talked in cycles of remembrance as the moon reached its meridian and dropped down into the west. If they were silent for a few moments, they could hear the dog dragging its chain through the night.

Jessie stood up in the shadows and looked at the moon. She was tired now and weary of the past.

"Jessie," he spoke suddenly, "are you still married to him?"

"Oh, Darby," she almost laughed as she sat down again. "He's been dead the past seven years!"

"I'm sorry," he lied. "I never knew," and he paused a few moments,

"The name's Lucrezia, but you can call me Lucy . . . for approximately three minutes."

"why didn't you come back to me before now?"

"I had children to rear," she said.

"God, they weren't children!"

"No, Darby, but there are children now," she laughed again. "I'm a grandmother now. My boys have five babies between them and they make me very happy."

His face softened and he smiled. "My Jessie," he murmured quietly, "somebody's grandmother."

The woman reached for his hand and the skin felt like the hide of a bull. "I can't stay with you, Darby," she said quickly. "I have to go back in the morning. I'm getting old now and I've lived too long in the south to change my ways now."

"No, Jessie," his breath gulped short and his face crumpled as he covered it with his hands. "Stay with me, Jess. Stay with me this time."

"Ah, my dear," she sighed, and touched his face with her fingers. "I came to ask you to come with me. Come and live with me in the south. I have a huge, lonely house now and we could be together until we die. Wouldn't you like that? Wouldn't you like to be with me?"

He dropped his head in his hands and rubbed his cheeks in anguish. She could hear the breath whistling through his fingers in heavy bursts, then he spoke so clearly his words seemed to come from the night itself.

"I can't leave this land, Jess. You know that. It's part of me, Christ knows, and I'm part of it. It's made me and broken me and I've loved the bastard every inch of the way."

The woman did not speak.

"Stay with me, Jess. Please don't leave me again."

She stayed silent and the seconds rolled by in a kind of torture, and then she turned and held him fiercely, burying her head into his chest. He picked her up and carried her down to the bed they had shared when they were young.

The wanting became a need so strong that the past and tiredness did not seem to matter any more. Her breasts had grown lazy with age and children, but they still felt good when he nuzzled her and loved her close to her heart. She sighed and held him so tenderly he did not grieve the years or the passion they had lost.

When sleep slid across his mind, he began to dream. The car's lights lit up the darkness, coming closer, fading away, and he woke up and listened to the slow, sweet rhythm of her breathing. When he knew she was asleep, he kissed her and watched her face in the thin trace of light until he had scarred it into his memory.

He rolled gently off the bed and dressed slowly, then he shuffled barefoot into the kitchen and felt around in the dark until he found the rum. He broke open the new seal and drank out on the verandah as the moon dipped low and the dog whimpered and wove on the chain.

When the empty bottle slipped from his hands and smashed on the floorboards, he knew what he must do long before the sky had paled in the east. He staggered to his feet and groped his way along the walls into the house. When he stumbled back, the low shafts of moonlight glinted on the steel of the rifle. He slipped the loaded magazine up and into the barrel, then he slid back the bolt and eased it slowly until it clicked into place. He held the muzzle against his mouth, then he slid the barrel along until he felt the shape of the sights against his lips. He shook his head once or twice, but he could not think because the headlights were dazzling him now.

He moved down the dark corridor into the moon-bright room and the silence was broken by the whispers of Jessie's soft breathing. He pressed the muzzle into the soft, bare flesh of her breast and she stirred slightly, murmuring the low sleep sounds of a woman. He shut his eyes as he squeezed the trigger and the explosion made him grind his teeth.

As he lowered the rifle and groped for her hand, a single cry made him lurch back toward the doorway. The old woman hobbled down the corridor, her eyes wide and white with fear in the darkness. As he fired again, she folded away slowly, a thin concertina in a calico gown. The stain spread quickly and a single moan escaped her lips as she slid to the ground.

There was a terrible silence and the man stared frozen for a few moments. He placed the rifle carefully back into the cupboard and pulled on his boots. Day was breaking, and he must move quickly now. He lifted his hat off the verandah post, dusted it, and placed it low over his eyes as he walked down the steps. Then he saw the dog.

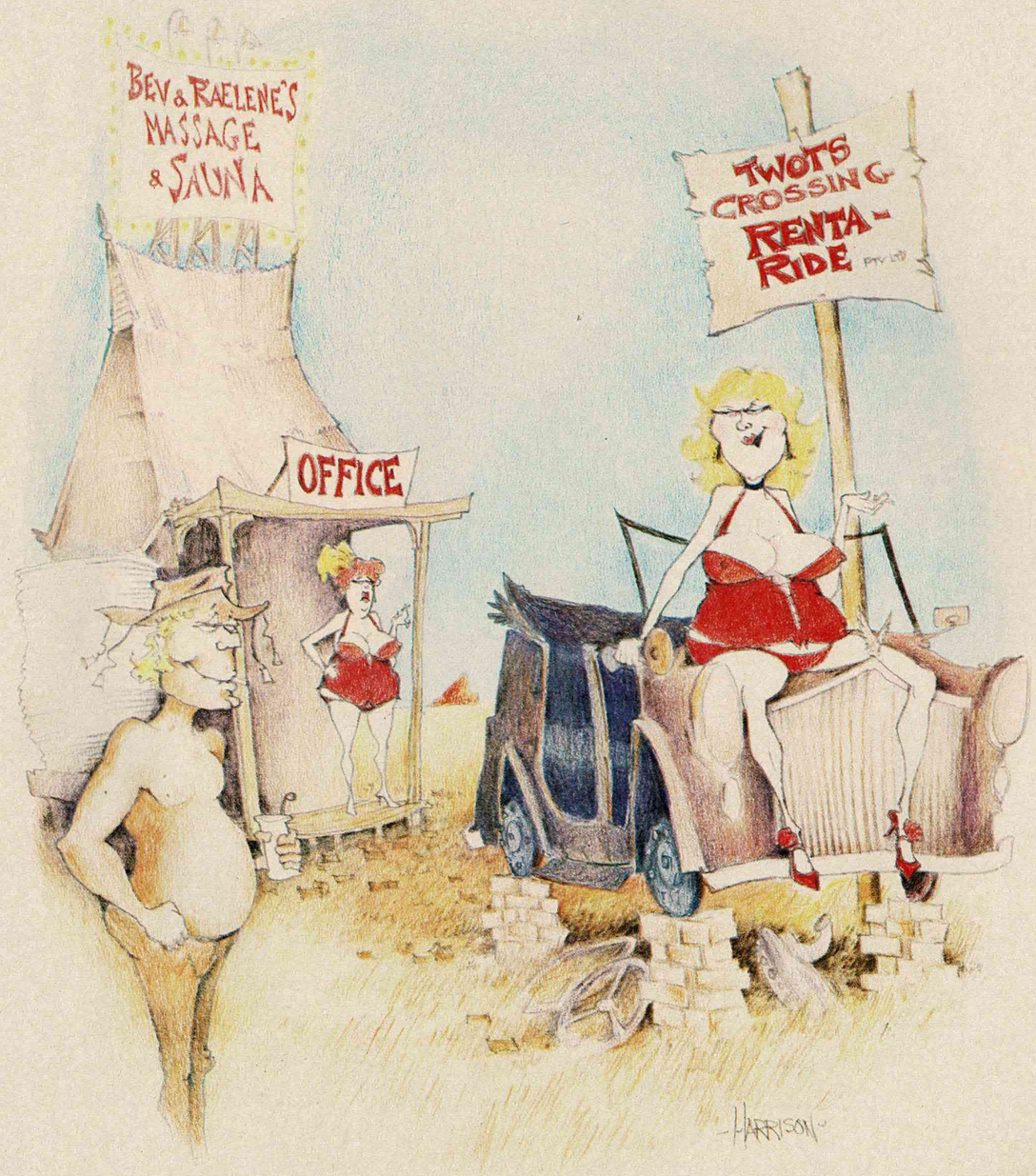
He was standing still. His ears were pricked and he stood loosely on the chain. He barked once, and the cry broke the stillness like a shot. The man stumbled across the yard until he stood beside him. "Mate," he sighed, and his words were weary as he knelt in the dust. "My old mate."

He ran his hand across the scarred head, down the broad back, under each withered paw. He dropped his head against the dog and seemed to hold it there for a lifetime. Then he slipped the collar from his neck, and the heavy chain thumped to the ground. As the man rose and walked away, he turned on the water tap and left it running.

He walked out the gate and the dog barked again. He turned, and quietly, as if he wanted no one else to hear, he told the dog to stay. Then he headed out toward the desert country in the west, walking quickly, for he had a long way to go. He felt the waves of heat already burning against his face and his throat was dry. He knew he did not have to wait long.

The dog whimpered quietly a few times and smelt the blood where the man's hand had touched him and he did not understand. He stood and stretched, then he scratched himself a deep bed in the sand. A light breeze began to blow lazily in from the south and the dog lay down and watched the sky. His eyes closed, and he slept.

"Which one was the Caesarean section?"



"Until we can get this back on the road, all I can offer you is an old bike I keep over at the office."

When only the best will do.

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WINDSURFING

A NEW KIND OF FREEDOM

in this age of inflation and ennui, it's good to know that there are still a few cheap thrills left . . . hugh edwards explains the popular sport of windsurfing

WHEN IT comes to playing, man is a very inventive creature. Every year, some new craze hits the headlines, winning legions of followers. We've been through frisbees, skateboards, go-karts, touch football and a variety of other fads — all the way back to hula hoops, yo-yos and even marbles.

Once in a generation, however, there comes a genuine new sport that sticks. Since the war, we have had snorkelling, scuba diving, surfing, squash playing and water skiing. At the moment, the padding of rubber soles and the bright bobbing of track suits along the streets indicate that jogging is here to stay too.

But the newest and surely most exciting sport on the scene is the child of wind and water — windsurfing. Invented 12 years ago in Los Angeles by a surfer and a yachtsman, windsurfing is now one of the world's fastest-growing sports, and it is estimated that by 1984 there will be a million people engaged in doing it.

And it's predicted that Australians will be as fiercely involved as any of the other devotees, given the fact that we probably have the best all-round conditions of wind and bright water in the world.

The two sportsmen in Los Angeles, Hoyle Schweitzer and Jim Drake, knew that surfing was exhilarating, when there were waves about, and comparatively cheap. But a good part of the world, Europe for example, had

Photography by Peter Crawford

no surf, and even in surfing countries, many days passed without a wave. Yachting, on the other hand, was practical in far more places, but boats had to be moored at clubs or trailed around, they needed crews, were a hassle to rig — and were extremely expensive to maintain.

So Schweitzer, a computer company executive, and Drake, an aeronautical engineer, sat down at the drawing board with several particular requirements in mind. They wanted the speed and thrill of a surfboard combined with the use of a wind that blows worldwide. This creation should be a one-person affair, something light enough to carry and which could be easily transported on a car's roof rack . . . something which could be used anywhere there was water and which would not cost much more than a set of golf clubs. Their original design was so technically perfect that it has changed very little since.

There are variations for high speed, and wave-jumping — and almost anything else man can dream up to conquer the machine — but nonetheless most of the world's sailboard riders continue to ride the hulls patented by Schweitzer.

Basically, a windsurfer is a big surfboard with a sail, weighing about 18 kilos. The mast swivels off a deck mount but has no stays or standing rigging. It is controlled by a wooden or aluminium wishbone. If the rider lets go, the mast and sail flutter down to rest on the water. There is no rudder; steering is done manually by altering the position of the mast, tilting it forward or back.

The whole concept is one of simplicity, yet a sailboard is capable of astonishingly high performance. At the Smirnoff Cup held in England where all kind of madcap, one-off designs attempt to break world yachting speed records, one board was clocked at 35km/h over a measured kilometre. Recently, Ken Winner of the US sailed 160 kilometres off the Miami coast on a standard windsurfer in six hours and 49 minutes, averaging a fantastic 24km/h for the entire course. All this in spite of running out of wind near the finish — the last eight kilometres took 40 minutes, and Winner was so exhausted he fell off his board twice in the last 100 metres.

Sooner or later, of course, some maniac had to try one in the surf. Logically, it appeared that all that would happen out on a big wave would be an explosion of white water and a spitting out of chips of fibreglass, aluminium mast fragments and rags of sail. But in Hawaii, the waves were there . . . and the temptation . . . what the hell anyway! To the astonishment of everyone, it worked brilliantly. Windsurfers sailed up, down, across and in front of the waves. Survivors reported the new sport as brilliant; riding the waves became an event, with wind sailors competing for points like orthodox surfers. And out of that came a new stunt: riders found that, by setting their boards at a wave face, they could shoot up the face and launch themselves into space. Some Hawaiian jumps of 10 metres *high* have been recorded.

Australia has its jumping and surfing adherents. "It's a tremendous sensation," says Mark Paul who took his custom-built sailboard out for some of our pictures. "When you break out of the wave into the air, you're truly flying. You can actually alter and control the direction of the board in the air. It's fantastic."

It takes about six to eight hours' tuition to learn to handle a sailboard solo, but once you learn, you never forget. The satisfaction is immense.

"Ah," you might inquire with suspicion, "but what does it cost?"

Less than you would think. Prices change, but the last I heard you could get board, sail and gear for less than $900 — a fraction of the price of ordinary yachting where craft prices are counted in the thousands, not hundreds, of dollars. Once you have a board, there are not many other expenses: you don't have to join a club; there aren't any trailer or launching ramp hassles; you don't have fuel or storage problems. Any stretch of water, fresh of salt, will do.

All this in a world where almost everything is expensive and/or hard to get. The wind and the sea are free.

Surely there must be one flaw? There is. As one Sydney windsurfer said ruefully, "There's no bloody place to hold a beer." No, but it sure tastes good when you come in.

ON·THE·SCENE

what's happening, where it's happening and who's making it happen

FM the new wave

1980 WILL be remembered in Australia's electronics industry as the year of commercial FM radio — an historical milestone. The boom it caused in the electronics industry can only be compared with the launch of color television, and many an executive has dined and wined on the subsequent profits. Even the normally inscrutable Japanese were baffled by the FM phenomenon.

The industry expected the FM launch to create some sales boost, certainly. But nobody guessed just how big. The result was that many manufacturers were forced to airlift FM tuners and car FM cassette radios to Australia in Jumbos.

In cool cash the FM launch was worth between $15 and $20 million to the hi-fi market and in excess of $12 million to the car stereo market.

The effect of the launch on the hi-fi industry can be seen in the import figures of tuners. In 1978/79 the figures ran at 1200 a month. In 1979/80 this leapt to 2500. But the first month of the '80/'81 year was August, which coincided with the launch of commercial FM and the sales leapt to 6000 units in that month alone. Now the sales have settled to 5000 a month and the industry has its bankbooks and fingers crossed that the boom will continue.

The first ratings period was the proof of the pudding as far as both the FM operators and the industry were concerned. Across Australia, more than one million listeners tuned to the clear dulcet tones of FM commercial radio. The stations on average pulled 12 percent of listeners away from the AM stations. And worst hit were the music stations. The biggest audience came from the 18-to-24-year-olds. In Melbourne, FM took 16.7 percent of this audience.

But, while everyone else was dancing in the streets after the first ratings period (except several AM station operators who were looking decidedly ulcerated), Sydney FM listeners, especially the mobile fraternity, were having problems.

Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane and Perth all reported superb reception. But Sydney's FM population has been dogged by difficulties.

Within two weeks of going to air, the two FM stations were pulled off, and Mike Willesee and Rod Muir were at pains to explain that it was aerial problems that had forced them off the air. The actual problem was that their excellent FM signal was being received as far afield as Wollongong and Newcastle. Not on, said the Posts and Telecommunications department. FM stations are planned for that area anyway, and the FM signal was cutting across TV transmissions (Australia is the only country in the world with TV transmissions on the FM band. Everyone else uses UHF and Australia is eventually due to move TV stations on to that band).

So the Sydney FM stations were ordered to cut output. The Sydney environment is anything but right for FM transmissions. The city's hilly topography and large buildings play havoc with the FM signal's line-of-sight transmissions.

The result is that, while Newcastle and Wollongong are now cleansed of Sydney FM transmissions, so are many parts of Sydney. People driving around in their cars find that they get an echo effect in some places, while others find that the signal-to-noise ratio is more noise and less signal.

It means that Sydneysiders have to spend more money than their interstate FM-listening brothers on good in-car FM sound gear to get a reasonable reception.

The echo is caused by multipath — this means that the FM signal is bounced off the large buildings and the FM receiver in the car picks up the same signal twice — one a fraction of a second later than the other. So you get two stations for the price of one — but it's hardly stereo.

The car sound specialist retailers should be able to provide you with a unit to bolt on to the rear of your car radio to help beat this problem But it will cost you around $90.

But car sound manufacturers do have some part-way solutions. Some of the better quality car sound units have a blending system. Normally, as the FM signal gets weaker, the car radio will switch suddenly from stereo to mono. And then, as it gets even weaker, you will get more and more noise interference. The better quality car radios don't switch suddenly from stereo to mono. They do it gradually (blend) so that, subconsciously, you don't know it is happening. Then, as the signal gets even weaker, quality units like the Pioneer top-of-the-line KE 5000 cassette radio, that has what they call in the US the "super tuner", switch right off. Pioneer's attitude is that it's better to have no signal than a very noisy, poor reception. When the signal strengthens the radio comes back on.

Kenwood takes the idea a step further with its car cassette radio player. When the FM signal gets too poor the radio shuts down and the cassette player automatically starts. The only trouble is that, when the FM signal is strong enough again, the cassette doesn't turn off. You have to switch back to the radio.

According to Laurie Ruddock, the Product Manager for Pioneer Australia, this country's number one car sound manufacturer, Sydneysiders will

it's the new boom in radio — what color was to television. but, while the reception is clearer and in stereo, there are problems audio by Dennis Lingane

Photograph by Luis Martin

have to be very selective about their car aerials as well. While a $3 bargain buy in aerials might have been all right for AM radio, you shouldn't even consider anything under $10 for FM. A brass aerial with either chrome or stainless steel surface is a good aerial. And it should be in four or five sections, says Laurie. A three-part aerial doesn't allow good tuning and creates problems because of the leverage each part puts on the other. And always make sure the bottom section is fully extended; if it is left below the mudguard, a lot of your signal will leak away. Bring the bottom section up to its full length and then adjust the height of the aerial with the remainder of the telescopic sections.

The idea is to tune your aerial to optimum reception. Too long, and it picks up a lot of interference as well as the signal. Too short, and the signal gets too weak. The ideal length for an aerial for Australian FM reception is 78 centimetres. But if you are too close to the station this could be too long. So the ideal is an auto aerial with a manual over-ride so you can adjust the length of the aerial to tune it.

John McTavish of Bose Corp is, doing a roaring trade in Sydney with electronic amplified aerials. Every Porsche, BMW and Mercedes in which he fits a Bose/Concorde super sound system ($1200) finishes up with the owner buying one of his electronic aerials. They are more than $200 each, but one demonstration is enough to prove just how good these electronic aerials really are, Philips also has an electronic aerial in its range.

What the clever aerial does is amplify the signal and not the noise. So, if you are getting an FM signal of one part noise and two parts signal, it will boost the signal so that you will finish up with a much better signal-to-noise ratio.

When you set out to buy a car sound system, one thing you will have to get used to is looking for units with the best possible specifications.

There are two important specs with an FM receiver: sensitivity and signal-to-noise ratio. You should look for a tuner with two microvolts sensitivity or less, and the signal-to-noise ratio figure should be 40 dB or higher. Generally, you will have to pay in excess of $200 for this sort of performance.

But, even when Sydneysiders do spend all this money making sure they have a good FM receiving system, they will still be bugged by interference from other people's cars. Electrical noise is something that FM fans will just have to learn to live with. The only solution is to put distance between yourself and the troublesome motorcar.

Domestic hi-fi FM receivers are not giving nearly as much trouble as car FMs. The 300 ohm ribbon aerial that comes with FM tuners or receivers is good enough in most cases to do the job. In fact, in my experience, one doesn't even need to hang it on the picture rail as one should. Dropping it down the back of the tuner seems to work quite well.

But, if you are one of the few who has a reception problem, first make sure that the ribbon cable that came with the tuner is properly hung. The arms should be spread out and pinned high on a wall, above people's heads, so that they won't create interference. If that doesn't do the trick, try a length of 75 ohm TV cable run into the eaves and tacked down so that it faces toward the transmitter. But the ultimate FM aerial is a TV aerial. You can either use a separate TV antenna (one of the whirly things used indoors should do the trick), or you can buy a "splitter" and plug both the TV and the FM tuner into the socket of your TV roof antenna.

But, while we all indulge ourselves this summer in the new sound quality that the FM stations are giving us, spare a thought for AM operators.

In America, the FM stations now have the majority audiences, particularly in music broadcasts, and many an AM broadcaster is feeling the pinch. Their only hope of survival is the AM wideband stereo transmissions that should be available in a year.

Neither Japan nor Europe is interested in AM stereo — basically because neither has any room on its band for it as each has so many AM stations.

But Australia is very interested, because we have plenty of room on our AM bands. There is no doubt that within a month or so of the US deciding on an AM stereo format we will see Australia follow suit. Many AM stations in Australia are already geared up with stereo equipment in their studios ready for a switchover. And if the FM boom continues the way it is, they will need it.

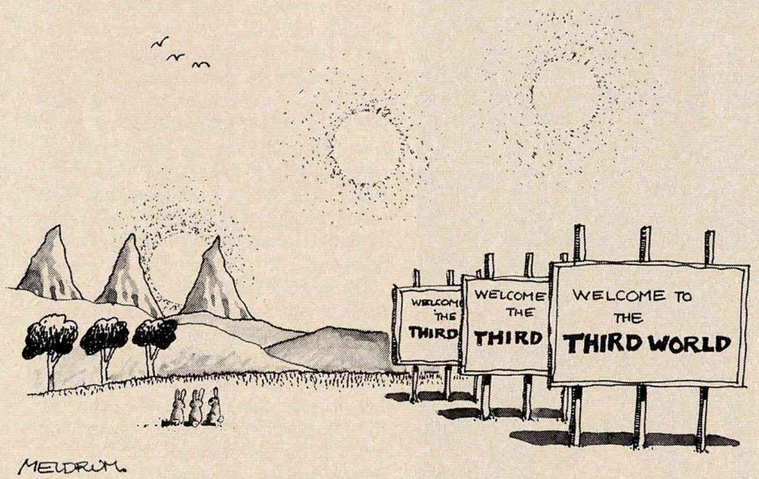
The wide-band AM stations would have a number of advantages. They would be able to transmit a wide frequency response so we would get plenty of bass and top end, and they would have stereo. More importantly, they would be able to offer that AM stereo reception over a wider area than FM, which is only transmitted on line-of-sight. So the AM stations would once more gain the initiative.

But no doubt the FM stations would then press the Government to give them repeater stations so they could expand their transmission area to reach a wider population, and thus keep car travellers tuned in.

It's going to be a headache for the Posts and Telecommunications engineers, who are already burning the midnight oil in Melbourne trying to solve the complex problems related to the Australian satellite as well as Teletext.

But in the long run it will mean more and better quality radio for enthusiasts, many more dollars in the coffers of the electronics industry, and headaches for radio broadcasters.

1980 was an historical year for Australian radio. But it might prove to be only the tip of the iceberg. 1981 might hold a lot more surprises.



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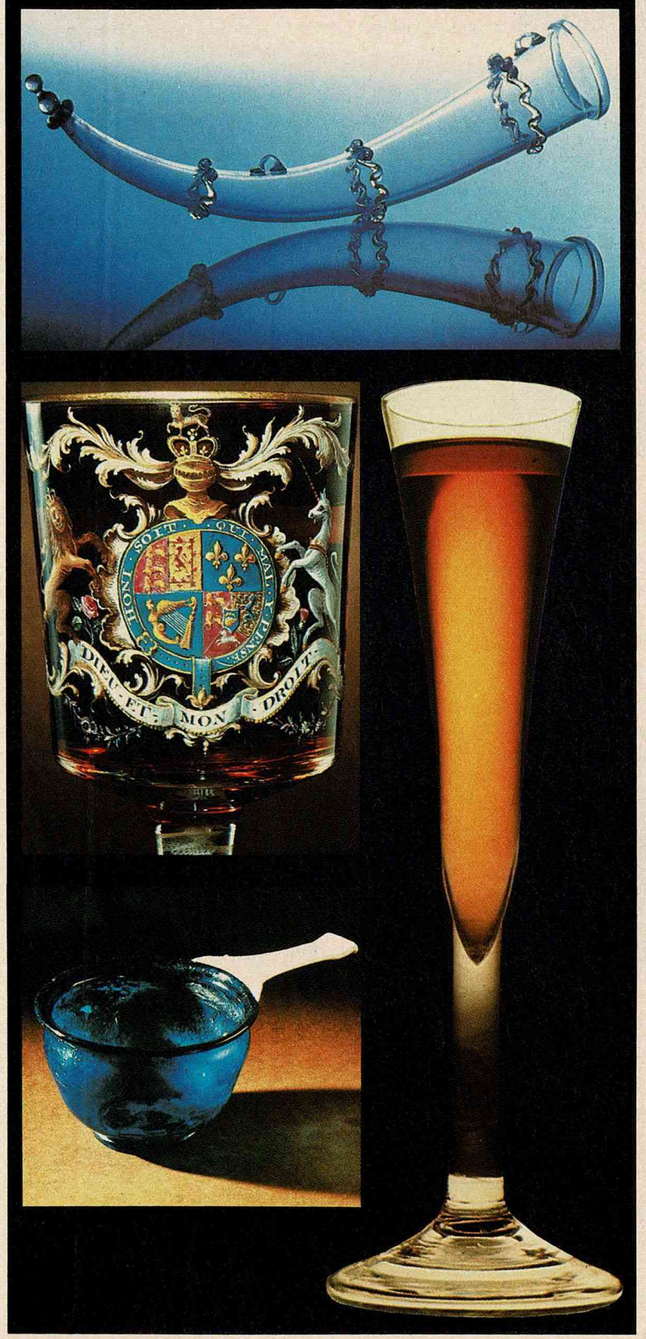
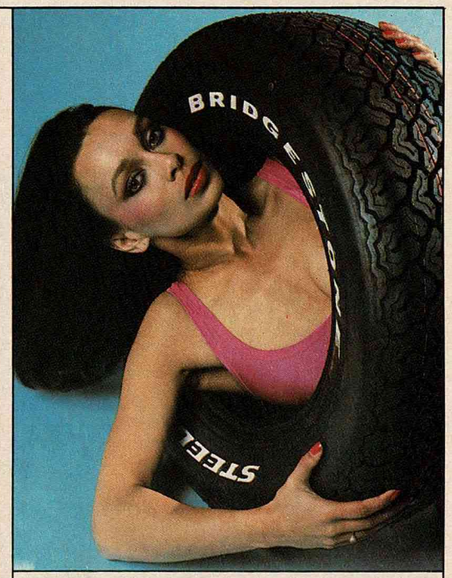
RIGHT ROYAL KISSING CUPS

The $2 million Cinzano glass collection is currently on display in the West Australian Art Gallery in Perth. It will be paraded in galleries in Adelaide, Hobart, Newcastle, Sydney and in the National in Melbourne later in the year. Here's a toast to some of the world's finest glass with superb examples of a drinking horn, a Georgian goblet, a drinking ladle and mammoth ale flute.





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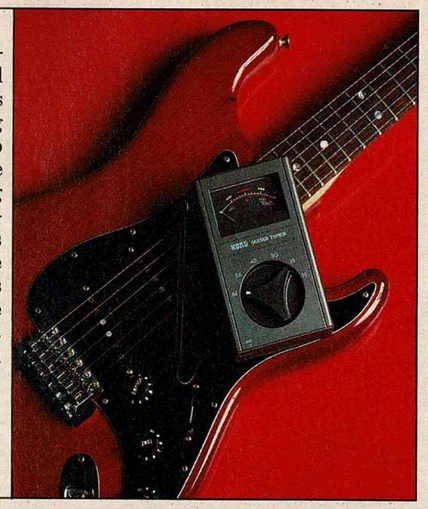
BEEP-BEEP

Madcap millionaire, Dick Smith has done an Orson Welles by bringing those pesky little space invaders into our own homes. Not that Dick wants to scare us all into nuclear bunkers. With some help from his Taiwanese friends, Smith is marketing a new, miniaturised line in the space invaders craze. It comes in two versions: the deluxe model at $30 and the regular at $24.95. All Dick Smith stores now carry mini-space invaders.

BIG NOTING

For guitarists who suffer from the dreaded tuning blight, help is at hand. It's the Korg GT6 which can even do the job for the tone deaf. A meter reading indicates when the desired tuning level has been achieved. The closer the needle points to the centre, the more accurate the tuning. It can be plugged in to an amplifier or can work from batteries for acoustic. From Landis Music of 40 Park St, Sydney, for about $69.



BRINGING IN THE CHEAPS

Puzzled about what you'll give the girl who has nothing? Treat her to a $2.95 copy of *The Bargain Shopper's Guide.* She'll save in Sydney and Melbourne stores. The paperback has volumes of listings for everything from pet food to porridge.

BOTTOM LINE BOATING

For all those who prefer to skim rather than swim, the Bohsei Mini-cruiser is powered by a 2hp Suzuki engine and cruises at six knots. Automatic cut-out device saves long swims. It sells for $695 from L & P Water Leisure Agencies, 361 Warnerloo Rd, Nollamara, Perth, and Neptune Diving Services, 99 York St, Sydney.

YOU RANG, SIR?

The Orchestra Electronic Chime makes your entrance a hit. It plays 60 different five-second tunes ranging from national anthems to Greensleeves. From the Friedland range, it's distributed by Breville and costs $69.

TRIPPING THE ALFANTASTIC

the italians show yet again that they know best when it comes to speed, safety and comfort all wrapped up in a beautiful package

motoring by Rob Luck

THE LITTLE Italian is still visibly agitated. For four harrowing laps on a race track that resembles an ice-rink Bruno Giacomelli puts his ass on the line for the fastest qualifying time and the PLAYBOY Bonus Cheque of $1000. He even knocks off Oz World Champ Alan Jones in the session, and he fronts up at the rostrum on the instructions of the organisers to collect his hard-earned winnings. But it is not to be. Someone has boo-booed. Jones gets the cheque and next day he gets the checker for the Australian Grand Prix. The Big Double. Not that he didn't earn it — the burly Aussie set the fastest overall practice time by 0.3 secs.

But the Italian Stallion is a good loser. A few minutes after fronting for his cheque and being turned away, he agrees to an impromptu test of the Alfa Romeo Giulietta sedan. It is hot and dusty, Bruno's hair is still streaked with sweat from pounding the Alfa Romeo Formula One car around the squirts and jabs of Calder's tight raceway, but as he wheels the Alfa sedan out of the Calder pits he is already talking briskly, gesticulating with his hands in that wild, marvellous way that Italians do.

We weave through a drag-net of Victoria Police marshalling traffic on the entrance to the Calder Highway and burble sedately away to the west. A few kilometres further on, the road is ripped-up for resurfacing, and what little is left of the tarmac has been re-shaped into a sort of mini-GP chicane by an ingenious arrangement of barricades and signs. It could have been made especially for the Formula One star, and he recognises the potential immediately . . . . We are ambling along at 150km/h and Bruno is talking about silly speed limits when he snaps the shift-lever down three ratios in as many 10th-seconds, dabs the stoppers and hurtles the sedan at the artificial S-bends.

We lurch through on the rims, tyres howling, mirrors almost tapping the taller road signs, the car cocked-over in fearsome angles as it is tossed expertly from one steering direction to the other. Out the other side, Bruno stretches the Alfa's legs in second gear (80km/h), then lobs the lever nonchalantly over into fifth, and starts waving his arms about again.

"You see, this is not a nervous car (a favorite Giacomelli expression). It is a comfortable sedan with good ride, but if you want to drive like a madman it is up to the job. I tell you this . . . if everyone should drive cars like this, there would be fewer accidents."

It is a reflection of Giacomelli's view of road driving. Like most Grand Prix experts, he does not like to drive on the road. "It is just too dangerous," he says. But if he must drive, and drive he must — putting up 40,000 road kilometres of commuting each year in Europe alone — then "it must be an Alfa".

Of course, it "must be an Alfa" for reasons of sponsorship, but Alfa Romeos do have a certain quality of performance engineering which is probably not equalled by any other manufacturer of reasonably economical performance cars anywhere.

The specifications of the newest Alfa, the Giulietta, are typical of the marque.

In essence, this is a sports-car envelope on a sedan-car package. Certainly

Opposite page: Alfa Formula One ace Bruno Giacomelli gave PLAYBOY an exclusive test of the Giulietta. Left (from top): The "Turbodelta", another PLAYBOY exclusive, and Rosemary Paul's Alfasud Sprint.

it will seat four tall adults in comfort. And accommodate their luggage. But under the skin, it sports a sophisticated twin-overhead camshaft 1800cc engine, five-speed gearbox integral with the back axle to distribute the weight evenly from the front to rear, "brickwall brakes" (four-wheel discs), sharp rack-and-pinion steering, and independent front/de Dion rear suspension.

And that body. At first glance it looks like a paddle-pop that's been given a serve by a Mack truck. But it grows on you. Especially when you learn that the diving wedge nose and the abrupt sawn-off tail have a drag co-efficient similar to a Porsche.

Motoring in Italy is particularly merciless these days. City streets have become wall-to-wall parking lots, and super-highways *(autostradas)* are like crowded dodgem tracks. And the Italians are still in a hurry. To meet the timetable, and retain their sanity, they build cars like Alfas. Cars that accelerate to the town limit like Aussie V8s, to the open road limit like local sixes, and then run away and hide up at the top end of the performance scale (the Giulietta 1.8 does 170km/h, and the Alfetta GTV can be coaxed almost to 200km/h).

But these cars also ride like limos, steer and handle like mini-GP cars, and put in the sort of economy people driving Australian family sedans can only talk about, eg, the Giulietta will do 35mpg (8.0l/100km) if you pussy-foot, 30mpg (9.4l/100km) from fast open road cruising, and 24mpg (11.71/100km) around town.

All at an affordable price. The Giulietta is the mid-ranger of the Alfa line-up at about $13,500, sandwiched between a flock of thoroughbreds ranging from little more than $10,000 (the front-drive Alfasud TI sedan) to the top-notch Alfetta GTV Coupe (about $16,500) and the Alfetta GLE sedan (about $17,500).

Emphasising the wide selection choice is the Alfasud Sprint (at almost $12,500, it's the coupe version of the Alfasud sedan).

In spite of Alfa's pitiful quota allowance (another Federal Government restriction — on top of punitive import duties), the model range and

choice is marvellous (except that there is no automatic available in any car). Alfa currently has to content itself with just 1500 vehicle import quota allocations.

And Alfa pricing in Australia is remarkably fair considering the horrendous import duty slug, freight, handling, special model build (for Australian Design Rules) and small volume over which to spread the overheads. A good example is the Giulietta, priced in Italy at $11,500 and here at $13,500 (approx.). By comparison, a Porsche which costs $15,000 in Italy sells for $28,000 here (source: Italy *Quattroroute* magazine, local distributor prices).

Still, Alfa Romeo, with no immediate potential to increase its profitability through volume (and it has maintained the position of increasing prices only in line with inflation-enforced pressures), is one of the great tryers in the local industry import business.

A surprising outlet for Alfa Romeo was in the form of support for race-ace Tony Edmondson, who has campaigned a Sports Sedan tourer which features an Alfa Romeo Alfetta GTV body — or a Star Wars development of it. Surprising — because the Alfetta GTV is no more Alfa than the body silhouette, running Formula 5000-type suspension and engine under the panels. Worse still, not even an Alfa-based engine.

This may soon be corrected. Bruno Giacomelli and his team of Autodelta mechanics who visited Australia for the Australian Grand Prix were so impressed with the Edmondson Alfa that they suggested the team might be provided with some Autodelta 4-litre V8 Alfa Romeo engines (ex the Alfa Montreal) at a special price. Owner and team mentor Don Elliott is off to Italy next month to examine the possibility of shoe-horning the 600bhp racing engines under the lid of the Alfa for next year's Championship.

All of this may seem to have little to do with the way the current range of Alfas drives. But it has a lot to do with the philosophy of Alfa Romeo Italy, which is mirrored by those supercharged enthusiasts in the local team. And it is the sort of spirit that goes into every Alfa.

Alfa's commitment to racing as a testbed for its production cars is reflected in the "Turbodelta", the ultimate production Alfa, a turbo-charged factory version of the Alfetta GTV Coupe built by Autodelta, the Italian tuning house entrusted with all Alfa Romeo's racing and performance development.

It is said in Italy that the Turbodelta was developed because a certain executive was tired of being thrashed on the *autostrada* by the Ferraris, Porsches and Lamborghinis. The resultant Turbodelta will run 220km/h with a final drive ratio that still allows it to out-accelerate a 924 Porsche Turbo. With the "cruiser" final drive, the car will reputedly do 260km/h — the top speed of Lamborghini's top of the line Countach.

There is one in Australia, and I drove it recently. Imported by a private owner, and tuned to a fine pitch by Alfa Romeo's Service Director Ruggiero Rotondo, it is a flyer. But it is doubtful if it will become locally available.

Alfa Romeo has a feasibility study going on the vehicle at the moment, but there are a lot of barriers: qualifying for emissions standards, Australian Design Rules, warranty, spare parts, etc. One barrier is *not* the price. At a guesstimated $24,000, it probably would be the cheapest high performance car available here.

Not that the standard Alfetta GTV is disappointing in its performance. Our recent test car would run to 195-198km/h in fifth and accelerate from zero to 100km/h in 11.4 seconds, covering the standing 400 metres in well under 17 seconds.

The standard locally-available Alfetta range (and the Giulietta, by virtue of its specifications, belongs in this family) is the nearest thing to a series of race-cars in family sedan/sports sedan guise. The mechanicals are arranged for ultimate handling, steering and braking, primarily based on the even 50/50 front/rear weight distribution obtained by putting the gearbox down at the back with the transaxle.

But even the Alfasud range with its "overbalanced" front-located horizontally opposed four-cyclinder front-drive engine is no less a masterpiece of performance and safety.

In its heyday, the Alfasud sedan won virtually every car-of-the-year and superior vehicle award handed out in the world. In its revised and fully developed form, complete with tricky spoilers and updated equipment, it is a surviving thoroughbred from a golden era.

And the coupe version, the Alfasud Sprint, is one of the true "viceless" cars on the road today — a real honey of a motor car. It is probably the only economical performance coupe in the world that can accommodate four adults and some luggage in reasonable comfort at touring averages of around 150km/h.

The car had to be good — we gave one as a prize to Rosemary Paul, our Playmate of the Year for 1979. She says it has already saved her life, and she'll beat you off with a stick if you even look covetously at it (honestly, Rosemary, we were looking at you).

Of course, Alfas have faults. The more pedantic journos who aren't aware of the build of Italians, and who can't adapt to different driving positions, complain loud and long about the long-armed "short-arsed" driving layout. Perhaps they have a point — one which Alfa could fix for the longer-legged, bronzed Aussie with a telescopically-adjustable steering column and height-adjustable seats in all models (the GLE has one and it works well).

Less excusable is Alfa's failure to provide properly aligned pedals to accommodate heel-toe downshifts (for the uninitiated, this is the principle of applying the brakes with the toe of the right foot while sliding the heel across on to the throttle to assist smooth, fast, safe, downshifting of the gearbox while braking simultaneously).

There are some other clumsy touches, too. Like the mirrors on many cars which aren't internally adjustable, the low-geared window-winders (requiring six to eight turns to raise/lower, plus they work the opposite way to our normal), poor ventilation (air is necessary on most Alfas because of deep glasswork), poor interior lights, fiddly key system, lack of protection strips on the flanks and lack of radio. Oh yes, and some weirdo attempts at instrumentation (they should put the dial-designer for the Alfetta GTV and the Alfetta back in his strait-jacket). The fuel tanks are also too small for good Australian cruising range (although this is offset a bit by good economy), and the gearshifts are rubbery (due to the remote location of the gearboxes — in the rear assembly on the Alfettas and in the front-drive units on the Suds). On the Alfettas, it's particularly wise always to select second before using first until the gearbox oil warms.

Bruno Giacomelli, when I asked him, couldn't find any faults with the Alfa range. The nearest he would allow himself to criticism was to say that Alfa Romeo offers "the best compromise" of ride, handling and accommodation with economy.

When I suggested that perhaps the Giulietta could do with a bit more power Bruno's answer was to hurl it at another set of S-bends, screaming through the twists poised on the extremity of adhesion, steering the car effortlessly with a couple of fingers on the wheel . . . "I tell you again . . . not so many accidents when everybody drives this car . . . see . . . ?" Uh-huh.

What to have with chicken.

Barossa Valley
Kaiser Stuhl
Gold Medal Rosé

AB 250/80

YOUR SEXUAL HOROSCOPE

AQUARIUS

We'd like to be able to tell you that this year will mark the dawning of the Rage of Aquarius, but unfortunately the position of Uranus and the meanderings of Mercury indicate a distinct sexual drought for the Water Bearer. However, before you trot off to your local sex shop and purchase a rubber woman, read on — you can usually find flowers growing in the desert.

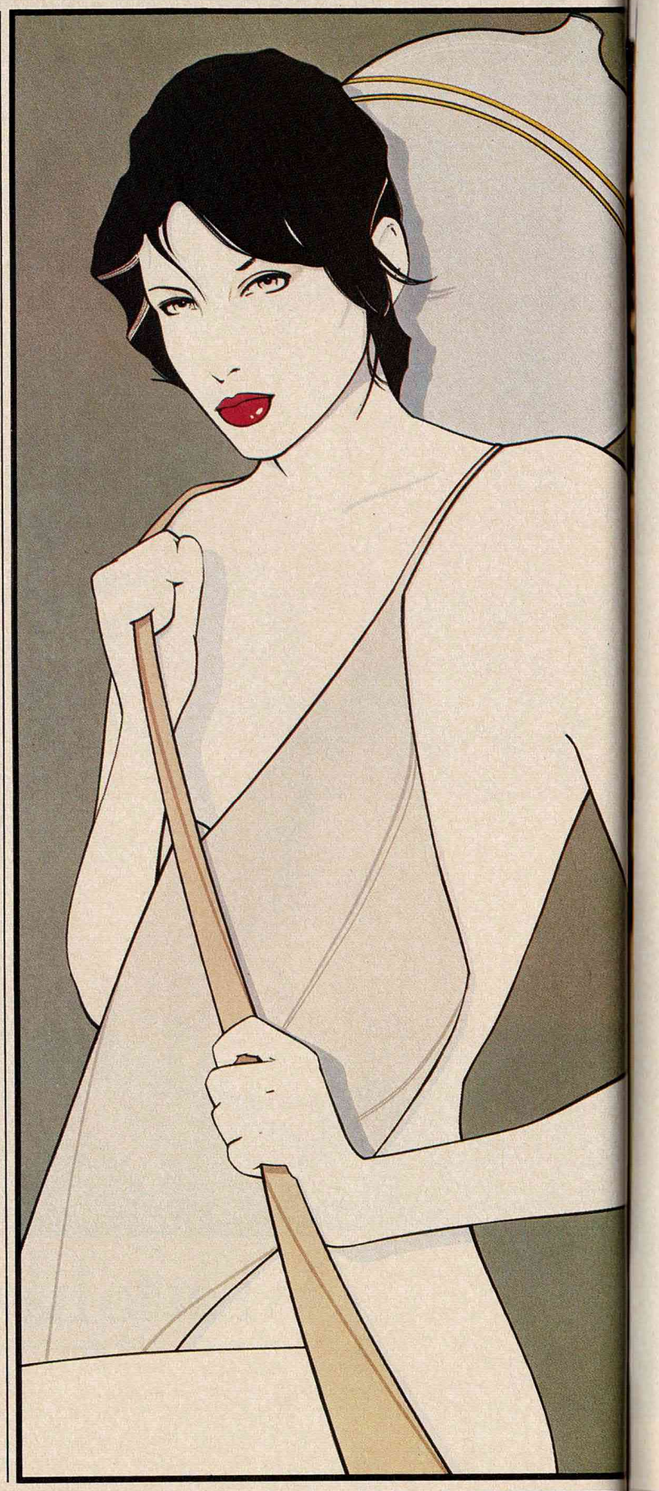
The influence of Mars the activator will still be making itself felt this month, and you'll continue the sexual marathon you started in January. There is a likelihood that you may have a fleeting but very satisfying relationship with an older woman who will raise sensations in your divining rod you never knew existed. But if that happens, it will be all over by the end of the month, and that's when your sexual fortunes begin their decline.

Beware the ides of March! By the weekend of 14-15, you'll be eager to make up for two weeks of celibacy . . . too eager. You will be in grave danger of becoming involved with a female who will cling to you like a limpet while attempting to shape you to her lifestyle. You'll be able to pick her by that predatory glint in her eye. Better to stay celibate for a bit longer than to become involved with this femme fatale, who will make every effort to make your life a misery when you drop her. By the end of March, you'll be fervently wishing you *had* let this woman have her way with you. By mid-April, you may be getting so desperate that you'll be scrutinising the lonely hearts ads in newspapers or seriously considering that jaunt to the sex shop . . . . but in late April you will latch on to a beautiful young thing, probably a Piscean or Sagittarian, and proceed to make up for your fast.

This liaison could last anything from one to two months. Even if it is more fleeting, the Water Bearer won't go unquenched until June, when you once again tread that rocky road you came to know so well in March and April. But this time you will spend only a short period in the sexual desert before Mars activates some erotic events. Although the Water Bearer will be having a lot more than wet dreams, nothing particularly inspiring occurs until late September, when you meet a stunning lady with whom you explore the limits of sexual ecstasy.

From then on, it will be steady cruising. You'll be hoisting the mainsail regularly for the rest of the year, maybe with the same lady, maybe not.

Finally a word about money, which has got to be the most important thing in life after sex. After a bad financial start to the year, things will stabilise, and toward the end of the year you'll have a windfall — no, not first division Lotto or anything like that, but a tidy little sum which will help you get all the necessary action.



THIS MONTH

this is going to be a very wet month, in every respect, for the fish and the water bearer

by arthur bowman

Illustration by Pat Nagel

PISCES

That libido-stirrer, Mars, raises your sex drive to fever-pitch, turning you into a sexual shark (or should we say groper?). But other fish are easily frightened by these predators of the deep, so instead of following your inclination for a fellow Piscean, fin your way towards other star signs — ideally Aquarians, Virgos, or Capricornians. This will be a very good month for dallying in and around your natural environment, at the beach.

ARIES

Keats once wrote a poem entitled Ode to Indolence in which he referred to "a pet lamb in a sentimental farce". That sums up your situation exactly. You're yoked up in a convenient but mundane relationship and, although you might not realise it, you've become a kept man. But with Jupiter in Libra, the weekend of 14-15 offers an opportunity to break away and explore new pastures. Aim for a fellow-Arian, but not so intently that you ask prospective mates their star signs first.

TAURUS

This is a horny bull story. but not the type which should be taken with a grain of salt. It's about a bull who won't find anywhere to house his horn during the month of February unless he effects a change in attitude. Stop that rampant charging at heifers — you frighten them off. Adopt a softer approach and you'll be amazed at the results. A little wooing can earn you a lot of screwing, as any accomplished Casanova will tell you.

GEMINI

This month, those born under the sign of the twins really do start acting like two different people. Not exactly schizo, but the problem is that your normally extroverted self becomes subjugated by an over-aggressive and very dominating Scorpio lover, making you lean toward passivity when you're with her. Give her the toss. There are plenty more fish in the sea — indeed, a nubile Piscean maiden would be just the ticket.

CANCER

Early, in the month, you will meet a vivacious woman with a passion for crab meat, and with the planets in just the right configuration for crustaceous copulation, you will have an exhausting but memorable time. Mars and Uranus stop vibrating for you in late February, but by then you will probably appreciate the rest. Just one word of warning to the amorous crab — be sure you and your partner take proper precautions, unless you want to help to create a little nipper!

LEO

Lions often meet their Waterloo after being lured into a clearing by a goat tethered to a peg. Beware this fate does not befall you this month — getting involved with a horny Capricornian will land you in all kinds of strife. Your best bet will be to aim for a tasty young Virgo but you may have to wait until the weekend of 21-22 to score. (Sunday February 22 also happens to be the feast of Sexageelma, but this has no bearing on your case.)

VIRGO

Mars the activator becomes an astrological aphrodisiac for those born under the sign of the virgin this month, creating diverse opportunities to reach sensuous new galaxies. Your chemistry will probably work best with your adjacent sign Leo. Be very careful of husbands or boyfriends catching you *in flagrante delicto* — seeing your stars are so good this month, you should try to stick to single females. There will be plenty to choose from.

LIBRA

There's a smell of fish in the air this month as you romp with a friendly Piscean or two. Yes, *two* — quite possibly at the same time! Your stars say that your and every other man's fantasy could be realised if you play your cards right. There's a vague possibility that the encounter could lead to complaints from neighbors about being kept awake by multiple groans and shrieks, but what the hell — it will be the experience of a lifetime and you can always move to a better neighborhood.

SCORPIO

Any naturalist will tell you that scorpions are nocturnal animals who spend their days crouched under rocks. Well, now is the time for a change of habits, as the bent priest said to the nun. You'll be surprised at the range of female wildlife that you'll encounter during the day. We're not saying you'll be short of stinger-sinking opportunities if you stick to your old ways, but you're not likely to discover any new and stimulating women unless you alter your ways.

SAGITTARIUS

Your arrow will be quivering with energy this month, but the planet Neptune will endeavor to deprive you of targets. Now, you could be philosophical about all this and head for the nearest massage parlor or renew your acquaintance with Mrs Palm and her five daughters, or you could take this advice — Pisceans and Aquarians are your only hope. And what better place to meet a fish or water bearer than in their natural habitat, the beach? *Bon chance!*

CAPRICORN

First the good news: the goat will have no shortage of places to sink his horn this month. Your stars promise a stream of lovelies itching to get their goat. Now the bad news: your horn may be a horn of plenty, but it does have its limits, which could very easily be reached this month . . . which could result in severe damage to your reputation — no kidding! So pace yourself just as any good athlete would and you're certain to have an undisrupted rip-roaring time of it.

How would you like to have me every month for a year?

Don't leave it to chance. Get it regularly every month. The best collection of fact, fiction and fantasy in the country. Australian Playboy.

AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY

MN&C/PLA/2703

(continued from page 58) of course, occurred during early 1979, when she almost won the *Charlie's Angels* role they eventually gave to Shelley Hack, then to Tanya Roberts.

"The producers thought I was too European, too sophisticated," says Barbara, born and bred in New York. "I'm afraid I didn't take them seriously enough when they asked questions like, 'What sports do you play?' and 'What brought you to Hollywood?' Now, *that* was a good question. I'd often wondered myself. Somehow, in the end, I sensed that the problem was not whether I could act but whether I could *bounce* and be fluffy enough for the role."

When she talked with me about marriage early in 1980, Barbara was pretty well set against it. An unfluffy Long Island beauty who had become a successful model, she had married a businessman from Italy and discovered that all roads led to Rome. After producing two children and making films abroad, she decided that her career had worked out appreciably better than had her marriage.

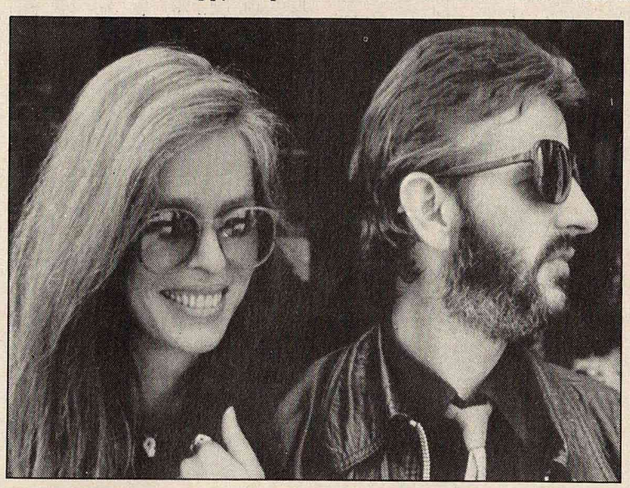
"I can't imagine why I would ever get married again. I made that commitment once and was unable to fulfil it. The way I am now, if I want to be with someone, I'll be with that person, but I see no reason to carry his name as well. I'm still *me*, and I've worked hard to achieve that much. For someone who has already been married and has two wonderful children, marriage for a second time would make no sense."

Cut. Fade out and flash forward to late 1980. With *Caveman* in the can, a thousand headlines have already spread the word about Barbara and Ringo from Beverly Hills to Bangladesh when we meet again. Obviously, there's a new Barbara Bach at large, brighter of eye and with a lilt of excitement in her manner, yet too much like the original to make me suspect that she could possibly be another stunt double.

"You remember everything I said before?" Barbara begins. "That went out the window. Richard and I are living together, and we'll get married as soon as my divorce is final.

"A lot of garbage has been written about us, none of it interesting. The truth is we weren't together until the very end of *Caveman*. Working, we got along fine, but we each had other people, our respective friends. Then, all of a sudden, within a week — the last week of shooting — it just happened. We changed from friendly love to *being* in love. And we both had the same philosophy, neither one ever wanting to marry again. Richard already has three children, aged 10 to 13. Quite honestly, I never thought I'd be so lucky, to fall so much in love that I'd want to do the whole thing over. My family was shocked."

While they don't exclude the possibility of other children, Barbara and Richard (never Ringo to her) intend to establish a home somewhere for the five they have between them. Ringo's children recently spent a month with the happy couple in their rented house above Sunset Strip, then Barbara's 12-year-old, Francesca, and eight-year-old Johnny, came from Italy to explore Beatlemania firsthand.



"Richard's wonderful with kids; they love him. For them, it's like a wonderland here, with drums and guitars in the music room."

Barbara herself came late to Beatles appreciation. "In the '60s, when they were at their peak, I was in Italy. I once took my little sister to see them, because *she* was a Beatles freak. I wasn't. I don't think I could have named five of their songs a year ago. I was never really into music, though I am now — up to my ears. I'm surrounded by it, because Richard is making another album." Suddenly, Barbara finds she can speak with authority about cutting tracks. She has met Paul McCartney, George Harrison and Steve Sills, all of whom are producing songs for Ringo's new LP, due to be released early this year.

"There's also a song on it Richard wrote just for me," Barbara notes with pleasure, "called Can't Stop Lightning. That's what struck us, I guess, though I won't give away the words. Paul produced Lightning, too, and let Francesca and me play on it as part of the percussion group. Really thrilling. Much better, right now, than any film I could possibly be doing in Sri Lanka or Sardinia. Though I'm grateful for such movies and had a good time making them, this whole music world is magic to me.

Whatever magic they're making together must have been at a high pitch one rainy day last year, when Ringo's Mercedes 350SL was menaced by a skidding truck just outside London. To avoid a worse collision, Ringo himself whipped into a skid that took out three lamp-posts. The car flipped over twice, throwing him clear, with Barbara huddled on the front seat in shock, the roof collapsed over her. They both walked away from the accident, only slightly the worse for wear.

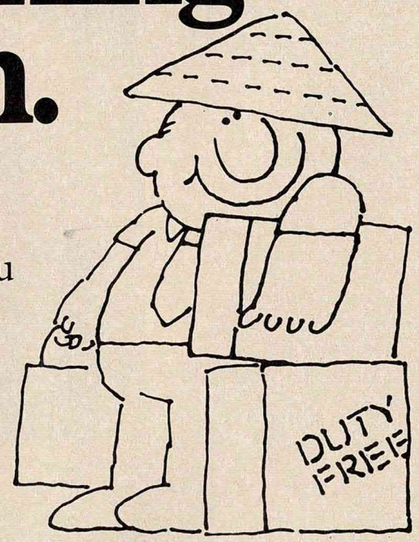
"Terrifying as it was," says Barbara, "we were checked out at a hospital — and a half hour later we got into a cab and went back to our hotel. From the pictures in the paper, you'd have sworn anyone inside that car had to be mangled, if not dead. That particular Mercedes must be the safest automobile in the world, and Richard bought exactly the same car again. The wrecked one he's having crushed into a box, which we're going to keep in the house as a work of art." In memoriam or in gratitude, she adds, Ringo also ordered two star-shaped gold pins for Barbara and himself. "Each one has a little piece of the broken windscreen set in its centre. Richard felt that, if we survived *that* together, we'll manage to get through a whole lot more."

Where do they go from here? From LA to London or Paris or Rome, or perhaps Monte Carlo, where Ringo has established legal residence. New York's nomadic, romantic Barbara may be on the move again soon, but she's in no doubt that any place she hangs her hat with Ringo is home.

"The unexpected is what makes life wonderful, isn't it? I'm incredibly happy now. I had always secretly believed in Prince Charming, if ever he came riding up on his charger. And Richard came. We'll get married, and that's it . . . happily ever after, all the rest. So now I'm into fairy tales."

Spoken with a joyous ring of conviction that suggests our own B.B. may be stepping into the choicest role of her career.

How to take advantage of an overseas bargain without running short of cash.



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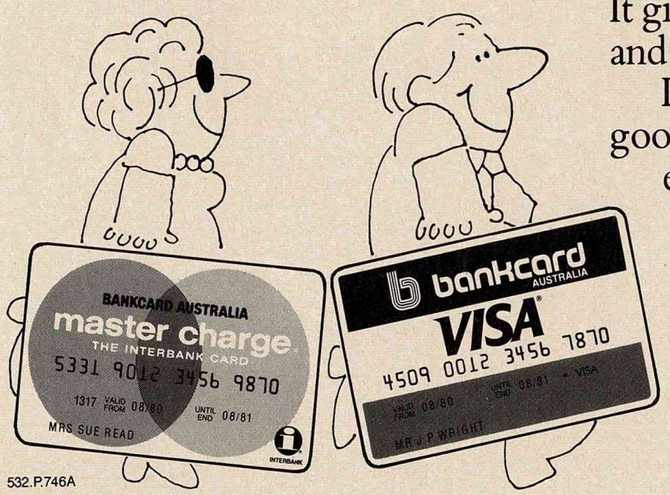

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(continued from page 93)

fulfilling relationship because one was not available to me and evoked an attendant rationale which I now view as having been quite wrong, but an understandable measure of my youth and inexperience. One tends not to trust one's own feelings about such things. But there is a moral code which evolves of itself and is quite unrelated to acceptable concepts of "correct behavior". It's entirely personal. For me, if I depart now from my own moral code, retribution is meted out in terms of self-loathing.

Lisa, 25, model

I don't care what a man looks like as long as I'm in love with him. Oh, there is one thing — his penis should preferably be large. Whether we have foreplay or get straight down to it depends on the circumstances and our moods. The important thing is for it to be spontaneous — it can happen on the floor, on top of the fridge, wherever.

My favorite position is with me on top. I like to dig my nails into my lover and to hear him groan, see his eyes screwed up with pleasure. We build up a lather of body juices, then lie in each other's arms recovering our breath and planting small kisses on each other's neck.

Karen, 35, dancer

It's very important for the man to be totally self-assured because there's nothing which makes me more nervous in a sexual encounter than a man who lacks assurance. I can't think of any specific physical characteristics I like in a man, although there are plenty of ones I don't! — the huge gut of archetypal ocker for instance.

I like a reasonable amount of foreplay, oral or whatever. But — I'll probably sound terribly unromantic for saying this — I don't have that much time for it. I mean, I would have time if I *had* the time . . . Oh dear, that sounds nonsensical, doesn't it? The bald truth is that, if we spend too long on foreplay, I start worrying about things like the dishes which need washing and the sleep I should be getting. Maybe that makes me sound dreadfully unromantic, but it's all due to my lifestyle. I do consider myself to be a fairly romantic person — for preference I like to be in love with the man I go to bed with, and he should be in love with me.

There would not be any question of domination either way. The power politics in sex fluctuate of themselves. There's no need to adopt an attitude to push them a certain way.

I prefer lying on my stomach during lovemaking. It is important for me to come, but I don't get neurotic if I don't. I'll come as often as the situation makes it possible but I don't set a numerical objective.

I don't specifically go just for Australian men, although I can't think of another national group that particularly fires my imagination. I once had an affair with a Greek on a cruise which would have been great had he not been a bit of a dolt!

Helen, 20, university student

My ideal man is tall, blond, medium build, and not too hairy. He must have a small, tight bum and a pecker which is on the large size.

For starters, I like lots of kissing and being licked all over. But I *hate* a guy plunging his tongue into my ear. So many men seem to think this is a monumental turn-on, but it turns me right off.

I like having my nipples pinched extremely hard. It's funny about that because, when I'm not charged up, it hurts, but when I am, it's a turn-on. I can almost have a nipple-orgasm.

Oral sex is a very sensual experience for me; it would have to rank at least equally with full-on, raging intercourse. The tongue really is an amazingly versatile piece of anatomy when you think about it!

My favorite position is me on top; doggie-style comes a very close second, and sideways and standing up are equal third. By standing up, I mean the guy standing and me wrapped around him. He supports my entire weight — I'm only 50 kilos. I just discovered this position, and I like it because of the good penetration.

I like having my clitoris caressed when we're making love, and I get incredibly turned on by dirty talk — you know, obscenities. I'm too bashful to give an example — it would sound so silly out of context.

Something I would really like to try is making love while sailing. When you're in a sailing boat and going into the wind, there's a sort of hollow fold of sail by the boom. It's really really comfortable to lie down in — like a hammock, except you're completely horizontal. It would be just far-out making love there, with the sun and the wind and everything.

A bit of a fantasy with me is the idea of being tied up so I can't move and having someone tease me. I guess this is because I'm usually more aggressive and dominant, and I would like to be the totally vulnerable female, at the man's mercy.

I also fantasise about making love to another woman. This actually used to be a reality — I made love to females before I ever did with a man. For various reasons, I haven't had a lesbian experience for quite a while, but I still find the idea a big turn-on.

The fact is that so many guys just don't know enough about arousing a lady. Either they're shy, inexperienced, or they don't care. Many just don't try to find out — you go to bed with them and they simply go through the motions. They figure that, if it's good enough for them, it should be good enough for you. I've also found that lots of the guys I go to bed with are very inhibited, or have umpteen hang-ups. The worst one was a guy who told me to shut up and just lie there when I asked him to do something.

WE TRUST our survey hasn't eroded your ego to the extent that you feel like rifling for a razor blade in the bathroom cabinet! Our aim has been to illuminate rather than deflate, and we reckon any man who has read up to this point must have the interest — if not the knowledge — to try to become a better lover.

The main thing which emerged loud and clear was that there's no formula for the ideal sexual encounter which in itself is a damn good reason for asking your lady what sparks off that fire down below (if she isn't forward enough to tell you anyway).

Then there's the vital importance of foreplay. It's no good poking the fire if you haven't lit it. Indeed, some of the women we questioned actually preferred foreplay to intercourse. And the popularity of oral sex as revealed in the survey left us in no doubt that most women prefer men to have the gift of tongues rather than the gift of dongs (ie, big 'uns!).

It's also interesting to note how the vast majority of women prefer their lovers to be just that — in love with them. Yes, fellas, the way to a woman's pussy is still most definitely through her heart.

And beergutted Norms are very definitely out of favor. Most of the women in our survey had a partiality for slim, fit men. But even if you're no Adonis, it would seem she won't mind so much provided you make her feel wonderful. Flattery can in fact get you everywhere!

As we said at the outset, we're not attempting to teach you how to suck eggs — or anything else for that matter; too many dangers lie in that kind of instruction. So we'll leave you to ponder over and marvel at the complexities of the female animal.

Oh, and if you became so absorbed in our survey that time ran away and you forgot about your rendezvous with that delectable young spunk . . . ah well, that's *amore!*

MOVIES

super sequel . . . nostalgic action . . . blues blooper . . . year of the breaker

YES, IT *is* better. **Superman II: The Adventure Continues** is funnier, more inventive, more enjoyable — and undoubtedly more expensive — than its forerunner. As one who expressed some unfashionable reservations about the original movie, I can recommend the sequel unreservedly.

This time, the producers Alexander and Ilya Salkind have hired themselves one indispensable commodity — a first-rate director. At a preview screening, it was explained that the workprint we were about to see lacked one or two optical effects as well as Richard Lester's name on the credits. Such are the values and priorities of the movie business that no one seemed at all surprised that the name of the director should be added to the movie as an idle afterthought. After all, many people believe that movies like *Superman II* don't *need* a director. Big-budget spectaculars are usually so predictable in their collisions and explosions that it wouldn't much matter if they were directed by King Kong: But *Superman II* has the pace, the style, and above all the imagination of a genuine film craftsman. Lester, an Englishman, made his mark with the early Beatles movies; he has a fine eye for the zany, the bizarre, the limits of the preposterous, and a brilliant sense of timing. Not one who takes movies too seriously, he's a good man to deflate studio pretensions when big budgets are involved. And signs of budget calculation are everywhere in **Superman II**: when Gene Hackman is asked about his share of the loot after World Domination is achieved, he spreads his fingers and leers at the camera: "I want Australia!" It gets a laugh all right, and I wondered how many local versions had been shot for various world markets. The answer, I'm told, is six.

Superman II, unlike its predecessor, also has a genuine villain — a trio of villains in fact. Hackman is still Lex Luthor, the comic criminal mastermind, enjoying himself enormously and making the rest of the cast look like part-time amateurs from an English rep. But he's no longer Superman's main adversary. This time Christopher Reeve is up against three exiled interstellar crooks, banished from their home planet for un-Kryptonic activities. They have all the powers of the Man of Steel — Super Breath, Heat Vision, Ultra-Sonic Hearing — but no respect whatever (needless to say) for truth, justice and the American way. The presence of *serious* baddies gives the movie its balance and tension. We were never really scared of Luthor, but Terence Stamp looks truly menacing as Colonel Zog. Every comic strip hero needs a credible opponent. Darth Vader is a rich and splendid figure for juvenile identification, and it wouldn't surprise me if he sold more masks and T-shirts than Luke Skywalker himself. Like *Star Wars, Superman II* is one more variation of the aerial combat movie. Instead of Spitfires and spaceships, the airborne combatants are actual people, and Susannah York's presence as Superman's mum kept reminding me of her earlier role in *The Battle of Britain.* As always in these movies, the ultimate confrontations between the forces of Freedom and Tyranny, Good and Evil, are fought out above the clouds.

Superman II is better for another reason: it doesn't waste time explaining the origins of its hero or recounting his childhood in the mid-west of the US. *The Daily Planet,* that wonderful pastiche of hard-boiled newspaper cliches, is by now as familiar to young audiences as the menu at McDonald's.

A couple of flashbacks from the earlier film sandwiched among the opening credits, and we're ready to go! Like its predecessor, but rather more successfully, *Superman II* can be funny. Sarah Douglas has a fine old time as Ursa, a Kryptonic villainess who launches her earthly career by arm-wrestling with an unsuspecting yokel in a backwoods hamlet. Why should sexual domination fantasies be restricted to male audiences?

Margot Kidder is back as Lois Lane, for whom the penny drops at last: it always seemed a shade unlikely that any woman in love with Superman could be fooled by Clark Kent specs. Lois's perpetual ignorance of Clark's identity was the strip's one touch of humor, a running joke reinforced at the end of each episode by disparaging comments on Clark's general puniness. The movie has a truly funny scene with Lois and Clark at a Niagara Falls resort involving a swishy room clerk and a honeymoon suite furnished with a degree of bad taste beside which the foyer of the Hoyts Entertainment Centre would look like the British Museum. "Gee," says Lois, admiring a shocking-pink bearskin rug, "genuine polyester!" It's not a bad description of the whole movie: everything brightly colored, everything fake, everything irresistible.

•

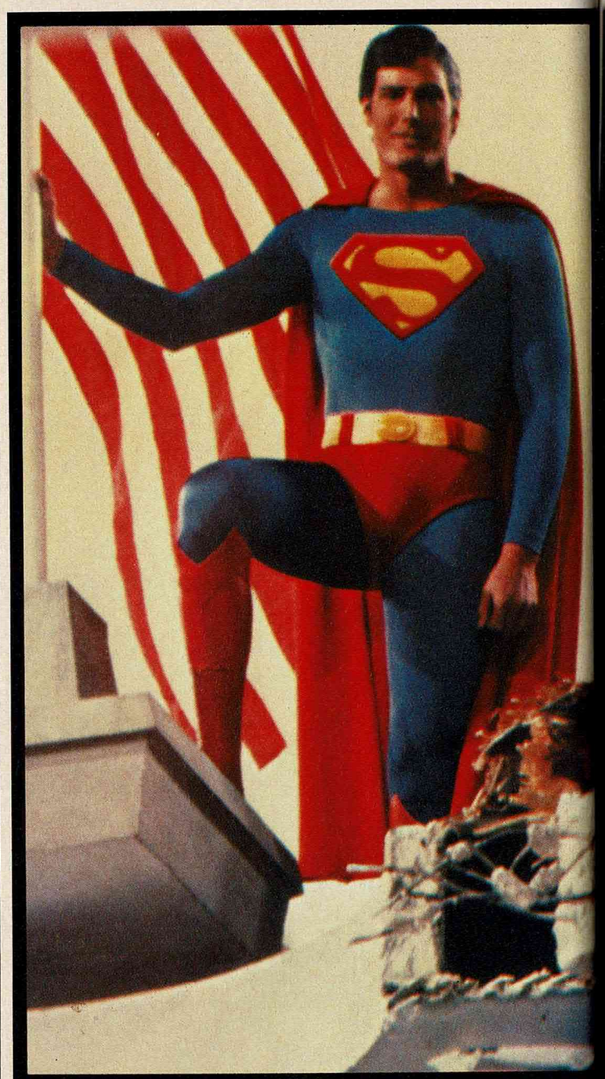
Andrew V. McLaglen specialised for years in westerns and wholesome outdoor adventure movies, often with epic pretensions. His latest big budget action picture is **The Sea Wolves,** which has a nice air of sophistication, a top-notch cast, some appealing backgrounds (India, Portuguese Goa) and a well-turned script by Reginald Rose, who was responsible years ago for the classic jury-room drama *Twelve Angry Men.* The film begins with a dedication to the late Earl Mountbatten, and concerns a real-life exploit by the Calcutta Light Horse, a British regiment in India whose members were too old for active combat and spent most of World War Two playing polo and sipping gin in wicker chairs. A reminder of the big David Lean movies of the '60s, *The Sea Wolves* is hardly in the same class of *Bridge on the River Kwai* but some of the same elements are there: eccentric officers; a faint, upper-class distaste for the realities of violence; glimpses of aristocratic bastardry; hints of some deeper meanings and colonial emancipation to come. We are told the story is true, and the final credits show us photographs of two or three of the original protagonists. Not surprisingly, they bear only a scant resemblance to Gregory Peck, David Niven and Trevor Howard.

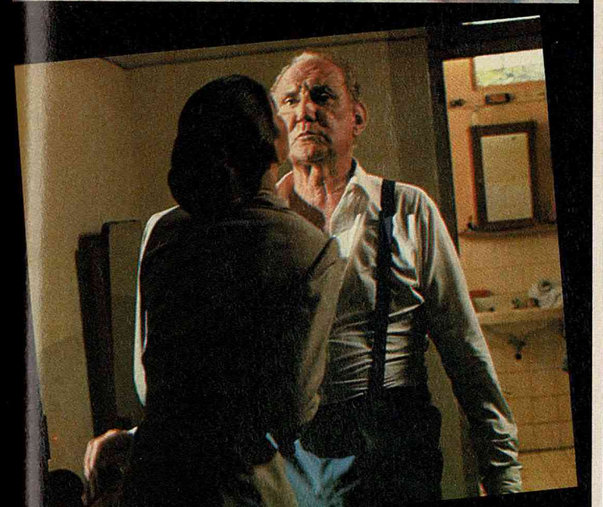
But let's not be too fussy. *The Sea Wolves* isn't meant to be an authentic historical document. It's meant to make money during the Christmas holidays, and I'm quite sure it will. As with all wartime movies, it has a warm mood of nostalgia and its moral issues are as effortless and clear-cut as those of *Superman.* The Germans are the villains. Allied ships are being sunk with alarming ease by U-boats in the Indian ocean. The ships' positions are being passed on by a radio transmitter in a German merchant ship anchored at Portuguese Goa, a colonial enclave on the coast of India and protected from British retaliation by Portugal's quite jealously guarded and heavily armed neutrality. In the days when all-out wars were governed by gentlemanly codes of conduct, the German radio could only be destroyed by a secret guerrilla operation. The man chosen for the job is Gregory Peck, who in his last picture was a German war criminal. (He still has the same moustache.) Naturally the whole operation was a brilliant success, apart from the fact that several people were killed, but the British were so worried about their breach of wartime rules that they kept the whole business a secret for 30 years. The story was finally told in James Leasor's novel *Boarding Party,* a heavily fictionalised account on which the movie is based.

The Sea Wolves is the kind of film that actors like David Niven and Trevor Howard have been making for most of their lives, which accounts for the air of well-drilled nonchalance with which they go through their roles. The cast draws heavily on a legion of ageing British stars who have still been practising stiff-upper-lip parts as if the war had never ended. There's a beautiful lady spy (Barbara Kellermann) and a cunning blue-eyed German spy (Wolf Kahler). There's a dilapidated old boat, crucial to the operation, the engine of which keeps failing whenever the tension needs a boost. There are a lot of shots taken through periscopes. (It's alway a sign of quality in these pictures when the German dialogue is subtitled.) The final commando raid, which ought to be the climax of the picture, turns out to be something of a let-down: it's well done but we've seen it before. The best bits come earlier: the recruiting of the task force; the half-comic encounters with corrupt petty-officialdom in Goa; a posh governor's reception arranged by British agents as a diversionary cover on the night of the raid. Trevor Howard is the enthusiastic but disappointed veteran assigned to a non-combatant role. "We can't risk your old ticker," says Gregory Peck, Director of Special Operations. It's that sort of picture: big, escapist, exciting in a familiar and unthreatening way. As they say in the Calcutta Light Horse, a ripping piece of entertainment, old boy. You'll enjoy it thoroughly.

•

Try not to miss a 48-minute Victorian Film Corporation short called **Do Not Pass Go,** currently on with Don McLennan's *Hard Knocks.* Based on case histories of two juvenile offenders, it's as wounding and sorrowful a film as you're likely to see. Magistrates, social workers, policemen, welfare officers, all do their kindly, unvarnished and pathetic best as the cameras take us calmly through the routines and rituals of the State's corrective system. There's plenty of goodwill and expert advice, even a little humanity in the way things work. Officials talk in their lumbering circumlocutions ("Now Steve, do you have any preferences in relation to your immediate





Christopher Reeve (above) soars again, and Lois Lane (above, right) solves her big problem in *Superman II.*

Beautiful spy Barbara Kellerman makes a deadly point to Trevor Howard in *The Sea Wolves,* a big waterborne saga.

situation?"), form-filling and interviewing grind relentlessly on, and there are people who care pretty deeply about the youngsters in their charge. It's just that over everything hangs a deep, leaden cloud of human misery. What do you do with a 16-year-old boy with "Hate" tattooed on his hand? The film is a minor masterpiece, and one feels nothing but grateful astonishment that it was made with the backing of police and welfare departments.

— EVAN WILLIAMS

•

The problem with **The Blues Brothers** is that director John Landis just can't make up his mind in which direction to point it. What we're given is a potpourri of musical comedy, melodrama, continual mind-numbing car chases and a smattering of dull comedy.

Filmed in and around Chicago on a $30-million-dollar-plus budget, it stars John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd as Jake and Elwood Blues. Following Jake's release from prison, he enlists the help of brother Elwood to try to re-unite their band to raise the money to save their old school from being closed down.

Blues Brothers has one major distinguishing feature: it must rank as the noisiest film of all time. In one ear-splitting scene, a complete shopping mall is demolished as the brothers in their "Bluesmobile" are pursued by a number of police cars. The film provides some brief respite when those great rhythm and blues artists Aretha Franklin, Cab Calloway, James Brown and Ray Charles are given their rein. Belushi and Aykroyd only point up their own mediocrity as blues performers when against such talent.

The pair were part of the original team that starred in the brilliantly innovative *Saturday Night Live* American TV series. They made their screen debut in that incredibly satirical movie about campus life in the '60s, *National Lampoon's Animal House,* but they're out of their depth here. *Animal House* made you laugh by restoring you to the slobby infant in yourself; *Blues Brothers* leaves you fatigued and frustrated. It's only an updated version of the musicals churned out in lotus land during the '30s. People burst into song and dance just as they did in the original American form invented on Broadway and magnified by Hollywood.

The difference here is that the movie is padded out to allow Belushi and Aykroyd to indulge themselves, and director Landis seems

Funnymen Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi lounge in a diner during one of the quieter moments in *The Blues Brothers* rampage

powerless to stop them. Enmeshed in all this monotonous lunacy is Carrie Fisher, playing Belushi's jilted girlfriend. She goes after him with such assorted hardware as an anti-tank cannon, flame thrower, submachine gun and remote-controlled bombs, and she looks about as comfortable in this role as a streaker at a Royal garden party. Along the way we meet Henry *(Laugh-In)* Gibson as a Nazi Party chief, plus a fattened Twiggy and Steve Lawrence as an agent with a penchant for gold chains.

In the movie's ludicrous climax, the brothers speed back toward Chicago with the money to save their school. Heading for the tax collector's office they are pursued by at least 70 police cars, all of which seem hell-bent on turning the city into a giant scrap metal yard as they continually plough into one another. It's interesting to note that the clerk who receives the money is none other than Steven Spielberg.

Belushi and Aykroyd were two of the stars of Spielberg's *1941,* the young director's first attempt at a comedy following his success with *Jaws* and *Close Encounters.* The backers of the ill-fated *1941* are still licking their wounds, and they're about to be joined by the people who put the money up for *The Blues Brothers:* they'll find that there's not much to laugh about in this so-called comedy.

— ALEX SHABS

•

Listing the best films of the year is a risky, not to say pretentious, sort of business — especially for a critic who has scarcely seen half of the year's offerings and I don't always trust my own judgement; let the minor work of above-average quality appear in the great sea of dross and I'm likely to overpraise it. So, instead of a list . . . here are some random thoughts, memories and gripes for 1980.

A lean year: no Bergman, Fellini or Scorsese; a disappointing comeback *(The Big Red One)* by veteran Sam Fuller; the loss of Hitchcock and Sellers; a lacklustre Sydney Film Festival which opened with John Carpenter's *The Fog,* a film that never recovered from an initial silliness involving John Houseman in a ghostly recitation to a campfire audience of kiddies. Thin pickings, too, on the local front, despite Stephen Wallace's *Stir,* which still throbs and festers in the memory as a revelation of prison violence, and Bruce Beresford's splendid *Breaker Morant,* a full-blooded celebration of Australian courage and patriotism.

The Academy Awards were half right: *Kramer vs. Kramer,* flawlessly crafted by Robert Benton, did deserve *all* those prizes; *All That Jazz,* a bit of gross self-indulgence by Bob Fosse, did not. What else will I remember? Woody Allen's recollection of Tracy's face at the end of *Manhattan;* David Bennent, the baleful Oskar, discovering his unique talent in *The Tin Drum;* H.R. Giger's weirdly intestinal set designs for *Alien* (in retrospect, a better science-fiction shocker than I thought at the time); Bette Midler's last, lonely overdose in a phone booth in *The Rose;* Teddy Roosevelt gliding in a lighted train carriage through lambent evening wheatfields in Terrence Mallick's *Days of Heaven.*

My disappointments in 1980: *Fame* and *The Club.* My hope for 1981: less horror. Now that Kubrick has worked the horror bug out of *his* system with *The Shining,* let's hope that lesser directors won't try to outdo him.

— EVAN WILLIAMS

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SHOWBIZ

a little grating on the ratings, starring mike willesee and paul hogan

AFTER A disastrous end to 1980, Michael Willesee is thinking very seriously about his future. He copped ratings in the low eight-to-10 bracket, and those callow chaps who write TV criticism for the daily blats couldn't wait to crow about his final demise. Not surprisingly, Mr Willesee's reaction to their vitriol has been less than cheerful. He even gave short shrift to this correspondent who ventured to inquire what plans he had to scramble back to the top. "I haven't the faintest idea at the moment, and I won't know until we get back on air," he snapped. I then suggested that the word in showbiz circles was that he planned to use more comedy in an attempt to counter *Sale Of The Century,* the game show responsible for snaffling the ratings. "Well, if that's what they told you you'd better quote them. I'm sick of newspaper hacks making stuff up to suit themselves," he continued. For the record, and to convince Mr Willesee that we're not all out to get him, I should make two points:

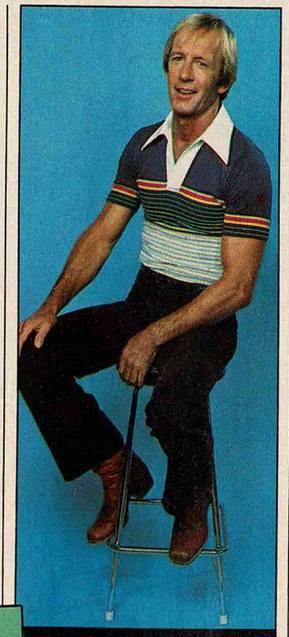
(1) The Willessee formula has worked in one form or another for five years, and that's a hell of a long time to keep the loyalty of the notoriously fickle TV public.

(2) Anyone who writes negatively of a man of Mr Willesee's business and television ability is an idiot.

Willesee will be back, there's no doubt about it. And anyway, he's still working out a two-year contract with the Seven Network.

•

Those who tell everyone in the pub that they've never seen *Sale Of The Century,* but who sit open-mouthed each night trying to answer the questions, may have noticed a strangely bizarre young lady called Victoria Nicholls. Her appearance with the show, and all the resulting national fame, has caused more than a little bitching in showbiz circles. Victoria, they say, will never be a true artiste; never a true exponent of the actor's "art". Well, a pox upon them. Not only is Victoria a successful sort, she's an intelligent one as well. As the Americans say: "She knows what she's about." "Sure, everyone sneers at *Sale Of The Century,* but that's because they think the only way one learns anything is to hang about arty-farty drama schools. I've done my time in such places, and believe me I'm learning more now than I ever did. My hero is Liza Minnelli, and arrogant though it may sound, that's the sort of performer



Two of television's best known faces: from *Sale Of The Century,* Victoria Nicholls (left), and the ever-popular Paul Hogan.

I'm going to be. I know I'll get there, it's just a matter of time. And anyway, everyone bitches about everyone else in this business, it just goes with the job." To help achieve the laudable Minnelli aim, Victoria plans to take a variety show into clubs, and has also been signed to make a series of educational shows for the ABC. Educational! Gawd knows what, but at least it'll be entertaining.

•

Speaking of TV stars and their future, Mr Paul Hogan is firmly non-committal about *his* plans for 1981. Hogan, one of the nicest blokes in the business, often describes himself as a flash in the pan who just keeps flashing, and there's no way he'll let the year escape without doing something new. In fact, there's a better than even chance that he'll make his first film, details of which he refuses to release. An earlier project, about a truckie who becomes badly confused while he is motoring through Afghanistan (something to do with the funny cigarettes they smoke over there) was canned after an unfortunate invasion of that country by the Russians. The first project received a great deal of badly-overblown publicity, and Hoges is justifiably reluctant to say anything until the new effort is complete. Regarding television, your guess is as good as mine, or Hogan's for that matter. His agreement with Channel 9 is to make a special whenever he feels like it, and at our last report, he definitely wasn't in the mood. Which is a great pity really, because the TV stuff is getting better and better.

•

Despite the gloomy bitching in the Oz film industry about just what Treasurer Howard's new tax plans will do to the private investors, things are looking up a bit on the financial front. A new Sydney-based company, United Australian American Productions, has announced a $16 million injection of funds over the next three years. The company, which already has heaps invested in a new Hollywood project known as *Arthur* (starring Dudley Moore and Liza Minnelli), plans to make three feature films before 1984. This same bunch had planned to provide the Oz finance for the now-abandoned *Thorn Birds* picture, but that is now likely to appear in the form of a three-part mini-series to be shot by Paramount in Hollywood some time this year. UAAP is being run jointly by David Thomas, a Sydney insurance broker, and Perth based lawyer, John Picton-Warlow. When we went to press, Mr Thomas was about to head off to Los Angeles to wrap up final details and sign the relevant bits of paper for the three feature films, and would not come across with titles or cast lists. However, he did confirm plans in 1985 to spend $7 million on an Oz-US co-production of the best seller *Transit Of Venus.* He says it will feature a mainly Australian cast, and that it will be shot on location in England and California as well as here. That's good news for the local industry. "We have exceptional talent in this country. Our films have received enormous acclaim, and all we need now is the proper international recognition to make the local industry really work," he said. Amen. — ANDREW SAW

MUSIC

the down-home sound of country and western crosses over to the tops in pops

EASY LISTENING music is often misinterpreted as a euphemism for bland by those with blinkered ears. In recent times this radio programming category has been the channel through which previously ignored country artists have been able to cross over on to the all-too-precious Top 40 playlists. Kenny Rogers and Crystal Gayle lead the pilgrimage. Dolly Parton and Willie Nelson followed suit. Waiting in the wings are a whole slew of equal talents, including dark horses (on these shores, anyway) Don Williams and Mickey Gilley. All told, more class country acts than you could shake a Kiss mobile-toy at.

Crystal Gayle and Gilley come from credentialled stock. Younger sister of the coalminer's daughter Loretta Lynn, Gayle has tended to overshadow her kin in the big pond. Loretta, unchallenged Queen of Country, stays very much the big fish in the smaller environs. Gilley, cousin to the Killer himself, Jerry Lee Lewis, has had international attention focused on him through his acting and singing appearance in the film *Urban Cowboy,* the film based on the Houston honky-tonk named after him. Gilley peaked some years back with the hit *Room Full Of Roses,* then, like the petals on the flower, faded back to the country market.

To use the title of her latest album, *These Days,* the delectable Crystal Gayle veers strongly away from her country roots. The packaging is slick. Despite the Nashville sessions, a distinct West Coast tone presides over this 10-pack of moody soul searchers. Here is love sentimentalised . . . partly fulfilled, partly gone sour. No one track measures up to the haunting Don't It Make Your Brown Eyes Blue, but *These Days* does confirm yet another step forward by Ms Gayle toward filling the gap left by that last of the horny torch singers, Julie London. She possesses a similar bedroom voice; a warm promise beneath the magazine cover exterior. Okay, true country it ain't . . . but I'm ready to overlook that one detail.

Closer to the bone, Mickey Gilley deals in a pleasant down-home style that is almost a sanitised duplicate of his arse-kicking cousin — right down to the conversational asides midsong. That's All That Matters To Me sees Gilley working under the assured direction of producer Jim Ed Norman who, acting as arranger, kept The Eagles honest in their country leanings on their earlier work. Norman keeps Gilley to a strict piano roll tempo allowing for an uncluttered showcase of Nashville clichés. Put simply, Waylon Jennings, Jerry Lee and those other outlaws might look down their noses at Gilley, but with seven number-one hits on the American country charts to his credit, the lad can hold his own with the best of them.

Premeditated in his leanings toward the Outlaw movement, Johnny Paycheck engineered a raucous paean to the woes of the working stiff with Take This Job And Shove It, a sentiment of Homeric proportions, what with the recently produced film of the same title. A spurt of country hits during the '60s (confined to the States) turned Paycheck from music to the bottle and he hit the skids an alcoholic. Returning to the fold in the early '70s, he reclaimed lost ground with a string of hits before finding a sympathetic niche in the emerging renegade strain being whipped into shape by Willie Nelson and Waylon Jennings. *New York Town,* a live album set recorded at New York's Lone Star Cafe, serves as city window dressing for Paycheck and his rock oriented band, The West Texas Music Company. On one hand, he reaches out to the working man in voicing the fantasies of the factory worker; on the other, his eye is very much on what is expected from the latterday outlaw. One thing needs to be said about a *real* outlaw. Jerry Lee Lewis never gave a damn about being anything but what he was. The best. Pretenders to outlawdom may attempt to walk in the shadows of the masters . . . few cast a long shadow of their own.

And outlawdom is not a licence to give the record-buying public anything less than value for money. Okay, Willie, we know you're the hottest thing going and you're making up for lost time with your rapid-fire album releases . . . but it's starting to sound like "never mind the quality — *feel the width*". Duplication abounds. And certain songs are turning up with an embarrassing frequency. On *Honeysuckle Rose,* the two record soundtrack of his second movie, old faithfuls It's Not Supposed To Be That Way, If You Could Touch Her At All, Pick Up The Tempo, Blue Eyes Crying In The Rain, Bloody Mary Morning receive still another repetitive airing after solid coverage on previous albums. Recent converts to Nelson's brand of Texas-based country will no doubt revel in the live (filmed) performance from shotgun Willie's repertoire; the hardened devotee is just going to have to grin (grimace) and bear it . . . and give an approving nod to Willie's duets. A couple with the film's co-star, Dyan Cannon (including a cut of Loving You Was Easier that beats Willie's own on his Kristofferson songs album), and one with Emmylou Harris. Some serious thinking needs to go into the man's future output. A rush of new material would not go astray . . . otherwise a phone call to Consumer Affairs might be called for.

— DENIS WHITBURN

•

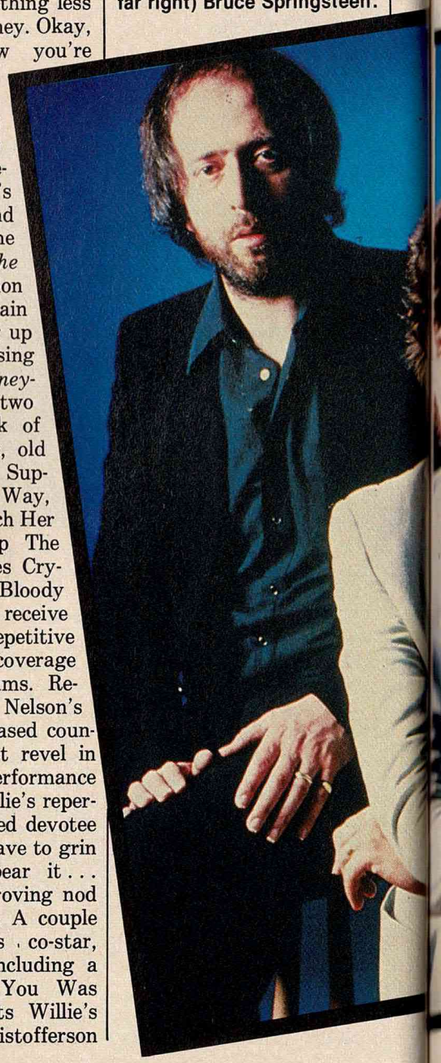
Back from the far flung frontiers of obscure recording technique comes the Alan Parsons Project with another prize scalp. It's entitled *The Turn Of A Friendly Card* and is the Project's fifth album. The English team's "cinematic rock" is no new creation. In fact, for Parsons it might have started when he was enlisted as an assistant engineer for the Beatles' 1969 release, *Abbey Road.* Strongly influenced by the recording techniques used on *Sgt Pepper's* and the Beach Boys' legendary *Pet Sounds,* Parsons was well into tape duplication and studio gimmickry when he landed the *Abbey Road* job. He played a big studio role in Pink Floyd's monumental *Dark Side Of The Moon* effort and after that launched himself into production orbit.

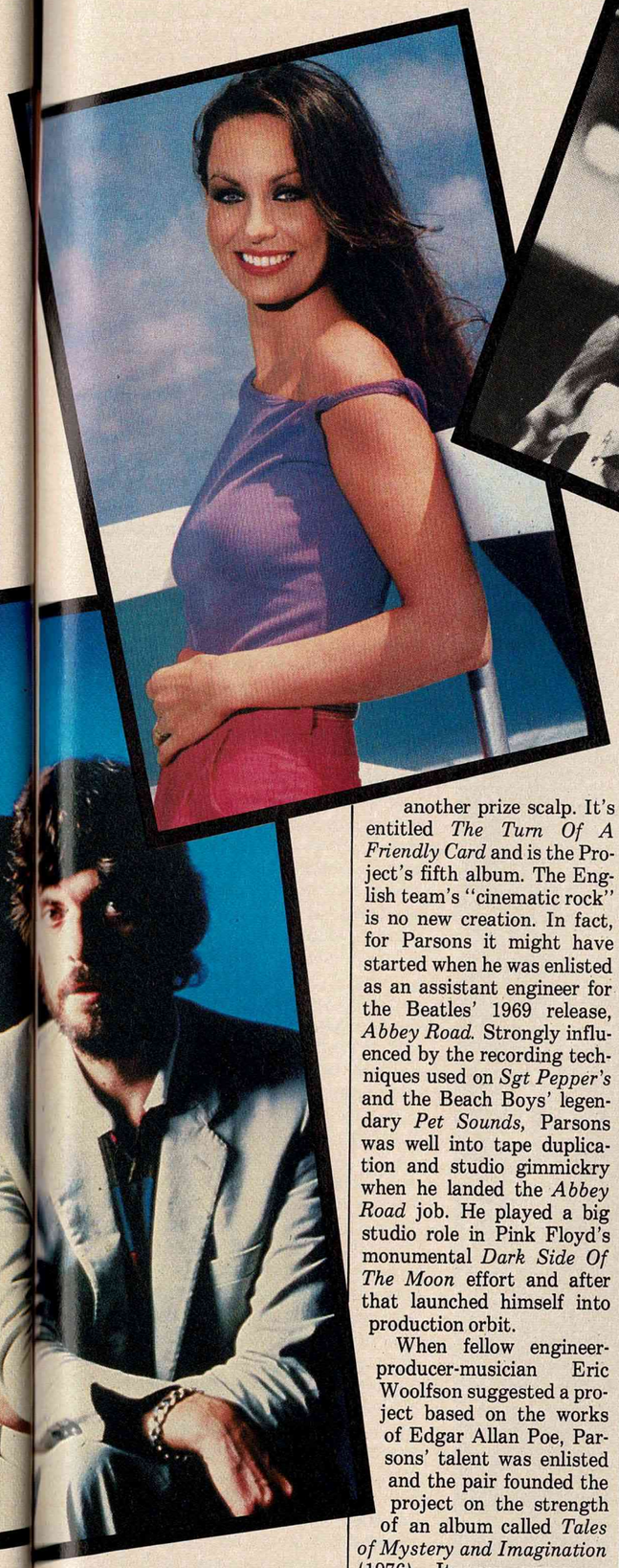
When fellow engineer-producer-musician Eric Woolfson suggested a project based on the works of Edgar Allan Poe, Parsons' talent was enlisted and the pair founded the project on the strength of an album called *Tales of Mystery and Imagination* (1976). It won numerous awards and set the Parsons/Woolfson partnership up to record the even more successful *I Robot* which was followed by *Pyramid* and *Eve.*

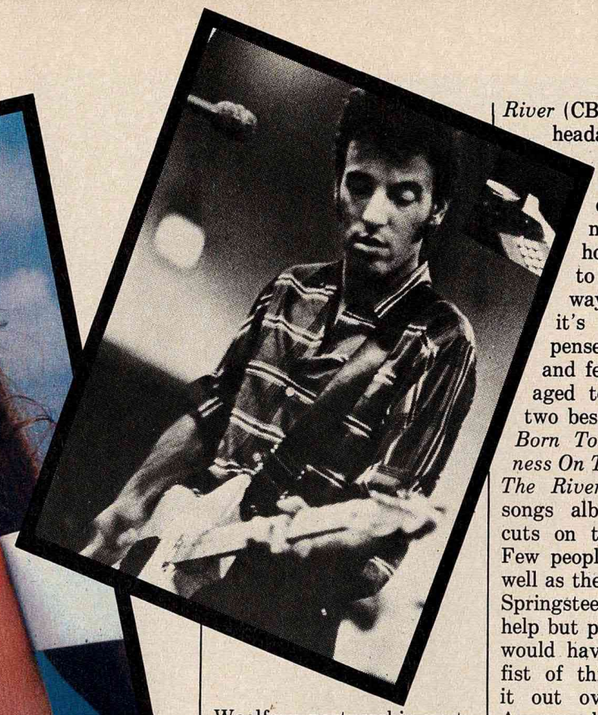
On *Friendly Card,* the pair have shared the writing, engineering and production. Save for keyboard contributions and the odd vocal spot, most of their work has been done over studio control panels. The orchestra of the Munich Chamber Opera and guitarist Ian Bairnson rate special mention among the professionals chosen for the job. Superficially the album shapes up to be accessible popular music, strong on melody but short on frills. It is on closer examination that the real input becomes evident. On the construction of Gold Bug, the Parsons/Woolfson layer-upon-layer technique of musical construction builds the track to a multi-tiered tower. Well-spaced acoustic inserts and Chris Rainbow's diverse voice are perfect foils for the album's more electronic sections. The title theme is launched on side two and provides the greatest listening challenges. It's a powerful concept, conscientiously crafted and certain to provide one with long-term listening.

•

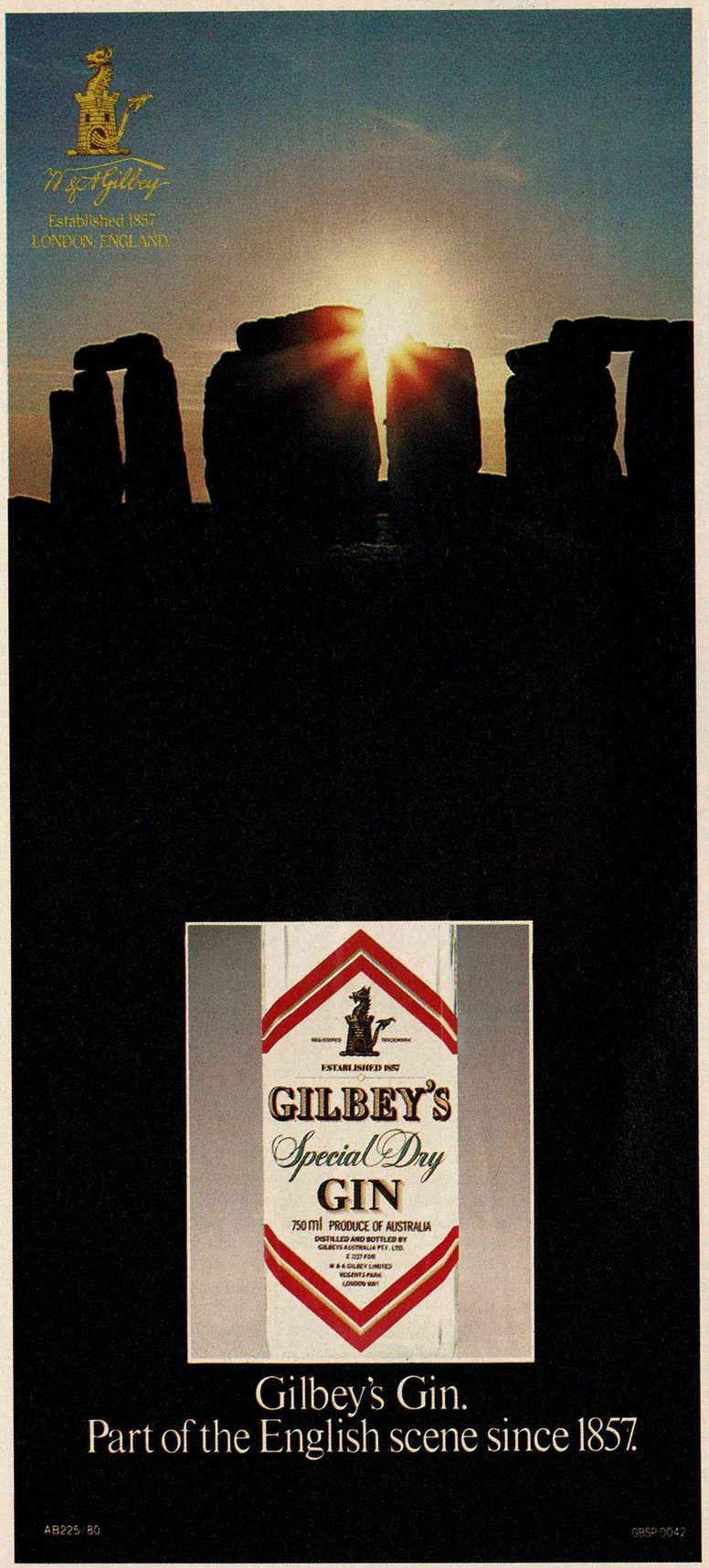
Bruce Springsteen's kindness to listeners in the past possibly led his fans to expect too much from *The River* (CBS). If contractual headaches kept him out of the studio for much of the past decade, he has made a more than honest effort here to make up the leeway. Unfortunately, it's been at the expense of the usual flow and feel which he managed to inject into his two best-balanced works, *Born To Run* and *Darkness On The Edge of Town. The River* is primarily a songs album, packing 20 cuts on to its two discs. Few people do this job as well as the Jersey Jiver but Springsteen-philes cannot help but ponder whether he would have made a better fist of things by padding it out over two albums. Anyone who knows his work will not dispute that the continuity of mood which separated his music from the also-rans is hardly in evidence on *The River.* Never mind, he is still one of the few who can truly boast allegiance to rock and roll by maintaining an innovative and original stance. And what other artist's music could do such justice to Clarence Clemons' flame-thrower sax or the short-fuse immediacy of Steve Van Zandt's guitar? In fact, those who live in between the hope and reality of catching Springsteen live pray that he will still have the E Street Band in tow when he hits these shores. Concert reports from his latest US tour say that he's been devoting much of his live delivery to excerpts from *The River* and, with a little brushing up, we're certain we'll learn to like it almost as much as Springsteen. It's got so many smart tunes that separating favorites is a bit of a headache. The Price You Pay is truly memorable, Cadillac Ranch rocks like an oversprung Seville and Point Blank's hook won't leave you alone. Boil that sort of quality into lyrics which almost put Dylan on the redundancy queue, and you have a reminder of just what a force is Springsteen. *The*







New offerings this month on the LP scene from (below) the Alan Parsons Project, (near right) Crystal Gayle, and (at far right) Bruce Springsteen.



River is not his best, but it sure beats the bulbs off just about anything else on the racks. Which all goes to prove that a half-good Springsteen is still a safer bet than most.

•

"I and a growing number of people believe that it is time for our country to adopt legislation that will make January 15, Martin Luther King's birthday, a national holiday, both in recognition of what he achieved and as a reminder of the distance which still has to be travelled." So say the liner notes on Stevie Wonder's *Hotter Than July* (Motown). It's a guide to the album's contents and a quick kick in the butt for all those who thought that Wonder's mid-20s meant a certain mellowing or selling out of purpose. Far from it. His new album is instantly recognisable: Wonder shored up with his multi-dimensioned sense of originality. In terms of commercial zip, Master Blaster (Jammin') is smarter and longer (5.07) than most and is definitely the cut for which this album will be remembered by those who only hear it once or twice. Buyers will relate more to Happy Birthday (a clue to the King celebration) and I Ain't Gonna Stand For It.

Wonder on the ivories is just that — a bloody wonder, and the envy of just about everybody. Here he's supported by only those who have the strength to keep pace with the leader. *Hotter Than July* was not greeted with the same amount of fuss as some of Wonder's other albums — but don't be fooled. It measures right up to the man's usual high standard, and it's good value for any collection.

•

A few years' worth of pondering the problem never really provided a reason for Kevin Borich's inability to clamber out of the slime to a place of real prominence. But, at last, the solution has finally appeared in the shape of the Kevin Borich Express' *Angels Hand* (Mushroom). The guy's music has cobwebs on it. Haven't we heard these riffs so many times before? If Don't Let Go doesn't sound like a lift off classic Deep Purple then there is absolutely no such thing as dupe. It's all so damn disappointing because Borich wields a better axe than most but loses out through a shortage of imagination. *Angels Hand* was recorded soon after the band landed from last year's European tour, and if Kev gleaned any inspiration from the jaunt it is probably most evident in the reggae-driven She Don't Care. The music makes it here but the lyrics fall in a heap. A track called 1980s points up the irony of it all: it's so plated and dated with 1960s metal that it loses all relevance and, unfortunately, the same applies to too much of *Angels Hand.*

•

After wearing out a stylus or two on Pat Benatar's debut scorcher, *In The Heat Of The Night,* this reviewer was fair fit to out-drool Pavlov's dog at the news that the five feet nuthin' ball of brilliance had another one in the pipe. It took me two seconds flat to tear off the *Crimes of Passion* (Chrysalis) wrapper and have it on the turntable, and just one play to know that it lives up to the standard. Hey, don't sit too close to the speakers unless you want a Turkish bath. This lady gives off enough heat to render microwaves redundant. With boyfriend Neil Geraldo as musical pilot (he plays lead and rhythm guitars plus keyboards), we have another case in the romantic rock links that keep gals like Suzi Quatro and Stevie Nicks more than happy.

If New Yorker Ms Benatar has any ideas about trying to shuck her sex-symbol tag, she had better think again. Her boat-launching looks would suffice but she lives twice as dangerously with a voice that could get her busted on a morals rap. On *Crimes,* the Geraldo-Benatar songwriting team stretches its legs a little but Pat still gets hold of a couple of oldies and shakes the dust out of them. The Rascals' You Better Run never sounded so good and she wraps her multi-octave vocal curve delightfully around Kate Bush's Wuthering Heights. Of course, it probably wouldn't wash half as well without Geraldo's feel for that super-catchy rock riff, and one spin of Little Paradise proves just how clever he can get.

Whereas the debut album was produced by Mike Chapman and Peter Coleman, Keith Olsen held the reins on *Crimes* and has achieved a significantly less commercial edge. At times it lacks the snap and bite of the first album but you're left with the impression that this is how Benatar might prefer it.

— NEIL JAMESON

•

ECM Records (distributed in Australia by Janda) produce a type of music that is often recognisable. Certainly the standard is rarely less than excellent. I have just received four of the company's discs, each of which is worthy of comment.

Celebrated Latin American percussionist Nana Vasconcelos is featured on *Saudades* and a fascinating album it is! Throughout, Vasconcelos is heard on berimbau, sundry percussion, voice and gongs.

The first track, O Berimbau, is a wonderful starter, predictably spotting that curious instrument against a background of sundry bird calls and other exotic effects until, unexpectedly, he is joined by the lovely sounds of the strings of the Radio Symphony Orchestra of Stuttgart.

Following their interlude, Vasconcelos comes back in march tempo (of all things) on berimbau for an extended unaccompanied solo. The Orchestra then returns with some delightfully contemporary writing for strings scored by famed guitarist Egberto Gismonti who himself is heard on Cego Aderaldo, a beautiful piece that fully displays his unique talent, while Nana switches to tabla and congas — one of the many high points of an outstanding release. A marvellous effort!

Rather more esoteric is *December Poems* by bass player extraordinaire Gary Peacock comprising a series of tracks of over-dubbed performances that may regrettably have only limited commercial appeal. This is a pity, as Peacock is a very talented musician. The interplay he achieves makes for fascinating listening.

Recorded in 1977 at Oslo, some 18 months before the previous record, this music bears attention. Peacock, along with Scott La Faro and Chuck Israels at times, brought lustre to the various Bill Evans Trios over the years. On two tracks, Jan Garbarek adds his plaintive sax accompaniment; otherwise, it is bass all the way, dancing, gliding, surging, but never less than inspired. Full marks to ECM for their dedication in making such an unusual record available, even if such a comment sounds like damning it with faint praise.

Leo Smith on *Divine Love* is one of the up and comers of jazz. Basically a brass man, he also contributes some percussion in the course of this impressive album.

The title track, which occupies all of side one, starts in a lyrically subdued manner with Dwight Andrews' excellent flute and some individual-sounding vibes backing from Bobby Naughton before Smith comes in with a muted trumpet solo.

The mood persists as Leo removes his mute and Andrews switches to tenor with beautifully placed chords dropping from Naughton's vibes. It ain't Dixie, but I reckon modern jazz does not come much better than this!

A feeling of studious sincerity pervades the whole piece. Imagine that improvisation plays a big part in this music, each section of which is nicely punctuated by judicious percussive asides that sound just right.

Those of us brought up on Bix, Hackett and Pops may have some difficulty in adapting to this new music — but it is worth the effort to try!

Side two is devoted to another extended Leo Smith composition called Tastalun, and has additional trumpet contributions from Kenny Wheeler and Lester Bowie who combine with the nominal leader in a brass choir that is little less than extraordinary. This is modern jazz of great quality and merit.

A quartet that goes under the name of Double Image have released an album titled *Dawn* that is, simply put, truly beautiful music performed by an obviously compatible foursome of Dave Samuels and David Friedman both playing on vibes and marimba, Harvie Swartz, acoustic bass, and Michael de Pasqua, drums and other percussion instruments.

The famed ECM sound is well in evidence here. The music comes through with stunning presence, particularly as regards the sympathetic percussive component. Samuels' "Gary Burton-like" vibes are beautifully resolved on his own Sunset Glow that includes many moments that evoke the mystical echoes of Indonesian gamelan music. A truly delightful LP that features some fresh new sounds that will surely appeal to any jazz fan having ears for a dazzling modern performance.

— KYM BONYTHON

SHORT CUTS

The relentless tide of Status Quo's simplistic but infectious rock bears no sign of drying up as the band performs its almost-annual chart crash with *Just Supposin'* (Vertigo). Quo celebrate 20 years together in 1981 which just might provide some clue to what the punk thing was all about. That said, give me Quo's three-chord grind any day in preference to the Silicon Teens' *Music For Parties* (Mute). This is real spin-the-bottle, let's-all-eat-mum's-moggies kidstuff on which a couple of synthesiser-wielding weirdos disembowel '50s and '60s favorites. It's something like Brownies go punk, and the English love it; which might just be another point to why the UK industry is headed for the cellar. Harder to get rid of than herpes, it's the ever-recyclable heavy (scrap) metal. The larger than life form is the double, *Killer Watts* (Epic) which spotlights the most heavy-handed American acts from Ted Nugent, Aerosmith and Molly Hatchet to Rick Derringer and Reo Speedwagon. Molly Hatchet, the Florida boys with a southern rein on their product, have risen again with *Beatin' The Odds* (Epic). Lotsa sweat and heavy chords mixed with a bit of boogie do the trick.

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BOOKS

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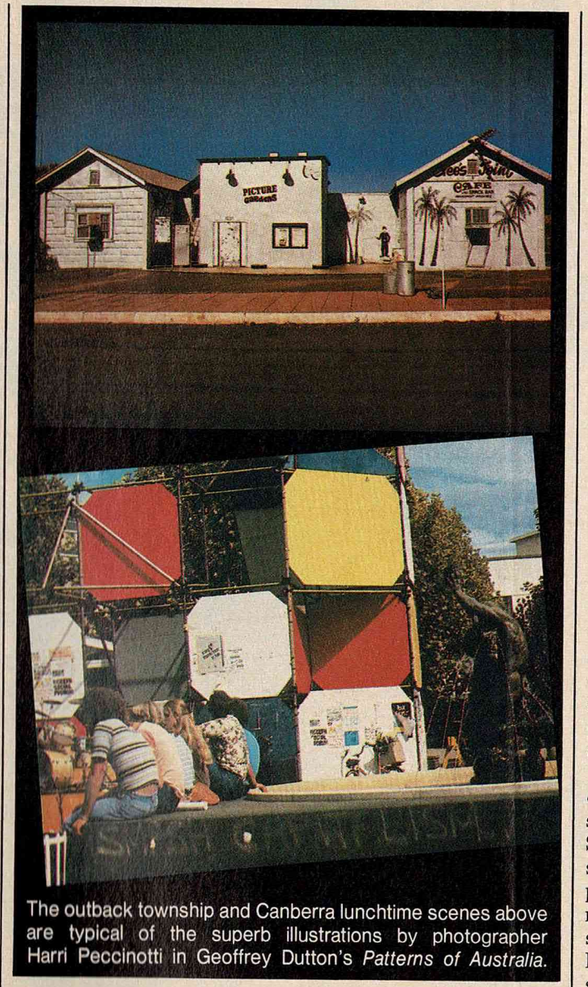
MANY OF our finest writers have tried to capture the elusive spirit of Australia. Precious few — notably the celebrated Banjo Paterson, Henry Lawson, Dorothea Mackellar and C.J. Dennis — have succeeded. Add to that list the name of Geoffrey Dutton. Son of pioneering South Australian stock, poet, novelist, biographer and historian, Dutton's *Patterns of Australia* (Mobil) snares the very essence of the land, its flora, fauna and its people. Dutton writes in a clean style that breathes life, and the stunning photography of Harri Peccinotti is a flawless mirror of this unique country and the plants and animals it supports.

"There is something sexual in the relation of people to their country," writes Dutton. "People talk of loving or hating it, or of its being ravished or raped. In such terms, Australia is not an easy, romantic conquest, but a creative force, an adversary who says: 'Don't call me by those loving names. Show me you really love me.'

"Those who have the deepest relationship with the country must accept its idiosyncrasies and love both its distance and its details. If nothing is given easily, nothing surrounded in a romantic glow, it is all the more passionately to be apprehended. 'She's a bastard of a country, but she'll do me,' is in fact a profound declaration of love."

Patterns is Dutton's personal declaration of love. Dutton attracted a lot of flak from the leftish media for accepting a commission from a big multi-national, Mobil Oil, to write this book but the attacks have been utterly childish in their conception and content.

The book fills a great need and, had Mobil not underwritten the cost to the tune of $120,000, then it seems improbable that *Patterns* would have been published. And if some magnanimous publishing house had been willing to take the gamble, then the book would have been priced around $50 or $60 instead of the bargain basement tag of $19.95.



The outback township and Canberra lunchtime scenes above are typical of the superb illustrations by photographer Harri Peccinotti in Geoffrey Dutton's *Patterns of Australia*.

It is obvious, too, that the sponsors made no attempt to muzzle Dutton. The author has some very definite opinions and some of his conclusions will raise a few hackles "(Sydney has neither elegance nor calm, but Melbourne manages to have both . . ."), but Dutton has such an incisive eye for the real Australia that even the thinnest-skinned reader will forgive the provocation. *Patterns* is the kind of book you buy for the mother-in-law in Battersea and then can't bring yourself to part with after you get it home.

•

Geoffrey Dutton might consider Sydney inelegant, but Time-Life has balanced the budget by honoring Australia's first town in its "Great Cities" series. And author, expatriate Aussie and poet Peter Porter and photographer Brian Brake have done the old girl proud. Predictably, Porter begins his tribute to Sydney, as has just about every other observer in the past, with the harbor to which he warmed during annual school holiday pilgrimages to his grandmother's home in Woolwich. Then he strikes north, south, east and west, moving smoothly back and forth in time to present a well-rounded portrait of a very distinctive city . . .

"Although Sydney may from certain angles look like Chicago, with skyscrapers along a commercial shoreline, and its sun-filtered atmosphere may on smoggy mornings suggest Los Angeles, it is never anything but truly itself. Like any other city, it has its gasworks, its slaughterhouses, its railway yards and slums. But even they can seem touched with gentleness when, about five o'clock in the afternoon after a sweltering day, the southerly wind springs up and blows — not too fiercely — over the stifling city, ruffling the waters of the harbor and setting the higher leaves on the trees fluttering. At that magical time the whole enormous, boisterous city seems beautiful and benign."

A Kiwi he might be, but cameraman Brake has scarcely missed a beat of the Sydney pulse. The aerial shots include the mandatory panorama of terracotta roofs, but one of a confined subdivision in Ramsgate on Botany Bay showing 17 swimming pools in one small suburban block typifies both the upward movement in living standards and the changing airscape. From the scene of a beer-can wielding umpire in a social cricket match to the selection of ornamental iron lacework to the thong and khaki shorts brigade outside a Woollahra pub to the tranquillity of the Royal National Park — new images which make an interesting contrast to the historical photographs — Brake has got it all.

— RUSSELL DEILEY

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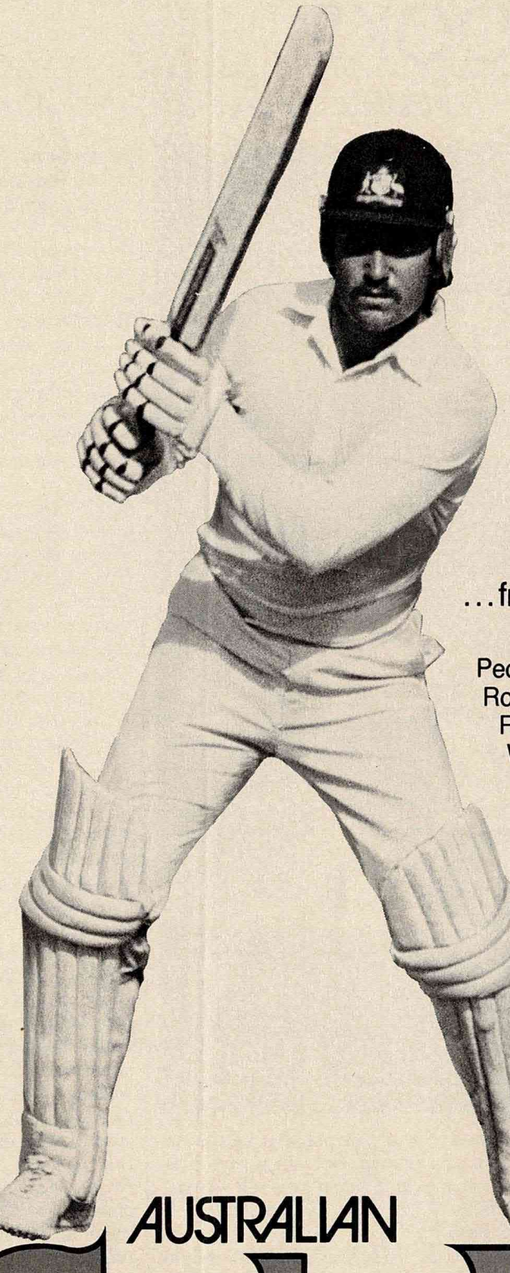
Dropping out had its hippy beginnings in the '60s, gained momentum with the unemployment blues of the '70s, and now looks set to be



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trendy in the '80s. Last year alone saw a migration loss from Australia's capital cities of 20,500 people — with most heading for central and northern New South Wales and Queensland.

That's a flood of city types heading for the unknown — a lemming-like exodus that has spawned a literary subculture of how-to journals, and in the process gained a new tag — Opting Out. It means dropping out with none of the hassles of making an actual living from the land. Instead, you retain city links on a rural consultancy basis, or supply basic craft items for those cute little shops in the suburbs, or open a health farm, or a restaurant, or an art gallery . . . or write.

Still, life was not meant to be easy, as a well-known land-owner once said, and all these newcomers might just need some help — even if it is as simple as how to keep your chooks laying.

And, who knows, a bread recipe or two might come in handy. Michael Boddy, of ample proportions, and Richard Beckett, of ample appetite, have been flirting with the alternative life for some years. Boddy actually made the brazen move to the land some time ago, and Beckett recently made a break with big-city life to practise from a small NSW country town. Now they've joined forces to write *Surviving in the Eighties* (George Allen & Unwin), a solid, factual guidebook, whimsically illustrated.

Michael Boddy tackles the Surviving in the Country section with gusto. It is lively reading and makes no concessions to city sensibilities when describing ways to slaughter the livestock. As he says, they're not pets. But thankfully he retains his playwright's sense of ritual: "Talk to the cow while you milk her; and make it a pleasurable occasion. She will then let down more milk for you. We used to play taped music when we milked; Beethoven's Archduke Trio was the favorite."

Richard Beckett (Sam Orr to inner-city gourmets) has good advice for those who want to play in the city before they Opt Out. It's an encouraging section, and he guides the reader through several case histories of practical — and nearly successful — attempts at self-sufficiency downtown.

Naturally, there is an appetising chapter titled The Kitchen — and, yes, there is a recipe for bread.

— ALLAN MOULT

•

It is the holiday season again, and it coincides with the customary outflow of travel guides and books from the publishing houses. Two of this summer's offerings — *Explore Australia* (Philip and O'Neil) and *The Sunday Times Book of the Countryside* (Macdonald and Jane's) — make an interesting contrast.

The first is exactly what its title says — an exhortation to Australians to forsake holidays on the beaches of Bali or the leafy byways of Britain in favor of the highways and tracks of their own. It is an unpretentious book — nothing more than a simple but comprehensive guide to touring in Australia. It offers 400 pages of advice on how to plan a trip, how to behave on the road, the demands of survival in the outback, how to repair basic mechanical problems and a State by State and Territory breakdown on places, distances and maps.

The Sunday Times book on the British Isles and Ireland is a much more ambitious volume with the emphasis on excellence rather than detailed tourist information. The editors have assembled an impressive array of scientists, academics and experts to produce an encyclopaedic study of the sceptered and surrounding isles from their formation and geology to English country gardens.

Finally, after whetting our appetite with such a splendid text and photographs, the editors have compiled a 136-page section of 1000 day tours which, if you have three years to spare, will take you to every interesting corner and castle of Britain and Ireland.

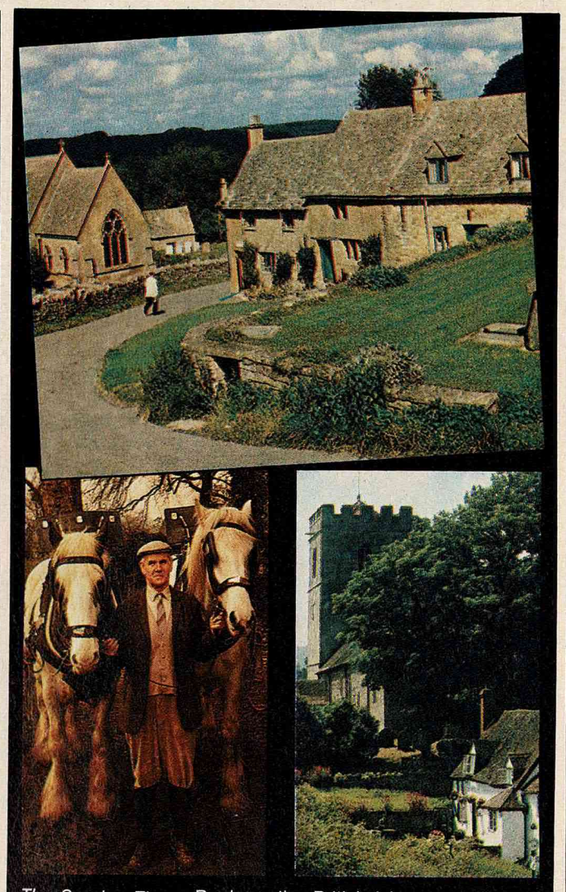
— IAIN LOCKE

•

Like the principal players in his true-life drama, John Rousmaniere must have found himself at times caught helplessly midstream researching one of sport's greatest disasters. Rousmaniere was second in command of the American sloop *Toscana* which made it safely to the finish of the 1979 Fastnet yacht race. With an even more refined sense of judgement, he has compiled a stunningly detailed account of the disaster in *Fastnet Force 10* (Nautical) which by virtue of sheer weight of fact is one of the great, true horror stories. At this stage, it is without doubt the most complete and impartial record of a race which cost the lives of 15 sailors.

The sheer logistics of researching and collating the accounts of those involved in the disaster and subsequent rescue operations might have persuaded the less determined to abandon the thought of writing a book. With 303 yachts, 2700 lives and thousands of kilometres of open water involved, the magnitude of compiling the history was matched by Rousmaniere's research skills. A former history teacher, yachting journalist and now a freelance writer, the *Toscana* crewman was admirably qualified for the task.

Although it downplays the Aussie role, (our boats came through relatively unscathed) *Fastnet Force 10* is a superb document and prescribed for those who take their pleasure risks to sea. — NEIL JAMESON



The Sunday Times Book on the British Isles and Ireland is an ambitious attempt to capture the various wonders of the sceptered and emerald isles. See sample scenes above.

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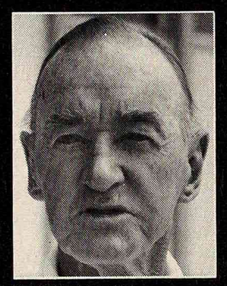
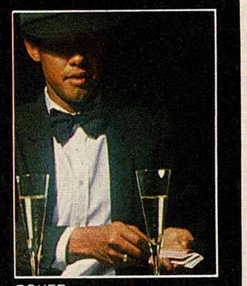
NEXT MONTH

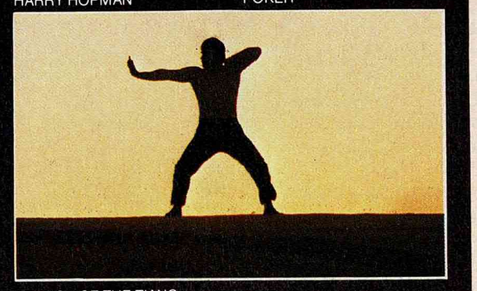
DEBORAH GRAY



HARRY HOPMAN



POKER



LEGACY OF THE T'ANG

TAHITIAN FANTASY — TWO YEARS AGO EXACTLY, **DEBORAH GRAY** APPEARED ON THESE PAGES, AND WE'RE DELIGHTED TO WELCOME THE BUSY TV AND MOVIE *(PACIFIC BANANA)* ACTRESS BACK. WE SENT PHOTOGRAPHER **PETER MCLEAN** ALONG WITH DEBORAH TO TAHITI FOR A SECOND SHOWING

SHUT UP 'N' DEAL — FOR ALL THOSE INNOCENTS LABORING UNDER THE DELUSION THAT POKER IS A GAME OF CHANCE, **DAVID SPANIER,** DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENT FOR THE LONDON *TIMES,* TELLS HOW THE BEST PLAYERS TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN

THE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: HARRY HOPMAN — WHEN HE STARTED COACHING OUR TEAMS, AUSTRALIA BECAME THE WORLD'S TOP TENNIS NATION. WHEN HE LEFT, OUR TENNIS SUPREMACY VANISHED WITH HIM. A COINCIDENCE? WRITER **PAUL DOUGHERTY** INTERVIEWS HOPMAN, THE FINEST MIND IN TENNIS HISTORY

ROCK PROMOTERS OR PROFESSIONAL GAMBLERS? — ARE THESE INVISIBLE MEN THE ARISTOCRACY OF THE MUSIC WORLD (AS THEY SEE THEMSELVES) OR ARE THEY MERELY LACKEYS TO THE WHIMS OF THEIR SUPERSTARS AND THE TASTE OF THE FICKLE PUBLIC? **KAREN HUGHES** INVESTIGATES THE LIVES OF THE ROCK MAGNATES BIDDING ON THE BIG STAKES IN THE INTERNATIONAL CONCERT CIRCUIT

LEGACY OF THE T'ANG — GEOFF PIKE, AUTHOR OF *THE POWER OF CH'I,* EXPLAINS WHY MANY AUSTRALIANS HAVE ADOPTED THOSE ANCIENT AND EXOTIC MARTIAL ARTS TECHNIQUES OF THE GOD DRAGON SOCIETY — ITS REWARDS ADD UP TO A LOT MORE THAN THE ABILITY TO CRACK HEADS

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR — IN OUR APRIL ISSUE WE PLAN TO ANNOUNCE WHICH OF 1980's PLAYMATES HAS WON THE HONOR TO BE ACCLAIMED **PLAYBOY'S SECOND PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR.** LAST YEAR, OUR PANEL OF JUDGES SELECTED **ROSEMARY PAUL . . .** WHO WILL IT BE THIS TIME AROUND? CHECK WITH US LATER!

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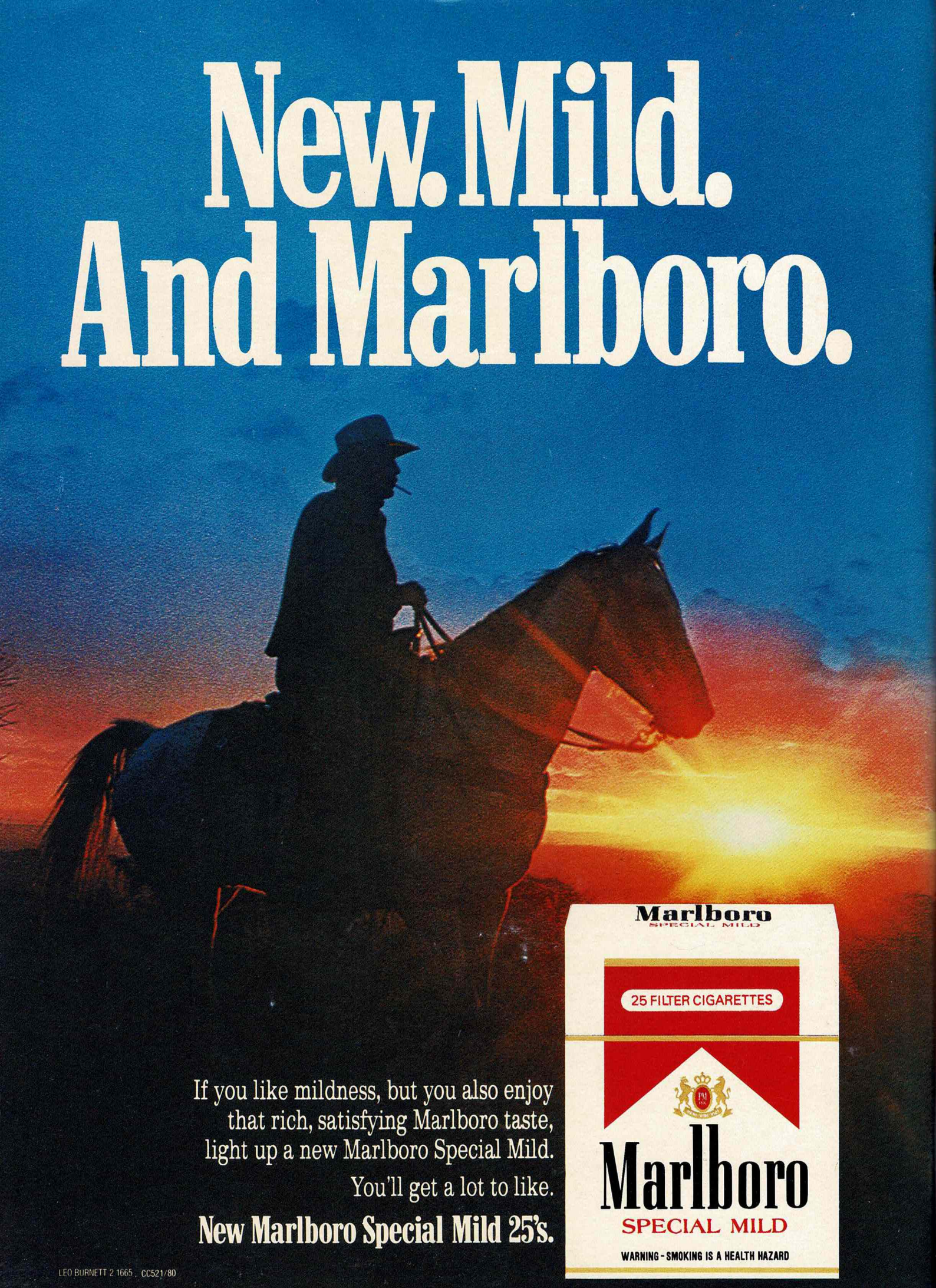

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